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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The legislative history of the Library of Congress, although not a brief, is a meagre one. It was established in the year that witnessed the removal of the capital to Washington; but from 1802, when the appointment of the librarian was vested in the President of the United States, to 1897, when the act was passed for the organization of the work in the new building, its constitution has remained practically unchanged.

In August of 1814 the entire existing collection was destroyed by the British troops. The first fourteen years, therefore, left no survival, and the birth of the present Library as a collection must date from 1815, when the purchase of the library of ex-President Jefferson started it anew with 6700 volumes. Its history since is divided into a few main periods by events which have had an important influence.

In 1851 a second fire — not, however, caused by the public enemy — destroyed all but 20,000 volumes of the then existing collection. Seventy-five thousand dollars were appropriated for its replenishment, and from that time on the growth has been uninterrupted. From 1846 to 1859 the Library received a copy of all copyrighted publications. Discontinued in 1859, this privilege was revived in 1865, and five years later was enlarged by the law which transferred to the Library the entire copyright business, and incidentally required both copies of the articles copyrighted to be deposited therein.

In 1866 came the agreement, authorized by Congress, which transferred to it the library of the Smithsonian Institution, with the stipulation that future acquisitions should follow. The transfer was not a gift. The books may be withdrawn on reimbursement of expense of binding and care; but until withdrawn they remain in effect an integral part of the Library.

The only other events affecting the growth of the collection which have depended upon legislation are two important purchases by special grant: that of the Peter Force collection in 1867, and that of the de Rochambeau in 1883. Each of these brought to the Library material of inestimable value in which it was weak: the Force, Americana, including original manuscripts, and also some incunabula; the de Rochambeau, manuscripts important to the study of the war of the Revolution.

The gift, in 1882, of the Toner collection brought also some Americana; its most individual contribution consisting of the transcripts of writings of Washington which Dr. Toner had had prepared during a long series of years.

A list of the influences at work in the development of the Library and in the determination of its scope and character would not be complete, however, without mention of an influence most potent upon both, — the appointment in 1864 of Ainsworth R. Spofford as librarian. Down to 1815 the librarian had been but the clerk of the House of Representatives

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for the time being. From 1815 until 1864 there had been only three appointees to the office, the last of whom served but for the three years ending 1864. With the appointment of Dr. Spofford, however, who had already served as an assistant during the incumbency of his predecessor in the librarianship, came the conception of a larger scope for the Library. The means within his control were indeed small, — for general purchases only $5000 a year, — but they were applied chiefly at auction sales, with consistent purpose and persistent thrift; while the range of purchase indicated a purpose for the Library far beyond mere legislative use, — a purpose, indeed, not merely implied, but under Dr. Spofford freely expressed, that the Library (so called " of Congress ") was eventually to become a library truly national.

But had this destiny been recognized by Congress in more ample appropriations, it still could not be fulfilled under the existing conditions. When Dr. Spofford took office in 1864, the Library contained but 99,000 volumes. Within a decade these had grown to 293,000, and the space for further increase was wanting. Then began the agitation for more ample provision, for adaptation of other rooms in the Capitol building, for a new wing, — finally for a new building. Year after year went on in appeal, reference, discussion, report. Meanwhile, the books accumulated in heaps upon the floor, in vaults, in closets, and in attics, — the medley familiar to all who visited the Library between 1875 and 1897. In this embarrassment, that larger appropriations should be granted for purchase was not to be expected; that a normal accumulation was continued was due to the indefatigable optimism of Dr. Spofford, as that practical use was made of a collection in such dire confusion, without space either for books or for administration, and without adequate administrative force, was due to that marvelous locative memory which in him has perhaps excelled that of any librarian of any generation.

The last twenty years of the Library in the Capitol were, however, years of administrative anguish. The attention of Congress was directed to the erection of a new building. From 1883 to 1896 there was no legislation whatever providing for special purchases, nor any looking to immediate improvement of administration or enlargement of service.

With the history and character of the new Library building the public is fully familiar. Provided for by ample appropriations, planned deliberately, erected under able supervision, it stands to-day the largest, most imposing, most sumptuous, and most costly library building in the world. It covers three and a half acres of ground, contains eight and a half acres of floor space, and provides accommodations in its stacks alone for 2,000,000 volumes. It is nearly three times the size and represents nearly three times the expenditure of any other existing library building in America. The appropriation for it was large, but it was built within the appropriation. It was honestly built, and it is a workable building. It carries, therefore, no remorse to either legislator or citizen for the $7,000,000 expended upon it.

Its completion in 1897 meant not merely better accommodation for the existing collection of books: it has raised the questions: What is the Library of Congress? What is it to be? If a national library, how far has it advanced toward such a title? What have been its opportunities?

Let us turn aside for a moment to review the history of a library admittedly national.

The British Museum was established a half century before the Library of Congress, and had as a foundation three considerable collections already formed: that of Sir Robert Cotton, given to the nation by William III. fifty-three years before; the Harleian, also in the cus-

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tody of the nation; and the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, purchased in 1753 at a cost of £20,000. Within four years there was added the old Royal Library, founded by Henry VII., the gift of George II. In 1759 the Museum was opened with 80,000 volumes of printed books and pamphlets, among them material — chronicles, chartularies, original rolls and charts and other manuscripts — of inestimable importance to the student of English history. For the one hundred and forty years succeeding, it has, from time to time, received other great special collections which kings and noblemen and wealthy private collectors have freely turned over to it as gifts to the nation: the Royal Library of George III., the gift (in 1823) of George IV., — 70,000 volumes, whose cost had been £130,000; the Grenville collection, — 20,000 volumes, upon which the donor had expended nearly £60,000; and innumerable smaller or less costly accumulations, — the Edwards, Birch, Onslow, Banks, Cracherode, Egerton, Arundel. The total value of gifts to the Museum in all departments, during the twelve years from 1823 to 1835 alone, was estimated at £400,000. To expend great sums on books, manuscripts, gems, marbles, ceramics; to be known as a collector defying competition in the chosen field; and at the acme of reputation to turn over the exquisite whole to the use of the nation, appears to have become a proudest fad of the British connoisseur.

The Museum began immediately, and for one hundred and forty-six years has continued uninterruptedly, to receive the benefit of accessions from the copyright law of Great Britain. Its regular appropriations for the purchase of books, already £1000 a year in the beginning of the century, when values were trivial, became in 1845 £10,000 a year, and for the past forty-four years have averaged at least that sum yearly. In addition, it has had numerous special grants for the purchase of notable collections thrown suddenly upon the market: the grant, for instance, of £45,000 for the purchase, in 1878, of the Stowe manuscripts.

With reference to such opportunities, the same spirit has operated in its favor which achieved the purchase for the National Gallery of the Ansidei Madonna, at a cost to the nation of £72,000. From its foundation it was conceived as a library truly national. The ward (in a sense) of Parliament, it was not administered as a mere auxiliary to Parliament. Its administration was vested in a Board of Trustees, in part *ex officio*, in part appointed by the Crown, — a board, in size (it comprises forty-eight members) and in character, suited rather for advisory than administrative functions, but whose constitution indicates at least a desire to place at the service of the institution the most distinguished judgment in the nation.

The concern of Parliament in the affairs of the Museum has been evidenced further by the creation at different times of special commissions, with authority to examine into its constitution, management, and needs, and to report.

The reports of three of these commissions (those of 1835–36 and 1847) comprise, with the evidence (largely of citizens assumed to have special knowledge), 2052 folio pages, and include tabulated returns as to the constitution, organization, regulations, and expenditure of each of twenty-seven leading libraries of Europe. The interest of Parliament has been keen even as to the very technical affair of the catalogue of the Library. A printed catalogue in book form, opposed by Panizzi as long ago as 1837, when the Library contained but 275,000 volumes, has now been achieved, with the Library increased to 2,000,000 volumes. That its cost of publication alone has exceeded £40,000 is, in the minds of intelligent Englishmen, of so little moment, compared with its value to learning, that there is pro-

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posed [1] the immediate preparation of a revised edition, to include accessions to 1900, on an estimate that such a revision may be accomplished by 1915, and will cost but £60,000!

Reverting to the Library of Congress, we find contrasts at various points, as might have been expected. Begun nominally with the century, its practical beginning was not until 1815; and the slow accumulations of the succeeding thirty-five years were in large part destroyed by the fire of 1851, which reduced the Library to a collection of but 20,000 volumes.

The regular appropriations for the purchase of books have aggregated, since that date, less than $250,000, only one half the sum expended by the British Museum during the ten years from 1845 to 1855 alone, when values in certain lines were perhaps no more than a third as great. In the entire one hundred years of its existence it has had but eight special grants for special purchases. The total amount of these has been less than $165,000. One of them was for law books. Only three have exceeded $10,000 in amount: the grant in 1815 of $23,950, for the purchase of the library of Thomas Jefferson (of which but 2000 volumes survived the fire of 1851); that of $100,000 in 1867, for the purchase of the Force collection; and that of $20,000 in 1883, for the purchase of the military papers, maps, and letter books of the Count de Rochambeau.

Excepting the Smithsonian collection, — which, though an accession, was not a gift, but a deposit, — and the Gardiner Greene Hubbard collection of engravings, not yet transferred, the Library of Congress has received, in the course of its entire history, but one eminent gift, — that, in 1882, of the Toner collection. In its entire history it has not received a single gift of money.

Begun as a legislative library, "for the use of both Houses of Congress and the members thereof," it has only gradually struggled into the notion of a larger career. For years it had the custody and distribution of legislative documents. It was, therefore, not merely a library, but a document room. Its constitution is peculiar. It ranks in law not as an executive department, but as a branch of the legislative. On the other hand, its librarian has, since 1802, been appointed by the head of the executive division of the government, the President of the United States. The reports which he submits are addressed, however, not to the President, but direct to Congress. The general supervision of the Library is in a "joint committee on the Library of Congress," composed of three Senators and three Representatives.

Down to 1896, the general organization of the Library, its proper scope, its functions, had not been the subject of detailed discussion or deliberate investigation on the part of Congress at large, nor of any commission created by Congress.

In May, 1896, on the eve of the completion of the new building, the joint committee on the Library was instructed to inquire into the condition of the Library and report, with recommendations; also to report a plan for the organization, custody, and management of the new Library building and of the Library itself.

In November and December following the committee held several sessions pursuant to this resolution. Testimony was taken, the witnesses including five outside librarians. The testimony of particular value elicited was that from Dr. Spofford himself, and this was chiefly historical.

Before the committee had opportunity to formulate a report, or even to print its proceedings, the appropriation bill for 1897 was reported to the House. It contained a provision for the Library of

[1] Quarterly Review, October, 1898.

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Congress, which incidentally carried with it a scheme for the organization of the Library in the new building. The scheme was partially modified in discussion, but was substantially adopted, and in effect represents the organization to-day.

The brief administration of John Russell Young, from July, 1897, to January 17, 1899, was occupied with the installation of the collections in the new building, and with the reorganization of the staff as enlarged by the new appropriation act. The appropriation for the increase of the general collection was enlarged to $15,000 in 1898, and $25,000 for the ensuing year. The slight advance which this represents was not, of course, sufficient to affect materially the general structure of the collection, which remains, therefore, practically what it was when the building was opened.

What, then, is the Library of Congress to-day? We may consider it most simply by applying to it the tests applicable to any library, of whatever type. What are its collections, and what is the provision for their increase? What is its organization for the business of getting and caring for the books, what for making them available to the public? What is, what may be, its "public"?

The collection itself. In mere mass this exceeds that of any other library on the western hemisphere, and, through historical causes special to it, comprises elements not found in any other single library. It consists nominally of 850,000 printed books and 250,000 pamphlets, 26,000 pieces of manuscript, 50,000 maps, 277,000 pieces of music, and over 70,000 prints, — including under the latter term photographs, lithographs, engravings, and etchings.

The above figures, however, include the Law Library (103,000 volumes), still at the Capitol, and the Smithsonian Deposit (say 90,000 volumes). They include duplicates (estimated in 1897 at one third of the entire collection); and in the case of printed books and pamphlets they include not merely copyright deposits which have been transferred to the general collection, but those others which still as "record copies" remain in the copyright department, and do not form a part of the library proper. These latter are estimated at some 140,000 volumes and pamphlets.

The major part of the general material now in the Library is the result of the operation of the copyright law. The effect of this law should have been nominally to secure to the Library one copy of every article entered for copyright between 1846 and 1859, and 1865 and 1870, inclusive, and two copies (though still only one of designs for works of the fine arts) of every such article entered from 1870 to date. The law of 1870 provided also for the transfer to the Library of Congress of certain deposits under former entries, and then in the possession of the Patent Office, with the resultant addition of some 7000 volumes. Superficially, these provisions, in the aggregate, should seem to have secured to the Library the issues of the American press during the past thirty-five years, and, in part, of previous periods, — and those issues not merely in the form of books and pamphlets, but also of maps, music, photographs, lithographs, etc.; in so far, first, as such material has been copyrighted, and, second, in so far as it has been deposited according to law. It is to be remembered, however, that many important publications fail to be entered for copyright, — some from negligence, some from indifference, but also many, of great importance, because their cost of production defies piracy, as their limited constituency of subscribers renders it profitless. Then, too, while the law makes the deposit on or before the date of publication a requisite to a perfect title, it does not make it prerequisite to the acceptance of the application for entry. Many an applicant makes his entry, and, receiving his certificate of entry, does not concern himself that he has

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failed to perfect it by the requisite deposit. The question as to whether he has perfected his title is raised only in event of alleged infringement. As long ago as 1867 a penalty of twenty-five dollars was established for his default; but it can be enforced only by proceedings in a federal court, — a labor which the overburdened administration of the Library has not yet in a single instance found it possible to undertake.

The character of what has come into the Library through copyright may easily be guessed: miscellaneous material, a very large amount of it of great value, and a considerable amount of small literary value, but all pertinent to a national library of the United States. The entire collection of music, the entire collection of prints (with the exception of some 1300 collected by George P. Marsh, and which came through the Smithsonian), are the fruit of the copyright law.

The second great contribution to the collection was from the Smithsonian. The Library originally transferred consisted of about 40,000 volumes. To this, during every year since 1866, there have been added other books, pamphlets, and parts of serial publications, the bulk of the material received by the Smithsonian through its exchanges; not the whole, for part has been retained at the Smithsonian building for the more immediate use of its officers. The Smithsonian volumes now on the shelves of the Library, so far as identified, exceed 80,000 in number. They consist in the main of transactions and proceedings of learned societies and of other serial publications, and in a less degree of monographs. The difficult conditions during the last twenty years of the Library in the Capitol rendered systematic receipt or methodic arrangement or adequate care of this material impossible. Many of the sets are incomplete. In the aggregate, however, the Deposit represents the most important collection of scientific serials in this country. The Smithsonian correspondents now number over 30,000. They include the scientific societies of the world, and a very large number outside of the domain of the sciences proper. The publications received from them, therefore, form, and will form, a collection of signal importance.

They comprise, practically, all that the Library possesses of scientific literature, the expenditure having been chiefly along other lines. Applied science is represented very meagrely; the technical arts are hardly represented at all.

In addition, however, to the fruits of its own exchanges, the Smithsonian has been the agent of the Library in effecting the international exchanges, of which the Library was made the direct beneficiary by the law of 1857, which placed at its disposal for exchange abroad fifty copies of every publication issued by the United States government, the whole machinery of the exchange being operated by the Smithsonian, and the expense of transmittal borne out of funds at its disposal. The product of the international exchange is, of course, not general literature, but documents.

Deducting from the gross total of printed books (850,000 volumes) the Law Library, the copyright record copies, and the Smithsonian Deposit, we have a miscellaneous collection (including documents and a large proportion of duplicates) of about 500,000 volumes, to which are to be added, say, 250,000 pamphlets. In these proportions, the collection is not numerically greatly in excess of certain other collections in the United States, — the Boston Public Library, for instance, the Harvard College Library, or the New York Public Library.

In estimating the efficiency of the Library, its particular functions are to be considered.

The Library of Congress is first of all a legislative library. Its primary duty is

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to Congress; its other duties are only opportunities that, with the assent of Congress, may be put to use without neglect of this. The material that it should amass, therefore, should be primarily such as would serve a legislator in the highest legislative body in the United States; primarily all that which records the origins and development of the United States and of each of its component parts (and no student will be content to regard those origins as dating only from 1492); the record of all legislation, in every country; and, so far as is practicable, the record of the discussion which has preceded legislation enacted or legislation defeated, and of the conditions from which legislation arose or to which it was to be applied: all history, therefore; constitutions, statute law, administration, statistics (commercial, industrial, and social, as well as political); the literature of comparative institutions; political science and political economy; sociology in its largest sense; finance, transportation, public improvements, education, international law, diplomacy.

Legislation and statistics are largely embodied in that class of material designated "public documents." The opportunities of the Library of Congress for the acquisition of public documents, in so far as they may be obtained by solicitation, should seem unsurpassed. Of federal documents, it is by law entitled to at least two copies for itself, and fifty copies for exchange; for foreign documents, it may reinforce its direct application by the good offices of the Department of State, and of the accredited representatives of the United States government abroad.

With these resources at its command, the Library of Congress should have a collection of public documents unexcelled. In fact, however, the collection is understood to be by no means the most complete even in the United States. Under historical conditions very adverse, no one of the above resources could be utilized to the full.

In state and municipal documents the Library is still more defective. Here there is not even in form an obligation to transmit, and the impracticability heretofore of systematic solicitation has prevented acquisitions which might have been secured if promptly applied for.

Forty-eight governments and institutions are on its list of international exchanges; but of these, the government of Great Britain and that of Germany, although beneficiaries under the exchange, do not themselves respond, and the government of France responds but irregularly.

The Law Library is a collection numerically one of the largest in the United States; in efficiency, it is supposed to be excelled by that of the Bar Association of New York city, by the Social Law Library of Boston, and by various other law libraries in the United States. Jurisprudence in the larger sense, especially comparative jurisprudence, cannot be said to be broadly represented. That jurisprudence and the comparative history of institutions would both be important in a library which is not merely the library for the most eminent judicial tribunal in the world, but which is located at the seat of a government that of all governments is engaged in undertakings which are formative, needs no demonstration, even if there were not superadded the interest which these subjects possess to students pursuing them for historical purposes merely.

Similar considerations would apply to the literature of the other branches mentioned above.

Americana. Upon a distinct consideration rests the obligation of the Library toward the material which is not so directly contributory to practical affairs, but would be appropriate to its service as a national library. No publication with reference to the United States or its possessions or to the pro-

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gress of American institutions, or emanating from the press of the United States, would be inappropriate. The national library of a country is the one library in which, as to the products of the press of that country, the tests of literary quality or educational value do not apply. It will be looked to to mirror the life of the time as expressed in print. To do this it must preserve impartially; and for its purpose a publication fugitive as literature may be permanent as history.

As the foremost public library of the foremost nation of the western hemisphere, the Library of Congress should contain as well every procurable publication essential to a knowledge of the other nations of this continent and of South America. It is not possible to predict the limit of our interest in those nations, or, perhaps, of our responsibility for them. To this territory in literature the Monroe Doctrine should apply: not to the exclusion of foreign libraries, but to their exclusion in competition with the United States.

It need hardly be added that as to America, and the United States in particular, the Library of Congress should not be merely a collection of authorities at second-hand. Of all libraries, it should within this area contain the original sources.

Now the 26,000 manuscripts which the Library of Congress possesses do indeed relate almost exclusively to America, and among them is material of exceeding value: the Records of the Virginia Company from 1619 to 1624, — a copy, but the only complete extant copy; documents relating to early Delaware and New Hampshire; early laws of Virginia; the Vernon-Wager, Chalmers, Johnson, Dickinson, Trumbull, Washington, Paul Jones, de Rochambeau, du Simitière, and Vergennes papers; the letters and orderly books of Greene, Blaine, Sullivan, and other military heroes; military journals of British officers, and other autograph material of the Revolutionary period; minutes of certain committees of safety; and the entire material, in 365 folio volumes, used by Force as the basis of his Archives, — but this consists of transcripts, not originals. There are also the letter books of Monroe while minister at St. James. Through the Smithsonian the Library is in possession of thirty-five volumes which contain the proceedings of the commissioners sitting at St. John, Halifax, and Montreal for inquiring into the services, losses, and claims of American royalists, who were later indemnified by act of Parliament; and through the Smithsonian, also, fifty-four volumes of bills, accounts, and inventories covering the years 1650 to 1754, — a collection made by Halliwell-Phillipps, and given by him to the Smithsonian in 1852. It has also in its possession an unpublished manuscript of Las Casas.

The above recital exhibits material of great significance, but it includes practically the entire manuscript collection in the Library. It will be noticed that the area covered is limited, and that it is covered but thinly. Only two items go beyond America. The material which relates to the colonies relates to but few of them, and the major portion of it touches the Revolutionary period.

Of manuscript material later than the eighteenth century the Library possesses only one important item, the correspondence of Schoolcraft, 1815–60. Of original manuscript sources of the history of foreign countries it has, in effect, nothing. What it possesses was incidental to the purchase of the Force and de Rochambeau collections, and the gift of the Toner collection. The sum total may comprise 900 volumes. We may compare with this the 110,000 volumes of manuscripts in the British Museum. Last year, the Museum spent £5000 for manuscripts; the Library of Congress, $300.

Nevertheless, it is in Americana that

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the Library possesses its most distinctive strength. Among its 18,000 volumes of newspapers are 350 volumes published prior to 1800, and complete or nearly complete files of nineteenth-century dailies dating back of the civil war. They comprise also at least partial files of two of the leading papers representing opposite political parties in every state and territory for the past quarter of a century.

The map department contains a larger number of maps relating to America than any other single collection in the world. With the Force collection came upward of 1000 military maps and plans covering the French war and the Revolution, of which 300 are in manuscript. But of early cartography there are few specimens, and but a scant representation of any areas beyond the United States.

The accessions from copyright have of course brought in a vast amount of American publications not accumulated by the ordinary public library. The purchases during the past forty years have represented an incessant attempt to gather in every printed book or pamphlet procurable with the small funds at the disposal of the Library, bearing upon American local history and biography and genealogy, and also, as ancestor to this, every printed book or pamphlet procurable relating to English town history and genealogy. One of the few special appropriations for purchase was in 1873, a grant of $5000 for English county histories, to which $2000 were added the year after.

But the statement now reaches the limit of the area in which the Library may be considered distinctively strong. In other divisions of history, and in all other departments of knowledge, it is necessarily weak. In every department monumenta are lacking, even in bibliography itself. The best bibliographic aids are necessary to its own future development, and they are of primary importance to the service that it is to render. The Library of Congress cannot obtain every book in existence; it *can* secure and furnish the best information procurable as to what the book is and where it may be found.

In technology and the useful arts, it has, as might be expected, little beyond what has come in through copyright. The same may be said of the literature of natural science and of mathematics beyond what is represented by the Smithsonian serials. Specialization in medicine would be extravagant, with the admirably catalogued and liberally administered library of the Surgeon General's office within easy reach.

In science, it is not clear that the duty of the Library is fulfilled with the proper care of the Smithsonian serials and the completion of the broken files. The federal government is annually expending large sums of money at Washington, in the formation and maintenance of scientific collections and in the support of scientific research. The books which are the essential tools for the men engaged in this work can be secured only in part out of the department appropriations. Space for them and administrative facilities are difficult to provide in the department buildings. Moreover, the files of scientific serials in the Library, not possibly to be duplicated elsewhere, have their effective use only with the monographs at hand, which are the great reference books in each department of science.

The Library of Congress, therefore, appears committed to some expenditure in the domain of scientific literature; to some in the natural sciences, in archæology, in ethnology, and, to a certain extent, in the sciences which are called "applied."

To the philosophic sciences (in the narrower sense, including theology) the obligation would not appear so direct, nor to the literature merely "polite." What the Library should undertake in the domain of philology and belles-lettres will

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perhaps depend upon a decision as to its function which this article may not anticipate. No reluctance to broaden its use has, however, to my knowledge, been expressed as a desire to limit its *scope*.

Congress has deliberately placed the Library first among the federal institutions at Washington of which students are invited to avail themselves.[1] If, in connection with advanced research, the Library is to do as a library what the various scientific departments of the government are to do in their various branches of science, it must broaden its field. It must include the material which illustrates the origins and general progress of arts and letters. Now, in incunabula, the Library possesses, through the Force collection, 161 books printed in the fifteenth century, and 250 printed from 1500 to 1600; but apart from these it has almost no specimens of early printing. It also possesses eleven Flemish manuscripts on vellum, ranging from 1450 to 1700, the recent gift of Professor Wilson; but of literary memorials prior to the invention of printing it has practically nothing. It has only recently secured a few works on the subject of paleography.

In belles-lettres, outside of the works of American authors, it has but a fair representation of the most notable English authors, and of these by no means, in every case, the best editions; but of modern Continental literature it has little or nothing.

Toward a collection of Orientalia the Library has thus far the 237 books and 2547 pamphlets in the Chinese language which came from the library of Caleb Cushing, and a few works in Turkish, the gift of Abram S. Hewitt. Of other Oriental literatures, or of Slavonic, it has but a volume here and there.

In the literature of music, as in the literature of the fine arts and architecture, it has never had funds with which to develop strength.

Such, in brief, are the contents and proportions of the present collection in the Library of Congress. The special resources of the Library for their increase consist of the future accessions from copyright and from the Smithsonian and international exchanges. It is obvious, however, that even these resources cannot be fully utilized without a special service which the Library itself does not now possess, and an expenditure for investigation and solicitation for which no provision is now made.

The accumulation of a great collection of books requires not merely the maintenance of regular agencies in the chief book marts of the world, but the dispatch, from time to time, of special emissaries to investigate possible opportunities for acquisition by purchase, and to utilize persistently every influence for acquisition by gift. Only once in its history has the Library of Congress sent a representative abroad in its behalf. In that instance it shared with the Smithsonian the expenses of an agent sent to collect European documents and to stimulate international exchanges. The direct result of his trip was the acquisition of over 4000 volumes. But there have been no funds available for other such undertakings.

For direct purchase, the appropriation, increased in 1898 to $15,000, was for last year $25,000, in addition to $2500 for the Law Library. Were this applied solely to current publications it could not cover the entire area, and to the existing deficiencies it can apply but feebly. Yet it is important that these deficiencies be supplied at the earliest possible date, not merely in the interest of the scholars of this generation, but as an economy, prior to the reclassification and cataloguing of the Library. It is to be remembered that a large proportion of the material that is needed has now a market value that is artificial, and that little of it is

[1] 1892. Fifty-Second Congress, first session, resolution 8.

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in demand by the Library of Congress alone. In attempting to secure it the Library of Congress must come into competition with other great libraries, fast increasing in number and resources, many of them already in receipt of a regular income for books in excess of the above amount, in possession of reserve funds for emergencies, and able as well to count upon special gifts from individuals in furtherance of special purchases. The Library of Congress has no individual benefactors to whom it may apply, when opportunity is offered for the purchase of some special collection *en bloc*, or for the acquisition of unusual items at an auction sale. The public sales of great special collections occur irregularly, and are seldom announced long enough in advance for the operation of an ordinary appropriation bill. Nor are purchases at private sale negotiated to advantage when the buyer's limit of price is heralded in advance by a specific figure in an appropriation bill. For effective competition in purchase, the Library of Congress needs, therefore, in addition to its regular appropriation for books, an "emergency fund" which may be drawn upon as occasion may require, and subsequently made good again by appropriation. A fund of $100,000 would be none too great for such a purpose.

The bulk of the Library is now arranged neatly upon the shelves, but it is arranged according to the system of classification in use in the old Library. That system was the one adopted by Thomas Jefferson for his collection of 6700 volumes. It is the Baconian system, so called; but such authority as it might gain from Bacon's authorship is weakened by the fact that he devised it as a classification of knowledge, and not as a classification of books. Its original three main divisions (history, philosophy, and fine arts) have been expanded into forty-four groups designated "chapters." The system is not (as all more modern systems attempt to be) "expansive;" that is, it does not admit of further indefinite subdivisions. The inability of forty-four groups to meet the requirements of a modern library of nearly a million volumes may be guessed from the fact that a single system now popular in libraries of but a tenth of the size provides a thousand principal classes, with possibility of continued subdivision.

In 1898 a reclassification was begun upon a system that should be elastic. It has thus far been applied to but one of the forty-four chapters. The defect of force in the catalogue department has now brought the work to a standstill. Accessions are still being classified under the old system, which means with each a work later to be undone. Incidental to the new classification would be a system of notation which assigns to each volume a definite number. At present the books have no individual numbers, but must in every case be called for and recorded by author and title.

The minimum catalogue for a library of this type is a card catalogue on the "dictionary system," which in a single alphabet will answer the questions (1) what books the Library contains by a given author, and (2) what books the Library contains upon a given subject. At least three copies of this catalogue will be necessary: one for official use in the catalogue room, one for the reading room, and one for the Congressional Reference Library at the Capitol.[1]

The general catalogue of the Library

[1] The possibility of a complete printed catalogue in book form I refrain from discussing. Such could not properly be undertaken until after the completion of the card catalogue, and would then involve in its preparation and publication a period of perhaps fifteen years, and the expenditure, for publication alone, of over a quarter of a million dollars. Compare the estimate for such a catalogue of the Boston Public Library, made by Mr. J. L. Whitney, and contained in the last report of the trustees. It would comprise, he figures, 30 volumes and 30,000 pages. A book catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale was begun, the first volume

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now consists of a single alphabet list under authors. This is on large slips, kept loosely in drawers behind the delivery counter. It is for official use only. It is not accessible to the public, and is not in form or condition such that it may be made so. It is for the most part manuscript, and in various handwritings; the result of gradual compilation in the old building, where the catalogue force was meagre, the bibliographic tools were scanty, and reference and comparison difficult from the confusion in which the material lay. It covers only the books and 50,000 of the 250,000 pamphlets. It has not been verified since the collection was removed to the new building. The only subject catalogue of the Library is that issued in book form in 1869, and partial subject entries of the accessions of the past year and a half. Of other catalogues in book form, there are the lists of annual accessions from 1867 to 1875, and the author catalogue of 1878–80. The weekly bulletin of the copyright office gives a list of the publications entered for copyright. As this represents in the course of the year fifty-two distinct alphabets, it is not available for convenient service as a catalogue.

There is no subject catalogue of the general collection as it exists to-day; and of that collection there is no catalogue of any description accessible to the public. Beginning with July, 1898, all accessions to the Library have been catalogued (under authors, and in part under subjects) on cards of the standard size and form. In the case of the titles representing copyright accessions these entries have been printed, and fifty copies of each struck off. They will thus suffice not merely for the catalogues within the Library, but in part for exchange.

The catalogues of a library are part of the mechanism of use. But behind the catalogues there are, in every well-ordered library, two official records of a more rigorous nature: the first is the "accession book," — a chronological record of the books as they come into the Library, itemized volume by volume, with their source, cost, etc., — a business register; the second is the "shelf list," — a record of the collections precisely as arranged on the shelves. This latter record is by class and number. It is the record which enables new accessions to be located, and any book already located to be traced by its shelf or call number, — an indispensable convenience where books issued to readers are charged by their call numbers. It is also the "stock book" of the Library, and forms the check list when the periodic inventory is taken.

In the Library of Congress both accession register and shelf list of the current accessions are in progress. Of the existing collection there is neither an accession register nor a shelf list; and the only check list of any description for the purpose of an inventory is that represented by the author catalogue, which, as stated above, is on loose slips, constantly withdrawn for reference, and which has not been verified since the collection has been spread out upon the shelves where verification could be had.

Taking as a unit the average output of a single classifier and of a single cataloguer, and making due provision for supervisors, revisers, shelf-listers, copyists, label-pasters, and the other subordinate and auxiliary service, and estimating the present collection as, say, 800,000 books and pamphlets, to reclassify, shelf-list, and catalogue it on the dictionary system in one year might require a force of 448 persons, at a cost of over $350,000. The present force of classifiers and cataloguers provided by law consists of seventeen persons.

In addition to the work on the existing collection, there are to be handled

being issued in 1897. It was under authors only. It cost $8000. The complete work would necessitate 80 volumes, and on the same scale cost $640,000. It has been suspended.

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between 30,000 and 40,000 new books and pamphlets pouring in each year in the form of accessions.

The above work is distinct from that which has to be done upon the material in the special departments of the Library, — manuscript, map, music, periodical, print. In each of these there is a similar arrearage to be brought up before the material can become effective.

The copyright office also has its arrears, which consist of over 200,000 articles to be arranged in sequence and shelved, and others to a number not computable to be credited and indexed. The office is eight months behind in its fifty-cent entries, and much delayed in its other current business. But the problem of the copyright office is a special problem, and need not be dealt with in this article, which is intended to treat of the Library as a library.

The force in the old Library consisted of but eighteen persons besides the twenty-four engaged in copyright work. It consists now, by law (exclusive of the engineer and janitor service), of 105 persons, excluding the copyright. Of these, fifty-six are by law assigned to the direct service of the reading room, day and evening.

The organization provided by law consists of the departments already mentioned, — that is, the reading-room service, catalogue, manuscript, map, music, print, and periodical; also of the several officials engaged in general administrative work, and of one or two in subordinate capacities. The Law Library, subject to the general administration, has its force at the Capitol. The engineer and janitor force is under the superintendent of the building.

To one familiar with library economy, two departments usual in any large library will at once appear lacking in the above organization. One is the order department, which attends to the business of procuring, receiving, and acknowledging books, conducts all the correspondence with dealers and agents, checks up the invoices, registers the accessions in the accession book, assigns the accession numbers, and inserts the bookplates. The other is the shelf department, which attends to the classification, assigns the shelf and call numbers, compiles the shelf lists, arranges for binding, and is responsible for the general care and order of the shelves. In the Boston Public Library, with the existing collection well in hand, these two departments comprise a force of eighteen persons. In the Library of Congress they are not provided for at all by law.

There is in the Library of Congress no distinct department of documents, — a serious defect when the relation of this class of material to the service of the Library is considered. If it was worth while for the Boston Library to establish such a department, with one of the most experienced of American statisticians at its head, it is still more obviously to the advantage of the Library of Congress, with its certain duty toward legislation, and probable duty toward research.

The probable inexpediency of a complete catalogue of the Library in book form does not preclude the publication, from time to time, of catalogues of particular departments, and of lists of select titles covering particular subjects of timely interest. For the preparation of these, for the coördination of the bibliographic work undertaken by the various government departments at Washington, and for the bibliographic undertakings of larger scope to which the Library of Congress may justly be expected to contribute, a well-equipped department of bibliography is an immediate necessity.

It will be noticed that there is no provision for a printing department in the Library building, nor for a library bindery, — two departments of excellent efficiency and economy at some other libraries, and provided for as matters of course in the plans for the New York Public

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Library; nor, if one were instituting a comparison with the British Museum, could one fail to note the absence of a department of Oriental literature.

The privileges of the Library as a library of reference are open to all persons, without condition or the requirement of credentials. The withdrawal of books for home use within the District is now possible only to members of Congress and their families, and a few other specified public officials.

There is no circulation of books beyond the limits of the District, either to individuals or to institutions. To the public at large, therefore, the service of the Library is such as it may render when consulted on the premises, and the answer by letter to such inquiries as may be addressed to it from a distance.

The number of volumes consulted within the Library building averages about 500 per day. The number of visitors to the building is nearer 5000 per day. The number of books issued for home use in 1898 was about 20,000.

To summarize the merely negative aspects of the situation: the Library of Congress is not now, as a collection, an organic collection, even for the most particular service that it has to render; it is not yet classified, nor equipped with the mechanism necessary to its effective use; the present organization is but partial; and the resources have yet to be provided not merely for proper development of the collection, but for the work of bringing the existing material into condition for effective service.

He would indeed be a cynic who at this stage would regard only such negatives. The positive and the assuring side is that for this institution Congress has provided the most magnificent habitation at the service of any library, and cannot but intend that the Library itself shall take rank corresponding.

As to its future there has been discussion, and there will be much more: the Library is in a position where it cannot escape interest, speculation, and suggestion. Broad and varied opportunities are proposed for it, some of which are not without attraction. But they are not to be considered to the neglect of the duty which is fundamental and near at hand. The purpose of this article is not to prophesy a future for the Library, but to recall the significant incidents of its past, and to describe, as simply as may be, the existing conditions, an appreciation of which must precede any serviceable discussion of its future.

Herbert Putnam.

HISTORY.[1]

My theme is history. It is an old subject, which has been discoursed about since Herodotus, and one would be vain indeed who flattered himself he could say aught new concerning the methods of writing it, when this has for so long a period engaged the minds of so many gifted men. Yet to a sympathetic audience, to people who love history, there is always the chance that a fresh treatment may present the commonplaces in some different combination, and augment for the moment an interest which is perennial.

Holding a brief for history as do I your representative, let me at once concede that it is not the highest form of intellectual endeavor; let us at once agree that it were better that all the his-

[1] President's Inaugural Address, American Historical Association, Boston, December 27, 1899.

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tories ever written were burned than for the world to lose Homer and Shakespeare. Yet as it is generally true that an advocate rarely admits anything without qualification, I should not be loyal to my client did I not urge that Shakespeare was historian as well as poet. We all prefer his Antony and Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar to the Lives in North's Plutarch which furnished him his materials. The history is in substance as true as Plutarch, the dramatic force greater; the language is better than that of Sir Thomas North, who himself did a remarkable piece of work when he gave his country a classic by Englishing a French version of the stories of the Greek. It is true as Macaulay wrote, the historical plays of Shakespeare have superseded history. When we think of Henry V. it is of Prince Hal, the boon companion of Falstaff, who spent his youth in brawl and riot, and then became a sober and duty-loving king; and our idea of Richard III. is a deceitful, dissembling, cruel wretch who knew no touch of pity, a bloody tyrant who knew no law of God or man.

The Achilles of Homer was a very living personage to Alexander. How happy he was, said the great general, when he visited Troy, "in having while he lived so faithful a friend, and when he was dead so famous a poet to proclaim his actions"! In our century, as more in consonance with society under the régime of contract, when force has largely given way to craft, we feel in greater sympathy with Ulysses. "The one person I would like to have met and talked with," Froude used to say, "was Ulysses. How interesting it would be to have his opinion on universal suffrage, and on a House of Parliament where Thersites is listened to as patiently as the king of men!"

We may also concede that, in the realm of intellectual endeavor, the mathematical and physical sciences should have the precedence of history. The present is more important than the past, and those sciences which contribute to our comfort, place within the reach of the laborer and mechanic as common necessaries what would have been the highest luxury to the Roman emperor or to the king of the Middle Ages, contribute to health and the preservation of life, and by the development of railroads make possible such a gathering as this, — these sciences, we cheerfully admit, outrank our modest enterprise, which, in the words of Herodotus, is "to preserve from decay the remembrance of what men have done." It may be true, as a geologist once said, in extolling his study at the expense of the humanities, "Rocks do not lie, although men do;" yet, on the other hand, the historic sense, which during our century has diffused itself widely, has invaded the domain of physical science. If you are unfortunate enough to be ill, and consult a doctor, he expatiates on the history of your disease. It was once my duty to attend the Commencement exercises of a technical school, when one of the graduates had a thesis on bridges. As he began by telling how they were built in Julius Cæsar's time, and tracing at some length the development of the art during the period of the material prosperity of the Roman Empire, he had little time and space left to consider their construction at the present day. One of the most brilliant surgeons I ever knew, the originator of a number of important surgical methods, who, being physician as well, was remarkable in his expedients for saving life when called to counsel in grave and apparently hopeless cases, desired to write a book embodying his discoveries and devices, but said that the feeling was strong within him that he must begin his work with an account of medicine in Egypt, and trace its development down to our own time. As he was a busy man in his profession, he lacked the leisure to make the preliminary historical study, and his book was never written. Men of affairs, who, taking "the present time by the

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top," are looked upon as devoted to the physical and mechanical sciences, continually pay tribute to our art. President Garfield, on his deathbed, asked one of his most trusted Cabinet advisers, in words that become pathetic as one thinks of the opportunities destroyed by the assassin's bullet, "Shall I live in history?" A clever politician, who knew more of ward meetings, caucuses, and the machinery of conventions than he did of history books, and who was earnest for the renomination of President Arthur in 1884, said to me, in the way of clinching his argument, "That administration will live in history." So it was, according to Amyot, in the olden time. "Whensoever," he wrote, "the right sage and virtuous Emperor of Rome, Alexander Severus, was to consult of any matter of great importance, whether it concerned war or government, he always called such to counsel as were reported to be well seen in histories."

Proper concessions being made to poetry and the physical sciences, our place in the field remains secure. Moreover, we live in a fortunate age; for was there ever so propitious a time for writing history as in the last forty years? There has been a general acquisition of the historic sense. The methods of teaching history have so improved that they may be called scientific. Even as the chemist and physicist, we talk of practice in the laboratory. Most biologists will accept Haeckel's designation of "the last forty years as the age of Darwin," for the theory of evolution is firmly established. The publication of the Origin of Species, in 1859, converted it from a poet's dream and philosopher's speculation to a well-demonstrated scientific theory. Evolution, heredity, environment, have become household words, and their application to history has influenced every one who has had to trace the development of a people, the growth of an institution, or the establishment of a cause. Other scientific theories and methods have affected physical science as potently, but none has entered so vitally into the study of man. What hitherto the eye of genius alone could perceive may become the common property of every one who cares to read a dozen books. But with all of our advantages, do we write better history than was written before the year 1859, which we may call the line of demarcation between the old and the new? If the English, German, and American historical scholars should vote as to who were the two best historians, I have little doubt that Thucydides and Tacitus would have a pretty large majority. If they were asked to name a third choice, it would undoubtedly lie between Herodotus and Gibbon. At the meeting of this association in Cleveland, when methods of historical teaching were under discussion, Herodotus and Thucydides, but no others, were mentioned as proper object lessons. What are the merits of Herodotus? Accuracy in details, as we understand it, was certainly not one of them. Neither does he sift critically his facts, but intimates that he will not make a positive decision in the case of conflicting testimony. "For myself," he wrote, "my duty is to report all that is said, but I am not obliged to believe it all alike, — a remark which may be understood to apply to my whole history." He had none of the wholesome skepticism which we deem necessary in the weighing of historical evidence; on the contrary, he is frequently accused of credulity. Nevertheless, Percy Gardner calls his narrative nobler than that of Thucydides, and Mahaffy terms it an "incomparable history." "The truth is," wrote Macaulay in his diary, when he was forty-nine years old, "I admire no historians much, except Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus." Sir M. E. Grant Duff devoted his presidential address of 1895, before the Royal Historical Society, wholly to Herodotus, ending with the conclusion, "The fame of Herodotus, which has a little waned, will surely wax again."

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Whereupon the London Times devoted a leader to the subject. "We are concerned," it said, "to hear, on authority so eminent, that one of the most delightful writers of antiquity has a little waned of late in favor with the world. If this indeed be the case, so much the worse for the world. . . . When Homer and Dante and Shakespeare are neglected, then will Herodotus cease to be read."

There we have the secret of his hold upon the minds of men. He knows how to tell a story, said Professor Hart, in the discussion previously referred to, at Cleveland. He has "an epic unity of plan," writes Professor Jebb. Herodotus has furnished delight to all generations, while Polybius, more accurate and painstaking, a learned historian and a practical statesman, gathers dust on the shelf or is read as a penance. Nevertheless, it may be demonstrated from the historical literature of England of our century that literary style and great power of narration alone will not give a man a niche in the temple of history. Herodotus showed diligence and honesty, without which his other qualities would have failed to secure him the place he holds in the estimation of historical scholars.

From Herodotus we naturally turn to Thucydides, who in the beginning charms historical students by his impression of the seriousness and dignity of his business. History, he writes, will be "found profitable by those who desire an exact knowledge of the past as a key to the future, which in all human probability will repeat or resemble the past. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten." Diligence, accuracy, love of truth, and impartiality are merits commonly ascribed to Thucydides, and the internal evidence of the history bears out fully the general opinion. But, in my judgment, there is a tendency to rate, in the comparative estimates, the Athenian too high, for the possession of these qualities; for certainly some modern writers have possessed all of these merits in an eminent degree. When Jowett wrote in the preface to his translation, Thucydides "stands absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth," he was unaware that a son of his own university was writing the history of a momentous period of his own country, in a manner to impugn the correctness of that statement. When the Jowett Thucydides appeared, Samuel R. Gardiner had published eight volumes of his history, though he had not reached the great Civil War, and his reputation, which has since grown with a cumulative force, was not fully established; but I have now no hesitation in saying that the internal evidence demonstrates that in impartiality and love of truth Gardiner is the peer of Thucydides. From the point of view of external evidence, the case is even stronger for Gardiner; he submits to a harder test. That he has been able to treat so stormy, so controverted, and so well known a period as the seventeenth century in England, with hardly a question of his impartiality, is a wonderful tribute. In fact, in an excellent review of his work I have seen him criticised for being too impartial. On the other hand, Grote thinks that he has found Thucydides in error, — in the long dialogue between the Athenian representatives and the Melians. "This dialogue," Grote writes, "can hardly represent what actually passed, except as to a few general points which the historian has followed out into deductions and illustrations, thus dramatizing the given situation in a powerful and characteristic manner." Those very words might characterize Shakespeare's account of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and his reproduction of the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony. Compare the relation in Plutarch with the third act of the tragedy, and see how, in his amplification of the story,

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Shakespeare has remained true to the essential facts of the time. Plutarch gives no account of the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony, confining himself to an allusion to the one, and a reference to the other; but Appian of Alexandria, in his history, has reported them. The speeches in Appian lack the force which they have in Shakespeare, nor do they seemingly fit into the situation as well. I have adverted to this criticism of Grote, not that I love Thucydides less, but that I love Shakespeare more. For my part, the historian's candid acknowledgment in the beginning has convinced me of the essential — not the literal — truth of his accounts of speeches and dialogues. "As to the speeches," wrote the Athenian, "which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them; while at the same time I endeavored, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said." That is the very essence of candor. But be the historian as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, he shall not escape calumny. Mahaffy declares that, "although all modern historians quote Thucydides with more confidence than they would quote the Gospels," the Athenian has exaggerated; he is one-sided, partial, misleading, dry, and surly. Other critics agree with Mahaffy that he has been unjust to Cleon, and has screened Nicias from blame that was his due for defective generalship.

We approach Tacitus with respect. We rise from reading his Annals, his History, and his Germany with reverence. We know that we have been in the society of a gentleman who had a high standard of morality and honor. We feel that our guide was a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world; that he expressed his opinions and delivered his judgments with a remarkable freedom from prejudice. He draws us to him with sympathy. He sounds the same mournful note which we detect in Thucydides. Tacitus deplores the folly and dissoluteness of the rulers of his nation; he bewails the misfortunes of his country. The merits we ascribe to Thucydides, diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, are his. The desire to quote from Tacitus is irresistible. "The more I meditate," he writes, "on the events of ancient and modern times, the more I am struck with the capricious uncertainty which mocks the calculations of men in all their transactions." Again: "Possibly there is in all things a kind of cycle, and there may be moral revolutions just as there are changes of seasons." "Commonplaces!" sneer the scientific historians. True enough, but they might not have been commonplaces if Tacitus had not uttered them, and his works had not been read and re-read until they have become a common possession of historical students. From a thinker who deemed the time "out of joint," as Tacitus obviously did, and who, had he not possessed great strength of mind and character, might have lapsed into a gloomy pessimism, what noble words are these: "This I regard as history's highest function: to let no worthy action be uncommemorated, and to hold out the reprobation of posterity as a terror to evil words and deeds." The modesty of the Roman is fascinating. "Much of what I have related," he says, "and shall have to relate, may perhaps, I am aware, seem petty trifles to record. . . . My labors are circumscribed and unproductive of renown to the author." How agreeable to place in contrast with this the prophecy of his friend, the younger Pliny, in a letter to the historian: "I augur — nor does my augury deceive me — that your histories will be immortal: hence all the more do I desire to find a place in them."

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To my mind, one of the most charming things in historical literature is the praise which one great historian bestows upon another. Gibbon speaks of "the discerning eye" and "masterly pencil of Tacitus, — the first of historians who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts," "whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." He has produced an immortal work, "every sentence of which is pregnant with the deepest observations and most lively images." I mention Gibbon, for it is more than a strong probability that in diligence, accuracy, and love of truth he is the equal of Tacitus. A common edition of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is that with notes by Dean Milman, Guizot, and Dr. Smith. Niebuhr, Villemain, and Sir James Mackintosh are each drawn upon for criticism. Did ever such a fierce light beat upon a history? With what keen relish do the annotators pounce upon mistakes or inaccuracies, and in that portion of the work which ends with the fall of the Western Empire how few do they find! Would Tacitus stand the supreme test better? There is, so far as I know, only one case in which we may compare his Annals with an original record. On bronze tablets found at Lyons in the sixteenth century is engraved the same speech made by the Emperor Claudius to the Senate that Tacitus reports. "Tacitus and the tablets," writes Professor Jebb, "disagree hopelessly in language and in nearly all the detail, but agree in the general line of argument." Gibbon's work has richly deserved its life of more than one hundred years, a period which I believe no other modern history has endured. Niebuhr, in a course of lectures at Bonn, in 1829, said that Gibbon's "work will never be excelled." At the Gibbon Centenary Commemoration in London, in 1894, many distinguished men, among whom the Church had a distinct representation, gathered together to pay honor to him who, in the words of Frederic Harrison, had written "the most perfect book that English prose (outside its fiction) possesses." Mommsen, prevented by age and work from being present, sent his tribute. No one, he said, would in the future be able to read the history of the Roman Empire unless he read Edward Gibbon. The Times, in a leader devoted to the subject, apparently expressed the general voice: "'Back to Gibbon' is already, both here and among the scholars of Germany and France, the watchword of the younger historians."

I have now set forth certain general propositions which, with time for adducing the evidence in detail, might, I think, be established: that, in the consensus of learned people, Thucydides and Tacitus stand at the head of historians; and that it is not alone their accuracy, love of truth, and impartiality which entitle them to this preëminence, since Gibbon and Gardiner among the moderns possess equally the same qualities. What is it, then, that makes these men supreme? In venturing a solution of this question, I confine myself necessarily to the English translations of the Greek and Latin authors. We have thus a common denominator of language, and need not take into account the unrivaled precision and terseness of the Greek and the force and clearness of the Latin. It seems to me that one special merit of Thucydides and Tacitus is their compressed narrative, — that they have related so many events and put so much meaning in so few words. Our manner of writing history is really curious. The histories which cover long periods of time are brief; those which have to do with but a few years are long. The works of Thucydides and Tacitus are not like our compendiums of history, which merely touch on great affairs, since want of space precludes any elaboration. Tacitus treats of a comparatively short epoch, Thucydides of a much

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shorter one: both histories are brief. Thucydides and Macaulay are examples of extremes. The Athenian tells the story of twenty-four years in one volume; the Englishman takes nearly five volumes of equal size for his account of seventeen years. But it is safe to say that Thucydides tells us as much that is worth knowing as Macaulay. One is concise, the other is not. It is impossible to paraphrase the fine parts of Thucydides, but Macaulay lends himself readily to such an exercise. The thought of the Athenian is so close that he has got rid of all redundancies of expression: hence the effort to reproduce his ideas in other words fails. The account of the plague in Athens has been studied and imitated, and every imitation falls short of the original not only in vividness, but in brevity. It is the triumph of art that in this and in other splendid portions we wish more had been told. As the French say, "the secret of wearying is to say all," and this the Athenian thoroughly understood. Between our compendiums, which tell too little, and our long general histories, which tell too much, are Thucydides and Tacitus.

Again, it is a common opinion that our condensed histories lack life and movement. This is due in part to their being written generally from a study of second-hand — not original — materials. Those of the Athenian and the Roman are mainly the original.

I do not think, however, that we may infer that we have a much greater mass of materials, and thereby excuse our modern prolixity. In written documents, of course, we exceed the ancients, for we have been flooded with these by the art of printing. Yet any one who has investigated any period knows how the same facts are told over and over again, in different ways, by various writers; and if one can get beyond the mass of verbiage and down to the really significant original material, what a simplification of ideas there is, what a lightening of the load! I own that this process of reduction is painful, and thereby our work is made more difficult than that of the ancients. A historian will adapt himself naturally to the age in which he lives, and Thucydides made use of the matter that was at his hand. "Of the events of the war," he wrote, "I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other." His materials, then, were what he saw and heard. His books and his manuscripts were living men. Our distinguished military historian, John C. Ropes, whose untimely death we deplore, might have written his history from the same sort of materials; for he was contemporary with our civil war, and followed the daily events with intense interest. A brother of his was killed at Gettysburg, and he had many friends in the army. He paid at least one memorable visit to Meade's headquarters in the field, and at the end of the war had a mass of memories and impressions of the great conflict. He never ceased his inquiries; he never lost a chance to get a particular account from those who took part in battles or campaigns; and before he began his Story of the Civil War, he too could have said, "I made the most careful and particular inquiry" of generals and officers on both sides, and of men in civil office privy to the great transactions. His knowledge drawn from living lips was marvelous, and his conversation, when he poured this knowledge forth, often took the form of a flowing narrative in an animated style. While there are not, so far as I remember, any direct references in his two vol-

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umes to these memories, or to memoranda of conversations which he had with living actors after the close of the war drama, and while his main authority is the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, — which, no one appreciated better than he, were unique historical materials, — nevertheless this personal knowledge trained his judgment and gave color to his narrative.

It is pretty clear that Thucydides spent a large part of a life of about threescore years and ten in gathering materials and writing his history. The mass of facts which he set down or stored away in his memory must have been enormous. He was a man of business, and had a home in Thrace as well as in Athens, traveling probably at fairly frequent intervals between the two places; but the main portion of the first forty years of his life was undoubtedly spent in Athens, where, during those glorious years of peace and the process of beautifying the city, he received the best education a man could get. To walk about the city and view the buildings and statues was both directly and insensibly a refining influence. As Thucydides himself, in the funeral oration of Pericles, said of the works which the Athenian saw around him, "the daily delight of them banishes gloom." There was the opportunity to talk with as good conversers as the world has ever known; and he undoubtedly saw much of the men who were making history. There was the great theatre and the sublime poetry. In a word, the life of Thucydides was adapted to the gathering of a mass of historical materials of the best sort; and his daily walk, his reading, his intense thought, gave him an intellectual grasp of the facts he has so ably handled. Of course he was a genius, and he wrote in an effective literary style; but seemingly his natural parts and acquired talents are directed to this: a digestion of his materials, and a compression of his narrative without taking the vigor out of his story in a manner I believe to be without parallel. He devoted a life to writing a volume. His years after the peace was broken, his career as a general, his banishment and enforced residence in Thrace, his visit to the countries of the Peloponnesian allies with whom Athens was at war, — all these gave him a signal opportunity to gather materials, and to assimilate them in the gathering. We may fancy him looking at an alleged fact on all sides, and turning it over and over in his mind; we know that he must have meditated long on ideas, opinions, and events; and the result is a brief, pithy narrative. Tradition hath it that Demosthenes copied out this history eight times, or even learned it by heart. Chatham, urging the removal of the forces from Boston, had reason to refer to the history of Greece, and, that he might impress it upon the lords that he knew whereof he spoke, declared, "I have read Thucydides."

Of Tacitus likewise is conciseness a well-known merit. Living in an age of books and libraries, he drew more from the written word than did Thucydides; and his method of working, therefore, resembled more our own. These are common expressions of his: "It is related by most of the writers of those times;" I adopt the account "in which the authors are agreed;" this account "agrees with those of the other writers." Relating a case of recklessness of vice in Messalina, he acknowledges that it will appear fabulous, and asserts his truthfulness thus: "But I would not dress up my narrative with fictions, to give it an air of marvel, rather than relate what has been stated to me or written by my seniors." He also speaks of the authority of tradition, and tells what he remembers "to have heard from aged men." He will not paraphrase the eloquence of Seneca after he had his veins opened, because the very words of the philosopher had been published; but when,

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a little later, Flavius the tribune came to die, the historian gives this report of his defiance of Nero. "I hated you," the tribune said to the emperor; "nor had you a soldier more true to you while you deserved to be loved. I began to hate you from the time you showed yourself the impious murderer of your mother and your wife, a charioteer, a stage-player, an incendiary." "I have given the very words," Tacitus adds, "because they were not, like those of Seneca, published, though the rough and vigorous sentiments of a soldier ought to be no less known." Everywhere we see in Tacitus, as in Thucydides, a dislike of superfluous detail, a closeness of thought, a compression of language. He was likewise a man of affairs, but his life work was his historical writings, which, had we all of them, would fill probably four moderate-sized octavo volumes.

To sum up, then: Thucydides and Tacitus are superior to the historians who have written in our century, because, by long reflection and studious method, they have better digested their materials and compressed their narrative. Unity in narration has been adhered to more rigidly. They stick closer to their subject. They are not allured into the fascinating bypaths of narration, which are so tempting to men who have accumulated a mass of facts, incidents, and opinions. One reason why Macaulay is so prolix is because he could not resist the temptation to treat events which had a picturesque side and which were suited to his literary style; so that, as John Morley says, "in many portions of his too elaborated history of William III. he describes a large number of events about which, I think, no sensible man can in the least care either how they happened, or whether indeed they happened at all or not." If I am right in my supposition that Thucydides and Tacitus had a mass of materials, they showed reserve and discretion in throwing a large part of them away, as not being necessary or important to the posterity for which they were writing. This could only be the result of a careful comparison of their materials, and of long meditation on their relative value. I suspect that they cared little whether a set daily task was accomplished or not; for if you propose to write only one large volume or four moderate-sized volumes in a lifetime, art is not too long nor is life too short.

Another superiority of the classical historians, as I reckon, arose from the fact that they wrote what was practically contemporaneous history. Herodotus was born 484 B. C., and the most important and accurate part of his history is the account of the Persian invasion which took place four years later. The case of Thucydides is more remarkable. Born in 471 B. C., he relates the events which happened between 435 and 411, when he was between the ages of thirty-six and sixty. Tacitus, born in 52 A. D., covered with his Annals and History the years between 14 and 97. "Herodotus and Thucydides belong to an age in which the historian draws from life and for life," writes Professor Jebb. It is manifestly easier to describe a life you know than one you must imagine, which is what you must do if you aim to relate events which took place before your own and your father's time. In many treatises which have been written demanding an extraordinary equipment for the historian, it is generally insisted that he shall have a fine constructive imagination; for how can he re-create his historic period unless he live in it? In the same treatises it is asserted that contemporary history cannot be written correctly, for impartiality in the treatment of events near at hand is impossible. Therefore the canon requires the quality of a great poet, and denies that there may be had the merit of a judge in a country where there are no great poets, but where candid judges abound. Does not the common rating of Thucydides and Tacitus refute

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the dictum that history within the memory of men living cannot be written truthfully and fairly? Given, then, the judicial mind, how much easier to write it! The rare quality of a poet's imagination is no longer necessary, for your boyhood recollections, your youthful experiences, your successes and failures of manhood, the grandfather's tales, the parent's recollections, the conversation in society, —all these put you in vital touch with the life you seek to describe. These not only give color and freshness to the vivifying of the facts you must find in the record, but they are in a way materials themselves, not strictly authentic, but of the kind that direct you in search and verification. Not only is no extraordinary ability required to write contemporary history, but the labor of the historian is lightened, and Dryasdust is no longer his sole guide. The funeral oration of Pericles is pretty nearly what was actually spoken, or else it is the substance of the speech written out in the historian's own words. Its intensity of feeling and the fitting of it so well into the situation indicate it to be a living contemporaneous document, and at the same time it has that universal application which we note in so many speeches of Shakespeare. A few years after our civil war, a lawyer in a city of the middle West, who had been selected to deliver the Memorial Day oration, came to a friend of his in despair because he could write nothing but the commonplaces about those who had died for the Union and for the freedom of a race which had been uttered many times before, and he asked for advice. "Take the funeral oration of Pericles for a model," was the reply. "Use his words where they will fit, and dress up the rest to suit our day." The orator was surprised to find how much of the oration could be used bodily, and how much, with adaptation, was germane to his subject. But slight alterations are necessary to make the opening sentence this: "Most of those who have spoken here have commended the law-giver who added this oration to our other customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle." In many places you may let the speech run on with hardly a change. "In the face of death [these men] resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battlefield their feet stood fast; and while for a moment they were in the hands of fortune, at the height, not of terror, but of glory, they passed away. Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of their country."

Consider for a moment, as the work of a contemporary, the book which continues the account of the Sicilian expedition, and ends with the disaster at Syracuse. "In the describing and reporting whereof," Plutarch writes, "Thucydides hath gone beyond himself, both for variety and liveliness of narration, as also in choice and excellent words." "There is no prose composition in the world," wrote Macaulay, "which I place so high as the seventh book of Thucydides. . . . I was delighted to find in Gray's letters, the other day, this query to Wharton: 'The retreat from Syracuse, — is it or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life?'" In the Annals of Tacitus we have an account of part of the reign of Emperor Nero, which is intense in its interest as the picture of a state of society that would be incredible, did we not know that our guide was a truthful man. One rises from a perusal of this with the trite expression, "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and one need only compare the account of Tacitus with the romance Quo Vadis to be convinced that true history is more interesting than a novel. One of the most vivid impressions I ever had came after reading the

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story of Nero and Agrippina in Tacitus, from a view immediately thereafterward of the statue of Agrippina in the National Museum at Naples.

It will be worth our while now to sum up what I think may be established with sufficient time and care. Natural ability being presupposed, the qualities necessary for a historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, the thorough digestion of his materials by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story. He must also have a power of expression suitable for his purpose. All these qualities, we have seen, were possessed by Thucydides and Tacitus; and we have seen furthermore that, by bringing to bear these endowments and acquirements upon contemporary history, their success has been greater than it would have been had they treated a more distant period. Applying these considerations to the writing of history in America, it would seem that all we have to gain in method, in order that when the genius appears he shall rival the great Greek and the great Roman, is thorough assimilation of materials and rigorous conciseness in relation. I admit that the two things we lack are difficult to get as our own. In the collection of materials, in criticism and detailed analysis, in the study of cause and effect, in applying the principle of growth, of evolution, we certainly surpass the ancients. But if we live in the age of Darwin, we also live in an age of newspapers and magazines, when, as Lowell said, not only great events, but a vast "number of trivial incidents, are now recorded, and this dust of time gets in our eyes;" when distractions are manifold; when the desire "to see one's name in print" and make books takes possession of us all. If one has something like an original idea or a fresh combination of truisms, he obtains easily a hearing. The hearing once had, something of a success being made, the writer is urged by magazine editors and by publishers for more. The good side of this is apparent. It is certainly a wholesome indication that a demand exists for many serious books, but the evil is that one is pressed to publish his thoughts before he has them fully matured. The periods of fruitful meditation out of which emerged the works of Thucydides and Tacitus seem not to be a natural incident of our time. To change slightly the meaning of Lowell, "the bustle of our lives keeps breaking the thread of that attention which is the material of memory, till no one has patience to spin from it a continuous thread of thought." We have the defects of our qualities. Nevertheless, I am struck with the likeness between a common attribute of the Greeks and Matthew Arnold's characterization of the Americans. Greek thought, it is said, goes straight to the mark, and penetrates like an arrow. The Americans, Arnold wrote, "think straight and see clear." Greek life was adapted to meditation. American quickness and habit of taking the short cut to the goal make us averse to the patient and elaborate method of the ancients. In manner of expression, however, we have improved. The Fourth of July spread-eagle oration, not uncommon even in New England in former days, would now be listened to hardly anywhere without merriment. In a Lowell Institute lecture in 1855 Lowell said, "In modern times, the desire for startling expression is so strong that people hardly think a thought is good for anything unless it goes off with a *pop*, like a ginger-beer cork." No one would thus characterize our present writing. Between reserve in expression and reserve in thought there must be interaction. We may hope, therefore, that the trend in the one will become the trend in the other, and that we may look for as great historians in the future as in the past. The Thucydides or Tacitus of the fu-

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ture will write his history from the original materials, knowing that there only will he find the living spirit; but he will have the helps of the modern world. He will have at his hand monographs of students whom the professors of history in our colleges are teaching with diligence and wisdom, and he will accept these aids with thankfulness in his laborious search. He will have grasped the generalizations and methods of physical science, but he must know to the bottom his Thucydides and Tacitus. He will recognize in Homer and Shakespeare the great historians of human nature, and he will ever attempt, although feeling that failure is certain, to wrest from them their secret of narration, to acquire their art of portrayal of character. He must be a man of the world, but equally well a man of the academy. If, like Thucydides and Tacitus, the American historian chooses the history of his own country as his field, he may infuse his patriotism into his narrative. He will speak of the broad acres and their products, the splendid industrial development due to the capacity and energy of the captains of industry; but he will like to dwell on the universities and colleges, on the great numbers seeking a higher education, on the morality of the people, their purity of life, their domestic happiness. He will never be weary of referring to Washington and Lincoln, feeling that a country with such exemplars is indeed one to awaken envy, and he will not forget the brave souls who followed where they led. I like to think of the Memorial Day orator, speaking thirty years ago with his mind full of the civil war and our Revolution, giving utterance to these noble words of Pericles: "I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of your country, until you become filled with love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them; and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. They received each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men."

James Ford Rhodes.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

II. AN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

WHETHER on account of the escapade related in the preceding chapter, or from influences of which I knew, and still know, nothing, it was decided, not long after, that I should go to New York to attend a public school there and live with my eldest brother, who, being twenty-five years older than myself, and childless, had always treated me with an indulgence which was perhaps in part due to the rigor of my father's rule, and in part to his fondness for me, of which I retain some early recollections in his annual visits home. My brother's wife, a fellow townswoman of ours, and a marriage convert to the Seventh-Day Bap-

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tist Church, was one of the most disagreeable persons I have ever had to deal with, and hysterical to the degree of occasional insanity. She had adopted the severities of our Puritanic system with aggravations. Under her rule, the Sabbath became a day of pre-atonement for the sins I was foreordained to commit. Dinner, as was the general custom in those days, was at noon, but on Saturday I had none till I had learned by heart and recited a portion of Scripture; and as the mental apathy of the period still weighed upon me, the task of the Seventh Day was a sarcastic comment on the divine rest in commemoration of which it was supposed to be instituted. It made me grateful for the Sunday, which I generally passed in mechanical occupations in the workshop of my third brother, Paul, the foreman of the department in which the minor articles of the works were made, — steam gauges, models of inventions, etc.; and as I had my share of the family manual dexterity, I found interest enough there. As my brothers always observed the Sabbath rigidly, they attracted around them a few of the New England mechanics who were "Sabbath keepers," and mostly related to us, and so we had a small congregation and a church of our way of thinking.

The school to which I was sent was one of those founded by the Public School Society, a voluntary association of well-to-do citizens, who, in the absence of any municipal initiative, had organized themselves for the encouragement and support of primary education. As they excluded politics from the management of the schools, the consequence was that the politicians, finding a new field of operations and partisan activity, presently established a rival system of municipal schools, called "ward schools." At that time, the political intrigues of the Catholic Church for the control of the public school system had just begun. The Public School Society had been organized for the free and non-sectarian education of all children unable to meet the expense of education in the private schools, and received subsidies from the municipality. All children under sixteen were admitted without payment of any fee; the books, stationery, and all other material necessary were furnished gratuitously, and even shoes were provided for the shoeless; the only requisites being cleanliness and regular attendance. The direction was rigidly non-sectarian. The trustees were unpaid, and they comprised many of the leading citizens interested in popular education. They had built for their service sixteen schoolhouses in New York, and in each of these there were on an average a thousand children. The schoolhouses, of three stories, had a primary department for such children as were too young to be taught their letters, or were not yet able to read and write, and to them the basement was given, the second story to the elder girls, and the upper to the boys. The teaching, for the boys' department, was limited to the elements of English, arithmetic, elementary algebra, astronomy, and geometry; but within these limits the education was thorough, and all who went through it were qualified for places in offices or countingrooms. The day was always opened by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the principal or one of the assistants; and this practice was made the ground of attack by the Catholic politicians, who objected to the Protestant Bible, all the schoolbooks being already expurgated of every passage to which the bishop objected. As our assistant teacher was a Catholic, and often had to read the chapter, there could have been little harm done even to a Catholic pupil; but the political pressure was sufficient to drive the Corporation of the city of New York to adopt the political or ward school system, and the new schools, one of which was, or was to be, established in each ward of the city, began to run an active opposition to the

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Society schools, which they eventually drove out of existence.

At the time I was put to school, the interference of politics had just begun to make itself felt in the schools; but the Corporation had not the courage to introduce its system on a large scale by supplanting *en bloc* the Society schools, which might have made a political revolt. The Irish Catholic influence was still a feeble one, and the population at large was hardly aware of its tendency; but as the ward schools were gradually brought into rivalry with the Society schools, the children were drawn off from the latter by various inducements and by pressure on the parents. Each of our schools had four paid teachers, — the principal, an assistant, and a junior and a senior monitor. The elder pupils were employed in the instruction of the younger, in the preservation of order in school, and in the school yard during the intermissions in which gymnastics were enforced. My mental apathy must have been very profound, for it often happened that when a question which had passed other pupils came to me, the senior monitor used to address me, "Well, stupid, what do you say?" I evidently was the most stupid boy in the class, — nothing seemed to penetrate my mental dullness, — but, being tall and strong for my age, I was often made "yard monitor" to keep order during the physical training. There was a gang of young ruffians, street boys, who used to hang around the school gate and maltreat the stragglers, and even the boys in the yard, if the gate were left open. One day three or four of them came in, after I had dismissed the boys to go upstairs, at the end of the intermission, thinking that they would have a fine game with the monitor. One made a pretext to quarrel with me, and, gripping me round the body, called to his companions to go and get some stones to pound me on the head with, — this being the approved manner of the young roughs of New York. Finding that I could not extricate myself from his grip, I dragged him to the wall, and, catching him by the ears, beat his head against the rough stones till he dropped, incapable of further resistance. Then I ran upstairs as fast as my legs could carry me, so that when his companions came with their stones they had only their champion to carry out. On the holidays there were generally stone fights between the boys of our quarter and one of the adjoining quarters. I shall carry to my grave the scars on my head of cuts received in one of these field combats, in which I refused to follow my party in flight, and, taking the onslaught of the whole vanguard of the enemy, had my head pounded severely; being saved from worse harm only by the intervention of the men in the vicinity. This fight gave me the unmerited reputation of courage and fighting power, and I was thereafter unmolested by the roughs, though in fact I was timid to a degree, and stood my ground from mere nervous obstinacy. I never provoked a quarrel, and only revolted against a bully when the position became intolerable. I can remember the amazement of an older boy, who had been in the habit of bullying me freely, until one day he went too far, and I took him by the collar, and shook and swung him till he was dizzy and begged for mercy; for of downright pugilistics I knew nothing, and a deliberate blow in the face with my fist in cold blood was a measure too brutal to enter into my mind.

The dreariness of this portion of my life was beyond description. The oppression of my sister-in-law, the harshness of my teachers, and the exclusion from the influences of nature, in which I had so long lived without restraint, brought on me an attack of homesickness, which, reaching a crisis with the coming of the first wild flowers, induced my brother to send me home.

In spite of my aversion, I was sent

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back to New York the next autumn, for another winter's schooling. I landed from the steamer at the foot of Cortlandt Street on the morning after the first great fire of New York, that known as the Custom House fire, from the Custom House having been included in it, and I saw the ruins still smoking and the firemen playing on them. My baggage — a biscuit box with my scanty wardrobe, and a bag of hickory nuts for my city cousins — I carried on my shoulders, and walked the length of the city; my brother living in what was then further New York, in 7th Street, near the East River. At that time 14th Street was the extreme limit of the city's growth, except for a few and scattering residences. Beyond, and on the East River side, even most of what lay beyond 8th Street was unreclaimed land. I sailed my toy boats on the salt swamps where Tompkins Square now is, and I used to shoot, botanize, and hunt for crystals all over the island above 32d Street, the land being sparsely inhabited and not much of it cultivated. I discovered a little wild cactus growing freely amongst the rocks, and carried home a handkerchief full of it, getting myself well pricked by the spines; but to my botanical enthusiasm this was nothing in view of the discovery. Only here and there patches of arable land maintained small farmhouses, but the greater part of the surface of Manhattan Island was composed of a poor grazing land interspersed with rolling ledges of bare granite, on which were visible what were then known as "diluvial scratches," which my brother, Dr. Charles, who was an ardent naturalist, explained to me as the grooves made by the irruption of the Deluge, which carried masses of stone across the broad ledges and left these scratches, then held widely as testimony to the actuality of the great Deluge of Genesis. I think that we had to wait for Agassiz to show us that the diluvial scratches were really glacial abrasions, caused by the great glacier which came down the valley of the Hudson and went to sea off Sandy Hook. At this time my brother was making conchology his special study, and many holidays we spent in the harbor, dredging for shells; and great was our joy when he discovered a new species, which was named after him by the Lyceum of Natural History of New York.

The following year, my fifth brother, Jacob, on leaving college, took charge of a school in the centre of New York state, built by the Sabbatarian community at large, in De Ruyter, a village of which many of the inhabitants were Sabbatarians, and it was decided that I should pursue there my studies in preparation for college. I was to "board out" a debt which an uncle owed to my eldest brother, and which was uncollectible in any other way. I then made my first acquaintance with semi-independent life, exchanging a home for a dormitory and a boarding house. My uncle was to supply also my bedding, the academy being provided with bedsteads; but he was a heedless man, and I had to sleep six weeks on the bedcords, with my wearing apparel as my only covering, before he awoke to the fact that I had a prepaid claim on him for mattress and bedding. But we were on the edge of a great forest, and in the almost primeval woodland I found compensation for many discomforts, and what time my tasks spared me was spent wandering there. The persistent apathy which had oppressed me for so many years still refused to lift, and my stupidity in learning was such that my brother threatened to send me home as a disgrace to the family. I had taken up Latin again, algebra and geometry; and though I was up by candlelight in the morning, and rarely put my books away till after ten at night, except for meals, it was impossible for me to construe half of the lesson in Virgil, and the geometry was learned by rote. I gave up exercise in order to gain time for study, and my

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despairing struggles were misery. I was then fourteen, in the seventh year of this darkness, and it seemed to me hopeless.

What happened I know not, but about the middle of the first term the mental fog broke away suddenly, and before the term ended I could construe the Latin in less time than it took to recite it, and the demonstrations of Euclid were as plain and clear to me as a fairy story. My memory came back so completely that I could recite long poems after a single reading, and no member of the class passed a more brilliant examination at the close of the term than I. At the end of the second term I could recite the whole of Legendre's Geometry, plane and spherical, without a question, and the class examination was recorded as the most remarkable which the academy had witnessed for many years. I have never been able to conceive an explanation of this curious phenomenon, which I only record as of possible interest to some student of psychology. Unfortunately, the academy failed to meet its expenses, and at the end of my second term the students dispersed to their homes, I going with great regret; for I enjoyed intensely this life on the edge of a large natural forest, through which ran a trout brook, and in which such wild woodland creatures as still survived our civilization were tolerably abundant. Amongst my fellow students at De Ruyter was Charles Dudley Warner, with whom I formed a friendship which survives in activity, though our paths in life have been since widely separated. I recall him as a sensitive, poetical boy, — almost girlish in his delicacy of temperament, — and showing the fine *esprit* which has made him one of the first of our humorists. His Being a Boy is a delightful and faithful account of the existence of a genuine New England boy, which will remain to future generations as a paleontological record when the race of such boys is extinct, if indeed it be not so already.

Returning to Schenectady, I found that the family had begun to discuss the future of my career, which had arrived at the point of divergence. My father, who had no opinion of the utility of advanced education for boys in our station, was tenacious in his intention to have me in his workshop, where he needed more apprentices, but my mother was still more obstinate in hers that I should have the education, and in the decision the voices of my brothers were too potent not to hold the casting vote. In the stern, Puritanical manner of the family, I had been more or less the *enfant gâté* of all its members except my brother Paul, who, coming into the knowledge of domestic affairs at the time when the family was at its greatest straits, had expressed himself bitterly, at my birth, over the imprudence of our parents' increasing their obligations when they were unable to provide for the education of the children they had already, and had always retained for me a little of the bitterness of those days; but, on the whole, the vote of the family council was for the education. My own wishes were hardly consulted, for I differed from both parties, having an intense enthusiasm for art, to which I wished to devote myself.

The collective decision, in which my father and myself were alike overruled, was that I should go to Union College, in Schenectady, our home, as such education as might be gained there was supposed to be a facilitation for whatever occupation I might afterward decide on. This was, so far as I was concerned, a fatal error, and one of a kind far too common in New England communities, where education is estimated by the extent of the ground it covers without relation to the superstructure to be raised on it. I had always been a greedy reader of books, especially of history and the natural sciences, — everything on the vegetable or animal world fascinated me. I had no ambition for academic honors, nor did I ever acquire any, but

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I passionately desired a technical education in the arts, and the decision of the family deferred the first steps in that direction for years, — just those years when facility of hand is most completely acquired and enthusiasm is strongest against difficulties, — the years when, if ever, the artist is made. That one of the gravest difficulties in our modern civilized life is the excessive number of liberally educated young men, whose professional ambitions are, and can be, given no outlet, is now well recognized, and of these failures many are, no doubt, like myself, diverted from a natural bent to follow one which has no natural leading or sequence. In my case the result of the imposed career was a disaster; I was diverted from the only occupation to which I ever had a recognizable calling, and ultimately I drifted into journalism as the result of a certain literary facility developed by the exercises of the college course. The consequences were the graver that I was naturally too much disposed to a vagrant life, and the want of a dominant interest in my occupation led to indulgence, on every occasion that offered in later life, of the tendency to wander. I came out of the experience with a divided allegiance, — enough devotion to letters to make it a satisfaction to occupy myself with them, but too much interest in art to be able to abandon it entirely. Before entering college art was a passion, but when, at the age of twenty, the release gave me the liberty to throw myself into painting, the finer roots of enthusiasm were dead, and I became only a dilettante; for the complete mastery of hand and will which makes the successful artist was no longer attainable.

It was decided that I should continue my preparation for college in the lyceum of my native town, a quaint octagonal building, in which the students were seated in two tiers of stalls, the partitions between which were on radii drawn from a centre on the master's desk, so that nothing the pupil did escaped his supervision. The larger boys, some of whom were over sixteen, were in a basement similarly arranged, with a single tier of desks, and I earned my instruction by supervising this room. I had here full authority so far as the maintenance of order was concerned, and kept it, though some of the pupils were older than myself. I remember that one of them, about my own age and apparent strength, but himself convinced of his superiority, repeated some act for which I had reprimanded him, and as I knew that to allow it to pass unpunished was to put an end to my authority and position, yet not feeling competent or authorized to give him a regular flogging, I caught him by the collar and jerked him into the middle of the room, setting him down on the floor with force enough to bewilder him a little. I ordered him to sit there till I released him, and his surprise was such that he actually did not move till I told him to. I met no attempt to put my authority at defiance after that. A schoolfellow here and classmate in college was Chester A. Arthur, afterward President of the United States.

There were two associate principals at the head of the school, — one for the classics, and the other for mathematics. I became a favorite of the former, on account of the facility with which I got on in his branches; and when the year was up, I passed easily the examinations for entrance into college, and by his advice entered in the freshman class, though fairly well prepared to enter the sophomore with slight conditions. He was anxious that I should do him credit in college. But long before the term was out I found that the routine gave me hardly an occupation. I had already done all the mathematics of the year at De Ruyter, and the Latin and Greek were easy. I decided, therefore, to try a fresh examination, in order to gain a year by getting into the sophomore class.

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The faculty declared such a thing unprecedented and inadmissible, to which I replied that I would then go to another college, quite oblivious of the fact that I had neither the means nor the consent of my family to leave its protection and go to another city. The classical principal of the lyceum, who was also a tutor in the college, did what he could to dissuade me; but I persisted, and, on offering myself for examination, found him on the examining committee. He was really fond of me, and in my own interest wanted me to go through college with honors; but this was to me of trivial importance, compared with the abbreviation by a year of the captivity of the college life. He punished me by putting me to read for examination a passage of Juvenal, a book which I had never opened, as it did not come in the course even of the sophomores; but I passed fairly well on it, and he, with a little irritation, gave me the certificate, saying that it was not for what I did, but for what he knew me to be capable of. So, conditioned by some trivial supplementary examinations on subjects which I do not remember, I went up a class.

Union College, at that time, had little in common with any English model. Our college buildings were three: one, West College, in the town, for the freshman and sophomore classes; and two on the hill above the town, North and South Colleges, for the juniors and seniors. As a large proportion of the students were young men to whom the expenses of education were a serious matter, many prepared themselves at home to enter the junior class, so that a class which only numbered a score as freshmen often graduated a hundred. Others, again, used to spend the winter term and vacations in teaching in the rural or "district" schools, to pay the expenses of the other terms. The majority of the students being of these descriptions, and often adults on entering, the class gathered seriousness as it went on. The freshmen and sophomores, delegated to the care of the junior professors and tutors, indulged in many of the escapades of juvenility for which college life in most countries is distinguished, and were continually brought under the inflictions of discipline, and now and then some one was expelled. The favorite tricks of getting a horse or cow into a recitation room, fastening the tutors in their rooms just before the class hours, tying up or stealing the bell which used to wake the students and call them to prayers or recitations, with rare and perilous excursions into the civic domain, or a fire alarm caused by setting fire to the outhouses, which always brought down on us the wrath of the firemen, varied the monotony of the student life, as everywhere else; but as I roomed at home for the first year, I never had part in these escapades, and in my sophomore winter I took a district school in one of the valleys tributary to that of the Mohawk, in which the town of Schenectady lies.

The community in which the school was situated was almost exclusively composed of Scotch Cameronians, of whom several families were the descendants of a then still vigorous patriarch of the sternest type of that creed. It was necessary to pass a special examination to get the state certificate requisite for permission to teach a district school, and this I had passed, but had still to undergo the questioning of the trustees of the district, canny and cautious beyond the common. The wages for such a school were twelve dollars a month and "board around;" that is, staying at the houses of the parents a week for each pupil in turn, beginning with those in best estate, so that, as the school had never less than twenty or thirty pupils, the poorer families were never called on. One of the boys intended to go to college, and his father was willing to pay a special contribution to secure a teacher of Latin,

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which brought my wages up to sixteen dollars a month. But the cautious Scots urged a conditional engagement, a trial of one month, — a condition which, as I might have anticipated, would end the engagement with the month, considering the composition of the district and the usual difference of views among the people. The two most advanced and oldest of the pupils belonged to families bound together by the most cordial jealousy which a petty community could inspire, and one of these was my Latin pupil. His rival was a lazy student and a turbulent scholar, with whom I had difficulties from insubordination from the beginning. As, however, I had adopted the rule of depending entirely on moral suasion in the government of the school, and refused to flog, but instead offered prizes, at my own expense, for good behavior and studiousness for each week, my confidence in the better qualities of human nature betrayed me from the beginning. The prizes went to stimulate the jealousies between the families of the two leading lads, and the only punishment I would inflict — that of sending the pupil home for disobedience — made domestic difficulties. The first week of the month I was boarded in the family of our patriarch, whose grandsons furnished a number of the pupils, and the life in his household was not one to make me regret the termination of the engagement. I was awaked while it was still night to join in family prayers, which were of a severity such as I had never dreamed. First a long selection of psalms was read, then another long one was sung, and then came a prayer, which, as I noticed by the clock, varied from ten to twelve minutes in length, through which, being still drowsy, I slept, being awakened by the family rising from their knees. This was the invariable routine gone through at night as well as in the morning. As in our own family, with the exception of the Saturday morning family service, the devotions were always those of the closet, this tedium of godliness was a serious infliction. I was waked out of sound sleep, and bored through before breakfast by vain repetitions lasting on an average half an hour, after having endured the same for another half hour before being allowed to go to bed; for no escape was permitted even to the ill-willing. It may easily be imagined that this addendum to the annoyances of my school hours made the position of the district schoolmaster one for which sixteen dollars a month was no compensation.

But the month of trial did not elapse without signs of a storm brewing in the valley. My novel system of sparing the rod and spoiling the children could not fail to provoke the disapproval of the orthodox, and to give dissatisfaction to the jealous. It was therefore without much surprise that, at the end of the month, I received my notice of dismissal. The only things I had enjoyed, indeed, during the month, had been the walks through the dense forest from the farmhouses to the schoolhouse in the quiet sunshine of the winter mornings. The woods were more natural and older than those around my home, and there was a freshness in the early day which I never had realized so fully as in these morning walks to school. I shall always remember the snowy silence of that forest, — the first, on a great scale, I had become familiar with.

But the poverty of the lives of these prosperous farmers was a revelation to me, even, accustomed as I was to a domestic simplicity which would surprise modern Americans of any class. New books were a luxury none of them indulged in; beyond the Bible and two or three volumes of general information there was no reading except a weekly newspaper, and the diet was such as I had never been used to, even at De Ruyter. But for the vegetables of the farm, sailors at sea would fare better than these landsmen. In later years I

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boarded with one of the farmers in an adjoining valley, where I was engaged in painting a cascade of great beauty, and for the six weeks I lived in the family I saw only two articles of animal food, — salt mackerel for breakfast, and salt pork for dinner. The narrowness of intellectual range and the bigotry — political and religious — prevailing among them were such as I had never encountered, even in the "straitest sect of the Pharisees," the Seventh-Day Baptist Church of my youth. In the community in which I had grown up, there was always the early influence of the sea to widen the range of thought and sympathy; but here, in the narrow valley to which the farmer was confined, neither nature nor religion seemed to have any liberating or liberalizing power. A sturdy independence was the dominant trait of character, but this independence was converted into a self-enslavement by the limited range of thought which prevailed. The old Cameronian patriarch, in his sectarian exaltation, seemed almost a luminary in the intellectual twilight of that secluded settlement, and it was possible there to understand how even a narrow religious fanaticism could become an ennobling element in the character of a community living in such a restricted and materializing atmosphere. A few weeks in such a state of society enables one to understand better the irresistible attraction of cities, and of life in the midst of multitudes, to the rustic, born and grown in the back-water stagnation of a rural life like that of the farmers of my school district.

The remaining two months of the broken term of the college course, and the better part of the vacation, were spent in my father's workshop, where the work was rather pressing and the shop short-handed. My father's business was mainly the manufacture of certain mechanical implements for which he and his brother held the patents, and in the spring and autumn he was accustomed to carry consignments of them to his customers in New York. His workshop was resorted to by several ingenious fellow New Englanders who had inventions to work out, in the execution of which I was found useful. Among these was one Daniel Ball, whose specialty was locks, of which he invented, patented, and sold the patents of a new one every year, all worked out in my father's shop. Ball was a man of remarkable mechanical ingenuity and extraordinary profanity, of a savage temper, and very exclusive in his human sympathies, but he had a profound reverence for my father, of whom he used to say that "old Joe Stillman was the only honest man God ever made;" and I am inclined to think, looking back on a long life and wide experience in men of all classes and many nations, that Ball was justified in the esteem he held my father in, though admissibly wrong in his exclusiveness; for I cannot recall, in all my memories of my father, a single instance of his hesitating over the most trivial transaction in which a question of honesty was involved, and I have known him to relinquish his clear rights rather than to provoke a disagreement with a neighbor. He had a profound aversion to any ostentation of religious fervor, as had my mother, but if he had lived to-day, he would certainly have been an advanced evolutionist; even then his liberality in matters of doctrine, and his unbounded charity toward all differences of opinion in religious questions, used to cause my mother serious anxiety as to his orthodoxy. He thought the fields and woods better places to pass the Sabbath in than a meetinghouse, and this was a subject of great pain to her, — the more that he developed the same feeling in me; but he never deferred in these matters to anybody, and never had a shade of that reverence for the clergy which was almost a passion in my mother's nature. While of an extreme tenderness of heart

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to all suffering or hardship outside the family, even toward animals, his domestic discipline was harsh and narrow. In the latter respect he was a survival of the old New England system; in the former he was himself. I had a parrot, given me by one of my brothers, and the bird took an extravagant fondness for my father rather than for me. He was allowed the freedom of the house and garden, and would go and sit on the fence when my father should be coming back from the workshop to dinner and supper, and, hearing his footstep, run chuckling and chattering with delight to meet him before he came in sight. Early one morning the parrot got shut by chance in the cupboard, and, attempting to gnaw his way out, was mistaken for a rat. My father took the shovel to kill him, while mother carefully opened the door so that the rat might squeeze his way out to be killed; but poor Poll got the blow, instead, and had his neck broken. All that day my father stayed at home weeping for Polly; and no business misfortune, in my recollection, ever affected him as the death of the parrot did. He could flog me without mercy, but he could not see the suffering of a domestic or wild animal without tears; nor would he tolerate in us children the slightest tendency to cruelty to any living thing.

I have alluded to the differences between him and mother on the subject of education, the inutility of which, beyond a common-school standard, he made an article of faith. My return to the workshop for the remainder of the vacation, after my school-teaching failure, led to the final battle on the question. As the vacation drew to an end, and the time which was still available for studying up the subjects of the last term, for the examination on reëntering, approached its imperative limit, I notified him that I must stop work. He said nothing until I had actually given it up and gone back to my study, about two weeks before the examination day. Coming home from the shop that day to dinner in a very bad humor, he asked me why I had not been at work. I replied that I had barely the time absolutely necessary to make up my arrears of study to enter college for the next term. Then he broke out on me with a torrent of abuse as an idle, shirking boy, who only cared to avoid work, ending with the accusation that all I wanted was "to eat the bread of idleness," — a phrase he was very fond of. I suppose I inherited some of his inequality of temper, for I replied by leaving the table, throwing my chair across the room as I did so; and, assuring him that when I ate another morsel of bread in his house he would know the reason why, I left the house in a towering rage. Having forewarned him days before that I must go, without his making the least objection, and having postponed the step to the latest possible moment out of consideration for the work in hand, I considered this treatment as ungenerous, and was indignant.

I do not think that, weighing all the circumstances of the case, it can be said that my father was entitled to impose his authority in a purely arbitrary interference with a matter in which the family council had decided on my course, and which involved all my future, or that my refusal to obey an irrational command implied any disrespect to him. At all events, I decided at once that I would not yield in this matter, and I made my preparations to seek another home, even with a modification in my career. If I must abandon the liberal education, I would not waste my life in a little workshop with three workmen, and with no opportunity to widen the sphere of activity or opening into a larger occupation. If I was to be obliged to leave the college, it should be for something in the direction of art, and in this light I did not much regret the change. I had not calculated, however, on my mother's tenacity, or the imperceptible domination she exercised on my father. When

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I returned to the house to get my clothes and make my preparations for leaving home for good, I had a most painful scene with my mother, and it was the only serious misunderstanding I ever had with her. She went through in a rapid résumé the history of my life from the day when I was given her in consolation for the little brother before me, who died, with a word for each of the crises through which her care had carried me, — accidents, grave maladies, — for I was apparently not a strong child, and at several conjunctures my life had been despaired of; all the story being told as she walked up and down the chamber, with the tears running over her cheeks, and with a passionate vehemence I had never suspected her to be capable of, for she had the most complete self-restraint I ever knew in a woman. But it was an *impasse*, — I would not give up; and to go back to the workshop then at my father's insistence was to lose every chance of completing the career which had begun for me. It seemed brutal to refuse my mother's entreaties to ignore the collision of wills, and go on as if nothing had happened; but to do this and remain in the house with my father in the perpetual danger of another conflict was impossible. The question had to be settled, and all I could do was to insist on my father's making a distinct disavowal of any right or intention of demanding my services in the shop at any future time, and on his leaving me free to follow the programme agreed on in the family council. It was, in effect, a frank apology that I wanted; but I knew him too well to suppose he would ever consent to apologize in words, or to admit to me that he had made a mistake. I left the solution in my mother's hands, with the understanding that the definite promise should be given to her; for I was sure that this would hold him as completely as if made to a public authority. Nothing could bring her to contradict him openly, and in all my life I never saw her show a sign of disrespect for his mastery in domestic things; but I knew that if once this promise should be given to her I could count on his being held to it sternly. That evening the matter was settled, but of what had passed or what was said I never knew anything, for my mother never wasted words; and while no apology was made and no retraction expressed, neither my father nor myself again alluded to the subject of my working in the shop, nor did I ever, as before, go into it during the vacations, or offer to assist when affairs were hurried. The habit of asserting the paternal authority and the sense of it in my father was so strong that I never risked again reviving it. I passed my examination and resumed my place in the class, but I never tried district schoolteaching again.

In my junior year I had a room in the North College. Each of the upper buildings, which should have been properly called a "hall," was divided into five sections, in effect separate residences, each being under the custody of one of the professors or tutors, who was responsible for its order; the two end sections of each of the colleges being an official residence for one of the senior professors with his family. Our quarters were of the simplest: two students had one room, with one bed, and there we lived and studied. At half past five the bell rang to wake us, and half an hour later for prayers; the sleepy ones returning to sleep after the waking bell, and thrusting themselves into their clothes as they ran when the prayer bell rang, to get to prayers before the roll call was over. From prayers we dispersed to the recitation rooms for the morning recitations, and then to breakfast, mostly in town. There were two boarding houses, one at each end of the college walk, known as North and South Halls, and here board was provided at somewhat lower terms and of much inferior quality to that at the private boarding houses in town. The price

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at the halls was, if I remember correctly, a dollar and twenty-five cents a week, three meals a day, that in the town ranging from a dollar and fifty cents to a dollar and seventy-five; furnished rooms in the town costing seventy-five cents a week more, and a few favored or wealthier students had permission to room in them. But as a rule the undergraduates of Union were men of very limited means, and all arrangements were made to facilitate their attendance.

Union College, at this epoch, held a high place in public esteem and in the number of its students. It owed its character and reputation to the strong and singular personality of its first president. I have in the course of my life become more or less acquainted with many able men, and Dr. Nott was the most remarkable of all the teachers I have known, considering the limitation of his place and profession, — that of a Presbyterian clergyman in a time when sectarian differences ran high, and his sect had no lead in public opinion. He had attained his high position by the force of his character assisted by his extraordinary tact and eloquence. The manual of public speakers which we used to draw on for the speeches in class recitations included the doctor's oration on the death of Alexander Hamilton, killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, one of the earliest and the most prominent of the demagogues of America. I have not read the oration for fifty years, but, as I remember it, it was a brilliant example of eloquence in the fashion of the day.

As a favorite pupil of the doctor in the last year of my course, and for years after, and as, in my opinion, justice has not been done to him, it is for me a debt of gratitude, as well as a matter of right, to repair as best I may this neglect. No one but a pupil could have fairly estimated his force of character, and no pupil whose intercourse with him was not carried into the post-graduate years could measure the ability with which he advised, especially in public matters, with his old pupils. In the days of his activity, no institution in the country furnished so large an element to the practical statesmanship of the United States as did Union. Seward was one of his favorite pupils, and it is well known that up to the period of the civil war he seldom took a step in politics without the advice of the doctor. Having had a struggle with poverty in his own early life, his sympathies were all with the poorer students, and a practical education was more easily gained at Union than was then possible at Yale or Harvard. Men were allowed to defer payment of the fees till later life, when their means had increased; and though there were no scholarships, there were many students whose burthens were so far alleviated by the regulations that an earnest man, who was ready to work his way and determined to take his degree, need never leave college unsatisfied. The doctor's reading of character and detective powers were barely short of the marvelous, and his management of refractory students became so well known that many who had been expelled from other universities were sent to Union, and graduated with credit; so that the college acquired the nickname of "Botany Bay." There came to him once for admission a student expelled from Yale for persistent violation of the regulations, and naturally without the letter which, by general usage, was required from the president of one university to another, certifying the good standing of the student. The president of Yale wrote to the doctor to ask if he meant to take "that scoundrel" into his college. The doctor, who had taken a rapid examination of the man, replied, "Yes, and make a man of him." In one of my post-graduate years, when I was staying with Dr. Nott, he told me the story of this man. The doctor had estimated his character at a glance correctly, and saw in him a mismanaged student. He was admitted unconditionally,

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as if he had come with the best of characters, and for a time he justified the confidence reposed in him. But the uneasy nature one day broke out, and he committed a gross violation of the rules. The discipline of the doctor began always with a friendly conversation, and with some men ended there, for he knew so well how to paint the consequences of expulsion that it sufficed; but on the entry of this student into his library he saw, looking at him, that the youth "had the devil in his eye." He had, in fact, said to his roommate, on getting the summons to the interview, "If the doctor thinks he is going to break me in, he 'll find himself mistaken." The doctor had a curious kind of vision which made it impossible to say which of the persons in the room he was looking at, and when, while seeming to be engaged on his book, he had looked into the eyes of the student, and saw that the light of battle was kindled in them, he waited for a little. Then, as if preoccupied, he said to him in his most kindly tone, "I am very much occupied at this moment, my son; won't you come in to-morrow evening?" The young man went back to his room already half conquered by the affectionate manner; but the important point gained in the doctor's tactics was that the psychological moment of combat in the student had been reached, and could not be kept up for a day, and when on the next evening the interview took place, his combativeness had given place to perplexity and complete demoralization. In this state the doctor gave him a paternal lesson on the consequences to his future life of the rebellion against necessary discipline and of persistent disorderly conduct, but without any actual reproof or mention of his offense, — all in his invariably kind tone, as if it were a talk on generalities, — and then dismissed him to think it over. He had established cordial relations with the rebel, and from that day had no trouble with him. The doctor understood men so well that he never wasted his trouble on those who had nothing in them, but let them drift through the course unnoted. Expulsions were very rare, and the secret police of the university was so competent that the almost absolute certainty of detection generally deterred the men from serious infractions of the rules. The government seemed to be based on the policy of giving an earnest man all the advantages of the institution, and getting the indifferent through the course with the least discredit. In a state of society in which collegiate standing was of importance to a man's career, this system would have been a grave objection to the college; but in our Western world the degree had very little importance, and the honors no effect on the future position. In politics, it was, indeed, often rather an obstacle than a recommendation that a man was a "college man." What the doctor tried to do, then, was to make a man, when he found the material for one, and to ignore the futile intellects. This was the scheme of the education at Union when I was there, and it rarely failed to find the best men in the class and bring them forward.

Our college life may have been, to the men of ampler means, more largely supplied with the elements of excitement, but for the poorer students there was little romance in it. Now and then a demonstration against an unpopular professor, — a "bolt," that is, abstention *en masse* from a recitation, — or a rarer invasion of the town and hostile demonstration, gave us a fillip; but the doctor had so well policed the college, and so completely brought under his moral influence the town, that no serious row ever took place. Later, he told me how he managed one of the worst early conflicts, in which the students on one side of the college road, and the town boys on the other, were arrayed in order, determined to fight out the question who were the better men. The doctor had early notice of the imminent row, and, fetching a

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circuit behind the "town," encouraged the boys on that side with assurances of his impartiality, and even his content with a little punishment of the students if they were aggressive. "But," said he, "don't begin the fight, and put yourselves in the wrong. If my boys come over, thrash them well, but let them strike the first blow." Having put them in the strongest defensive attitude, believing that they had the doctor with them, he went round to the students and applied the same inducements to the defensive, leaving them under the persuasion that he entirely approved their fighting, and then he went home and left them to their conclusions. As time passed, and neither took the offensive, they all cooled off and retired. The tact with which he dealt with the occasional outbreaks in the college was very interesting. If it was a case of wanton defiance of the habitual order, there was a very slight probability of its being overlooked. The favorite prank of the stealing of the college bell was invariably punished, first by having a hand bell rung a little earlier than regulation hours all through the sections; and when his secret police had found out the offenders, they were punished according to custom, never very severely, yet sufficiently to make them feel humiliated. But the mystery of his police was never explained, and we were at a loss to conjecture how he discovered the most elaborately concealed combinations, so that suddenly, even weeks after, when the culprits thought they had finally escaped detection, he might announce at prayers that they were to come to his study to explain. If the outbreak had been in any way justified by an arbitrary or unwise act of discipline by any of the professors, he used to ignore it altogether.

As I look back on the life and work of my college days, it seems to me that the greater part of them were most unintelligently spent. When I reached my senior year, and came under the direct stimulus of Dr. Nott, I recognized that, so far as true education was concerned, I had wasted my time; and had I been master of my future, I should have been inclined to go back to the beginning, and repeat the three years' course of study under the new light, and with a recognition of the purpose of higher study, for I saw that all which I had yet gained was little more than parrot learning. The doctor, indeed, tried to make us think; he used to say that the textbook was a matter of entire indifference, and that he would as soon have a book of riddles as Kames's Elements of Criticism, so long as he could make us think out our conclusions. With him, the recitations were a perpetual contest of our wits against his. He showed us the shallowness of our acquisitions, and dissected mercilessly both textbook and the responses to the questions which he had drawn from it; admitting nothing, and pushing the pupil perpetually into the deeper water as soon as he began to think his foot had touched firm land. The first term under the doctor brought up every intellectual faculty I possessed, and I suppose it was by this intense appreciation of his leading that I secured his friendship and partiality in the following years. So far as the influences of school can go, I owe to him the best of my education, and especially the perception of the meaning of the word itself. In the senior year I turned back in my life, and sought, not to hasten, but to linger in the precincts of study; and the imperious necessity of getting to some occupation which would give me independence alone deterred me from a post-graduate course of study to compensate for the inadequacy of the past years.

In entering the ministry Dr. Nott had deprived the world of a statesman of no ordinary calibre; but in the eyes of the Protestant as of the Catholic Church, in the country which had its precedents to make as in that which had precedents a thousand years old, the maxim, "Once a

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priest always a priest," kept him in the pulpit, to which he had no irresistible call, and to which the accident of his career only had led him. Had the sect to which he belonged been organized as an episcopal body, he had certainly been its primate; but in the church there was no career for him beyond that of the isolated pastorate of a single congregation. In this insufficiency of interest for an active and influential life, there was only the educational calling left to satisfy his enormous mental activity, and in this he found his place. The future which may look for his record in libraries, or in the results of research, scientific or literary, will not find it there. He had, however, great mechanical inventive powers, as well as a marvelous knowledge of human nature: the former solved the problem, amongst others, of anthracite-coal combustion for American steamers; in the latter lay his qualifications as one of the greatest teachers of young men of his generation. Nobody could know him except the pupils to whom he disclosed himself, and to whom his kindly and magnanimous nature was unreservedly open; they were few, and the list is fast being canceled; when we are gone, no adequate evidence of his life and character will remain. The power he exercised over his favorite boys was extraordinary; any of us would have done anything permitted to human nature to satisfy his wish. When, several years subsequent to my graduation, and on the election of Lincoln as President, I had used what influence I could enlist with the government (my brother being a prominent Republican) to get the appointment as consul to Venice, which was generally given to an artist, the principal petition in my favor went from Cambridge. It was written by Judge Gray (now on the Supreme Court bench), headed by Agassiz, and signed by nearly every eminent literary or scientific man in Cambridge; but it lay at the Department of State more than six months, unnoticed. In the interim the war broke out, and I had gone home from Paris, where I was then living, to volunteer in the army; but being excluded by the medical requisitions, and the ranks being full, eight hundred thousand volunteers being then enrolled, I turned to my project for Venice, and wrote a word to Dr. Nott, recalling his promise of years before, to use his influence in my favor if ever it were needed. He inclosed my letter with one containing an indorsement of it, and sent it to Seward, the Secretary of State. The appointment — not to Venice, which had just been given to Howells, but to Rome — came by return of post.

Union was then the only college of importance not under some form of denominational control, and for this reason had perhaps more than the usual share of extreme liberalism, or atheism, as it was at that time considered, among the students. One of my classmates, a man a couple of years older than myself, and of far more than the average intellectual power, made an active propaganda of the most advanced opinions. He also introduced Philip James Bailey's Festus to our attention, and for a time I was carried away by both. The great revulsion from my previous straitened theological convictions was the cause of infinite perplexity and distress. Up to that time nothing had ever shaken me in my orthodox persuasions, and the necessity of concealing from my mother and family my doubts and halting faith in the old ideas made my condition all the more trying. I had to fight out the question all alone. It was impossible for me to follow my classmate so far as to become the materialist that he was, and so find a relative repose. The conflict became very grave; the entire scheme of Christianity disappeared from my firmament; but in the immediately previous years I had been a reader of Swedenborg, and I held immovably an intuition of immortality, or perhaps

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rather the conviction that immortality is the foundation of human existence, grounded in my earliest thoughts and as clear as the sense of light. This never failed me, and Swedenborg helped my reason in its struggle, though I could never see my way to the entire acceptation of his doctrine. My dogmatic theological education had been entirely incidental; for my mother never discussed dogmas or doctrines, but the simple duties and promises of religion, and my intelligence, therefore, had never been so kept captive as to make release grateful. Christianity had not been a doctrinal burthen to me, nor in my mind was any form of belief inconsistent with true grace; in my mother's thought there was only one thing utterly profane, and that was self-righteousness. And there happened to me in this conjuncture what has in my later life been often seen, — that the modification of religious views imposed on us by the superior force of another mind, a persuasion of what seems to be truth as it is only seen by others' vision, could not hold its own against early convictions, and that the revulsion to the old faith is sooner or later inevitable. The trouble passed, and though it gave me great distress for the time, it made my essential religious convictions stronger in the end. It is, I think, Max Müller who says that no man can escape from the environment of his early religious education. I have seen, in my experience of life and men, many curious proofs of that law, — men who have lived for many years in the most absolute rejection of all religions, returning in their old age to the simple faith of childhood, ending as they began. The change of religious convictions which holds its own against all influences is that which comes from the natural evolution of our own thought. At any rate, in my own case the rationalistic revolution completed its circle, and brought me back to that simple faith, to remain in which is a reproach to no man, and the departure from which, to be healthy, must be made on lines conformed to our better natures. I was not the worse for my excursion into new regions, and the freedom of movement I acquired I never lost.

Of my college course I retained only what held my sympathies. I never went in for honors, or occupied myself beyond the requirements with studies which did not interest me. Greek and Latin, but especially physics, the humanities, and literature, enlisted all my ambitions, and the little weekly paper which was read at the meetings of our secret society perhaps occupied me more than was in due measure. I took my degree, of course, but with no special honors. Prior to my graduation the majority of the family had gathered at or near New York city; the object for which my father and mother had remained in Schenectady having been attained, they also moved to New York; and I, finally liberated for the study of art, gave myself seriously to that end.

William James Stillman.

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THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

I.

THE LAND OF RED APPLES.

THERE were eight in our party of bronzed children who were going East with the missionaries. Among us were three young braves, two tall girls, and we three little ones, Judéwin, Thowin, and I.

We had been very impatient to start on our journey to the Red Apple Country, which, we were told, lay a little beyond the great circular horizon of the Western prairie. Under a sky of rosy apples we dreamt of roaming as freely and happily as we had chased the cloud shadows on the Dakota plains. We had anticipated much pleasure from a ride on the iron horse, but the throngs of staring palefaces disturbed and troubled us.

On the train, fair women, with tottering babies on each arm, stopped their haste and scrutinized the children of absent mothers. Large men, with heavy bundles in their hands, halted near by, and riveted their glassy blue eyes upon us.

I sank deep into the corner of my seat, for I resented being watched. Directly in front of me, children who were no larger than I hung themselves upon the backs of their seats, with their bold white faces toward me. Sometimes they took their forefingers out of their mouths and pointed at my moccasined feet. Their mothers, instead of reproving such rude curiosity, looked closely at me, and attracted their children's further notice to my blanket. This embarrassed me, and kept me constantly on the verge of tears.

I sat perfectly still, with my eyes downcast, daring only now and then to shoot long glances around me. Chancing to turn to the window at my side, I was quite breathless upon seeing one familiar object. It was the telegraph pole which strode by at short paces. Very near my mother's dwelling, along the edge of a road thickly bordered with wild sunflowers, some poles like these had been planted by white men. Often I had stopped, on my way down the road, to hold my ear against the pole, and, hearing its low moaning, I used to wonder what the paleface had done to hurt it. Now I sat watching for each pole that glided by to be the last one.

In this way I had forgotten my uncomfortable surroundings, when I heard one of my comrades call out my name. I saw the missionary standing very near, tossing candies and gums into our midst. This amused us all, and we tried to see who could catch the most of the sweetmeats. The missionary's generous distribution of candies was impressed upon my memory by a disastrous result which followed. I had caught more than my share of candies and gums, and soon after our arrival at the school I had a chance to disgrace myself, which, I am ashamed to say, I did.

Though we rode several days inside of the iron horse, I do not recall a single thing about our luncheons.

It was night when we reached the school grounds. The lights from the windows of the large buildings fell upon some of the icicled trees that stood beneath them. We were led toward an open door, where the brightness of the lights within flooded out over the heads of the excited palefaces who blocked the way. My body trembled more from fear than from the snow I trod upon.

Entering the house, I stood close against the wall. The strong glaring light in the large whitewashed room dazzled my eyes. The noisy hurrying of hard shoes upon a bare wooden floor

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increased the whirring in my ears. My only safety seemed to be in keeping next to the wall. As I was wondering in which direction to escape from all this confusion, two warm hands grasped me firmly, and in the same moment I was tossed high in midair. A rosy-cheeked paleface woman caught me in her arms. I was both frightened and insulted by such trifling. I stared into her eyes, wishing her to let me stand on my own feet, but she jumped me up and down with increasing enthusiasm. My mother had never made a plaything of her wee daughter. Remembering this I began to cry aloud.

They misunderstood the cause of my tears, and placed me at a white table loaded with food. There our party were united again. As I did not hush my crying, one of the older ones whispered to me, "Wait until you are alone in the night."

It was very little I could swallow besides my sobs, that evening.

"Oh, I want my mother and my brother Dawee! I want to go to my aunt!" I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me.

From the table we were taken along an upward incline of wooden boxes, which I learned afterward to call a stairway. At the top was a quiet hall, dimly lighted. Many narrow beds were in one straight line down the entire length of the wall. In them lay sleeping brown faces, which peeped just out of the coverings. I was tucked into bed with one of the tall girls, because she talked to me in my mother tongue and seemed to soothe me.

I had arrived in the wonderful land of rosy skies, but I was not happy, as I had thought I should be. My long travel and the bewildering sights had exhausted me. I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.

II.

THE CUTTING OF MY LONG HAIR.

The first day in the land of apples was a bitter-cold one; for the snow still covered the ground, and the trees were bare. A large bell rang for breakfast, its loud metallic voice crashing through the belfry overhead and into our sensitive ears. The annoying clatter of shoes on bare floors gave us no peace. The constant clash of harsh noises, with an undercurrent of many voices murmuring an unknown tongue, made a bedlam within which I was securely tied. And though my spirit tore itself in struggling for its lost freedom, all was useless.

A paleface woman, with white hair, came up after us. We were placed in a line of girls who were marching into the dining room. These were Indian girls, in stiff shoes and closely clinging dresses. The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft moccasins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes. While we marched in, the boys entered at an opposite door. I watched for the three young braves who came in our party. I spied them in the rear ranks, looking as uncomfortable as I felt.

A small bell was tapped, and each of the pupils drew a chair from under the table. Supposing this act meant they were to be seated, I pulled out mine and at once slipped into it from one side. But when I turned my head, I saw that I was the only one seated, and all the rest at our table remained standing. Just as I began to rise, looking shyly around to see how chairs were to be used, a second bell was sounded. All were seated at last, and I had to crawl

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back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English; and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes, — my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and cuddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judéwin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath, and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

III.

THE SNOW EPISODE.

A short time after our arrival we three Dakotas were playing in the snowdrifts. We were all still deaf to the English language, excepting Judéwin, who always heard such puzzling things. One morning we learned through her ears that we were forbidden to fall lengthwise in the snow, as we had been doing, to see our own impressions. However,

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before many hours we had forgotten the order, and were having great sport in the snow, when a shrill voice called us. Looking up, we saw an imperative hand beckoning us into the house. We shook the snow off ourselves, and started toward the woman as slowly as we dared.

Judéwin said: "Now the paleface is angry with us. She is going to punish us for falling into the snow. If she looks straight into your eyes and talks loudly, you must wait until she stops. Then, after a tiny pause, say, 'No.'" The rest of the way we practiced upon the little word "no."

As it happened, Thowin was summoned to judgment first. The door shut behind her with a click.

Judéwin and I stood silently listening at the keyhole. The paleface woman talked in very severe tones. Her words fell from her lips like crackling embers, and her inflection ran up like the small end of a switch. I understood her voice better than the things she was saying. I was certain we had made her very impatient with us. Judéwin heard enough of the words to realize all too late that she had taught us the wrong reply.

"Oh, poor Thowin!" she gasped, as she put both hands over her ears.

Just then I heard Thowin's tremulous answer, "No."

With an angry exclamation, the woman gave her a hard spanking. Then she stopped to say something. Judéwin said it was this: "Are you going to obey my word the next time?"

Thowin answered again with the only word at her command, "No."

This time the woman meant her blows to smart, for the poor frightened girl shrieked at the top of her voice. In the midst of the whipping the blows ceased abruptly, and the woman asked another question: "Are you going to fall in the snow again?"

Thowin gave her bad password another trial. We heard her say feebly, "No! No!"

With this the woman hid away her half-worn slipper, and led the child out, stroking her black shorn head. Perhaps it occurred to her that brute force is not the solution for such a problem. She did nothing to Judéwin nor to me. She only returned to us our unhappy comrade, and left us alone in the room.

During the first two or three seasons misunderstandings as ridiculous as this one of the snow episode frequently took place, bringing unjustifiable frights and punishments into our little lives.

Within a year I was able to express myself somewhat in broken English. As soon as I comprehended a part of what was said and done, a mischievous spirit of revenge possessed me. One day I was called in from my play for some misconduct. I had disregarded a rule which seemed to me very needlessly binding. I was sent into the kitchen to mash the turnips for dinner. It was noon, and steaming dishes were hastily carried into the dining room. I hated turnips, and their odor which came from the brown jar was offensive to me. With fire in my heart, I took the wooden tool that the paleface woman held out to me. I stood upon a step, and, grasping the handle with both hands, I bent in hot rage over the turnips. I worked my vengeance upon them. All were so busily occupied that no one noticed me. I saw that the turnips were in a pulp, and that further beating could not improve them; but the order was, "Mash these turnips," and mash them I would! I renewed my energy; and as I sent the masher into the bottom of the jar, I felt a satisfying sensation that the weight of my body had gone into it.

Just here a paleface woman came up to my table. As she looked into the jar, she shoved my hands roughly aside. I stood fearless and angry. She placed her red hands upon the rim of the jar. Then she gave one lift and a stride away from the table. But lo! the pulpy contents fell through the crumbled bottom

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to the floor! She spared me no scolding phrases that I had earned. I did not heed them. I felt triumphant in my revenge, though deep within me I was a wee bit sorry to have broken the jar.

As I sat eating my dinner, and saw that no turnips were served, I whooped in my heart for having once asserted the rebellion within me.

IV.

THE DEVIL.

Among the legends the old warriors used to tell me were many stories of evil spirits. But I was taught to fear them no more than those who stalked about in material guise. I never knew there was an insolent chieftain among the bad spirits, who dared to array his forces against the Great Spirit, until I heard this white man's legend from a paleface woman.

Out of a large book she showed me a picture of the white man's devil. I looked in horror upon the strong claws that grew out of his fur-covered fingers. His feet were like his hands. Trailing at his heels was a scaly tail tipped with a serpent's open jaws. His face was a patchwork: he had bearded cheeks, like some I had seen palefaces wear; his nose was an eagle's bill, and his sharp-pointed ears were pricked up like those of a sly fox. Above them a pair of cow's horns curved upward. I trembled with awe, and my heart throbbed in my throat, as I looked at the king of evil spirits. Then I heard the paleface woman say that this terrible creature roamed loose in the world, and that little girls who disobeyed school regulations were to be tortured by him.

That night I dreamt about this evil divinity. Once again I seemed to be in my mother's cottage. An Indian woman had come to visit my mother. On opposite sides of the kitchen stove, which stood in the centre of the small house, my mother and her guest were seated in straight-backed chairs. I played with a train of empty spools hitched together on a string. It was night, and the wick burned feebly. Suddenly I heard some one turn our door-knob from without.

My mother and the woman hushed their talk, and both looked toward the door. It opened gradually. I waited behind the stove. The hinges squeaked as the door was slowly, very slowly pushed inward.

Then in rushed the devil! He was tall! He looked exactly like the picture I had seen of him in the white man's papers. He did not speak to my mother, because he did not know the Indian language, but his glittering yellow eyes were fastened upon me. He took long strides around the stove, passing behind the woman's chair. I threw down my spools, and ran to my mother. He did not fear her, but followed closely after me. Then I ran round and round the stove, crying aloud for help. But my mother and the woman seemed not to know my danger. They sat still, looking quietly upon the devil's chase after me. At last I grew dizzy. My head revolved as on a hidden pivot. My knees became numb, and doubled under my weight like a pair of knife blades without a spring. Beside my mother's chair I fell in a heap. Just as the devil stooped over me with outstretched claws my mother awoke from her quiet indifference, and lifted me on her lap. Whereupon the devil vanished, and I was awake.

On the following morning I took my revenge upon the devil. Stealing into the room where a wall of shelves was filled with books, I drew forth The Stories of the Bible. With a broken slate pencil I carried in my apron pocket, I began by scratching out his wicked eyes. A few moments later, when I was ready to leave the room, there was a ragged hole in the page where the picture of the devil had once been.

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V.

IRON ROUTINE.

A loud-clamoring bell awakened us at half past six in the cold winter mornings. From happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom we tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a paleface day. We had short time to jump into our shoes and clothes, and wet our eyes with icy water, before a small hand bell was vigorously rung for roll call.

There were too many drowsy children and too numerous orders for the day to waste a moment in any apology to nature for giving her children such a shock in the early morning. We rushed downstairs, bounding over two high steps at a time, to land in the assembly room.

A paleface woman, with a yellow-covered roll book open on her arm and a gnawed pencil in her hand, appeared at the door. Her small, tired face was coldly lighted with a pair of large gray eyes.

She stood still in a halo of authority, while over the rim of her spectacles her eyes pried nervously about the room. Having glanced at her long list of names and called out the first one, she tossed up her chin and peered through the crystals of her spectacles to make sure of the answer "Here."

Relentlessly her pencil black-marked our daily records if we were not present to respond to our names, and no chum of ours had done it successfully for us. No matter if a dull headache or the painful cough of slow consumption had delayed the absentee, there was only time enough to mark the tardiness. It was next to impossible to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing; and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb sick brute.

Once I lost a dear classmate. I remember well how she used to mope along at my side, until one morning she could not raise her head from her pillow. At her deathbed I stood weeping, as the paleface woman sat near her moistening the dry lips. Among the folds of the bedclothes I saw the open pages of the white man's Bible. The dying Indian girl talked disconnectedly of Jesus the Christ and the paleface who was cooling her swollen hands and feet.

I grew bitter, and censured the woman for cruel neglect of our physical ills. I despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children. I blamed the hard-working, well-meaning, ignorant woman who was inculcating in our hearts her superstitious ideas. Though I was sullen in all my little troubles, as soon as I felt better I was ready again to smile upon the cruel woman. Within a week I was again actively testing the chains which tightly bound my individuality like a mummy for burial.

The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. These sad memories rise above those of smoothly grinding school days. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored seashell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.

VI.

FOUR STRANGE SUMMERS.

After my first three years of school, I roamed again in the Western country through four strange summers.

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During this time I seemed to hang in the heart of chaos, beyond the touch or voice of human aid. My brother, being almost ten years my senior, did not quite understand my feelings. My mother had never gone inside of a schoolhouse, and so she was not capable of comforting her daughter who could read and write. Even nature seemed to have no place for me. I was neither a wee girl nor a tall one; neither a wild Indian nor a tame one. This deplorable situation was the effect of my brief course in the East, and the unsatisfactory "teenth" in a girl's years.

It was under these trying conditions that, one bright afternoon, as I sat restless and unhappy in my mother's cabin, I caught the sound of the spirited step of my brother's pony on the road which passed by our dwelling. Soon I heard the wheels of a light buckboard, and Dawee's familiar "Ho!" to his pony. He alighted upon the bare ground in front of our house. Tying his pony to one of the projecting corner logs of the low-roofed cottage, he stepped upon the wooden doorstep.

I met him there with a hurried greeting, and, as I passed by, he looked a quiet "What?" into my eyes.

When he began talking with my mother, I slipped the rope from the pony's bridle. Seizing the reins and bracing my feet against the dashboard, I wheeled around in an instant. The pony was ever ready to try his speed. Looking backward, I saw Dawee waving his hand to me. I turned with the curve in the road and disappeared. I followed the winding road which crawled upward between the bases of little hillocks. Deep water-worn ditches ran parallel on either side. A strong wind blew against my cheeks and fluttered my sleeves. The pony reached the top of the highest hill, and began an even race on the level lands. There was nothing moving within that great circular horizon of the Dakota prairies save the tall grasses, over which the wind blew and rolled off in long, shadowy waves.

Within this vast wigwam of blue and green I rode reckless and insignificant. It satisfied my small consciousness to see the white foam fly from the pony's mouth.

Suddenly, out of the earth a coyote came forth at a swinging trot that was taking the cunning thief toward the hills and the village beyond. Upon the moment's impulse, I gave him a long chase and a wholesome fright. As I turned away to go back to the village, the wolf sank down upon his haunches for rest, for it was a hot summer day; and as I drove slowly homeward, I saw his sharp nose still pointed at me, until I vanished below the margin of the hilltops.

In a little while I came in sight of my mother's house. Dawee stood in the yard, laughing at an old warrior who was pointing his forefinger, and again waving his whole hand, toward the hills. With his blanket drawn over one shoulder, he talked and motioned excitedly. Dawee turned the old man by the shoulder and pointed me out to him.

"Oh han!" (Oh yes) the warrior muttered, and went his way. He had climbed the top of his favorite barren hill to survey the surrounding prairies, when he spied my chase after the coyote. His keen eyes recognized the pony and driver. At once uneasy for my safety, he had come running to my mother's cabin to give her warning. I did not appreciate his kindly interest, for there was an unrest gnawing at my heart.

As soon as he went away, I asked Dawee about something else.

"No, my baby sister, I cannot take you with me to the party to-night," he replied. Though I was not far from fifteen, and I felt that before long I should enjoy all the privileges of my tall cousin, Dawee persisted in calling me his baby sister.

That moonlight night, I cried in my mother's presence when I heard the jolly young people pass by our cottage. They

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were no more young braves in blankets and eagle plumes, nor Indian maids with prettily painted cheeks. They had gone three years to school in the East, and had become civilized. The young men wore the white man's coat and trousers, with bright neckties. The girls wore tight muslin dresses, with ribbons at neck and waist. At these gatherings they talked English. I could speak English almost as well as my brother, but I was not properly dressed to be taken along. I had no hat, no ribbons, and no close-fitting gown. Since my return from school I had thrown away my shoes, and wore again the soft moccasins.

While Dawee was busily preparing to go I controlled my tears. But when I heard him bounding away on his pony, I buried my face in my arms and cried hot tears.

My mother was troubled by my unhappiness. Coming to my side, she offered me the only printed matter we had in our home. It was an Indian Bible, given her some years ago by a missionary. She tried to console me. "Here, my child, are the white man's papers. Read a little from them," she said most piously.

I took it from her hand, for her sake; but my enraged spirit felt more like burning the book, which afforded me no help, and was a perfect delusion to my mother. I did not read it, but laid it unopened on the floor, where I sat on my feet. The dim yellow light of the braided muslin burning in a small vessel of oil flickered and sizzled in the awful silent storm which followed my rejection of the Bible.

Now my wrath against the fates consumed my tears before they reached my eyes. I sat stony, with a bowed head. My mother threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and stepped out into the night.

After an uncertain solitude, I was suddenly aroused by a loud cry piercing the night. It was my mother's voice wailing among the barren hills which held the bones of buried warriors. She called aloud for her brothers' spirits to support her in her helpless misery. My fingers grew icy cold, as I realized that my unrestrained tears had betrayed my suffering to her, and she was grieving for me.

Before she returned, though I knew she was on her way, for she had ceased her weeping, I extinguished the light, and leaned my head on the window sill.

Many schemes of running away from my surroundings hovered about in my mind. A few more moons of such a turmoil drove me away to the Eastern school. I rode on the white man's iron steed, thinking it would bring me back to my mother in a few winters, when I should be grown tall, and there would be congenial friends awaiting me.

VII.

INCURRING MY MOTHER'S DISPLEASURE.

In the second journey to the East I had not come without some precautions. I had a secret interview with one of our best medicine men, and when I left his wigwam I carried securely in my sleeve a tiny bunch of magic roots. This possession assured me of friends wherever I should go. So absolutely did I believe in its charms that I wore it through all the school routine for more than a year. Then, before I lost my faith in the dead roots, I lost the little buckskin bag containing all my good luck.

At the close of this second term of three years I was the proud owner of my first diploma. The following autumn I ventured upon a college career against my mother's will.

I had written for her approval, but in her reply I found no encouragement. She called my notice to her neighbors' children, who had completed their education in three years. They had re-

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turned to their homes, and were then talking English with the frontier settlers. Her few words hinted that I had better give up my slow attempt to learn the white man's ways, and be content to roam over the prairies and find my living upon wild roots. I silenced her by deliberate disobedience.

Thus, homeless and heavy-hearted, I began anew my life among strangers.

As I hid myself in my little room in the college dormitory, away from the scornful and yet curious eyes of the students, I pined for sympathy. Often I wept in secret, wishing I had gone West, to be nourished by my mother's love, instead of remaining among a cold race whose hearts were frozen hard with prejudice.

During the fall and winter seasons I scarcely had a real friend, though by that time several of my classmates were courteous to me at a safe distance.

My mother had not yet forgiven my rudeness to her, and I had no moment for letter-writing. By daylight and lamplight, I spun with reeds and thistles, until my hands were tired from their weaving, the magic design which promised me the white man's respect.

At length, in the spring term, I entered an oratorical contest among the various classes. As the day of competition approached, it did not seem possible that the event was so near at hand, but it came. In the chapel the classes assembled together, with their invited guests. The high platform was carpeted, and gayly festooned with college colors. A bright white light illumined the room, and outlined clearly the great polished beams that arched the domed ceiling. The assembled crowds filled the air with pulsating murmurs. When the hour for speaking arrived all were hushed. But on the wall the old clock which pointed out the trying moment ticked calmly on.

One after another I saw and heard the orators. Still, I could not realize that they longed for the favorable decision of the judges as much as I did. Each contestant received a loud burst of applause, and some were cheered heartily. Too soon my turn came, and I paused a moment behind the curtains for a deep breath. After my concluding words, I heard the same applause that the others had called out.

Upon my retreating steps, I was astounded to receive from my fellow students a large bouquet of roses tied with flowing ribbons. With the lovely flowers I fled from the stage. This friendly token was a rebuke to me for the hard feelings I had borne them.

Later, the decision of the judges awarded me the first place. Then there was a mad uproar in the hall, where my classmates sang and shouted my name at the top of their lungs; and the disappointed students howled and brayed in fearfully dissonant tin trumpets. In this excitement, happy students rushed forward to offer their congratulations. And I could not conceal a smile when they wished to escort me in a procession to the students' parlor, where all were going to calm themselves. Thanking them for the kind spirit which prompted them to make such a proposition, I walked alone with the night to my own little room.

A few weeks afterward, I appeared as the college representative in another contest. This time the competition was among orators from different colleges in our state. It was held at the state capital, in one of the largest opera houses.

Here again was a strong prejudice against my people. In the evening, as the great audience filled the house, the student bodies began warring among themselves. Fortunately, I was spared witnessing any of the noisy wrangling before the contest began. The slurs against the Indian that stained the lips of our opponents were already burning like a dry fever within my breast.

But after the orations were delivered a deeper burn awaited me. There, be-

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fore that vast ocean of eyes, some college rowdies threw out a large white flag, with a drawing of a most forlorn Indian girl on it. Under this they had printed in bold black letters words that ridiculed the college which was represented by a "squaw." Such worse than barbarian rudeness embittered me. While we waited for the verdict of the judges, I gleamed fiercely upon the throngs of palefaces. My teeth were hard set, as I saw the white flag still floating insolently in the air.

Then anxiously we watched the man carry toward the stage the envelope containing the final decision.

There were two prizes given, that night, and one of them was mine!

The evil spirit laughed within me when the white flag dropped out of sight, and the hands which furled it hung limp in defeat.

Leaving the crowd as quickly as possible, I was soon in my room. The rest of the night I sat in an armchair and gazed into the crackling fire. I laughed no more in triumph when thus alone. The little taste of victory did not satisfy a hunger in my heart. In my mind I saw my mother far away on the Western plains, and she was holding a charge against me.

Zitkala-Ša.

TRIBUTE.

BECAUSE my body turned a clod,
And Death sat on this shrouding sod,
My soul rose upward, seeking God.

"O Thou Who makest time to fleet
Before Thy holy judgment seat,
Lo, here I stand with muted feet.

"In that far bower where roses spring
And little birds are choiring,
I found no sacrifice to bring.

"Only my heart, this bleeding spot—
By Thee conceived, by Thee begot—
Where worm of hunger dieth not.

"Take it, O Lord! a scarlet stain
To set within Thy robe of pain,
And make Thee dream of earth again."

Alice Brown.

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THE LOSS OF PERSONALITY.

THE popular interest in scientific truth has always had its hidden spring in a desire for the marvelous. The search for the philosopher's stone has done as much for chemistry as the legend of the elixir of life for exploration and geographical discovery. From the excitements of these suggestions of the occult, the world settled down into a reasonable understanding of the facts of which they were but the enlarged and grotesque shadows. The soft stimulation of the mysterious draws us on; and too often, under its charm, we fail to trace in the dull presentment of every-day experience a likeness to the wonders we pursue, forgetting that marvels have meaning and value only in so far as they can establish their kinship with the events of daily life, and thus fall at last into the great sweep of universal law.

So it has been with physics and physiology, and so also, preëminently, with the science of mental life. Mesmerism, hypnotism, the facts of the alteration, the multiplicity, and the annihilation of personality, have each brought us their moments of pleasurable terror, and passed thus into the field of general interest. We feel that we have looked indeed into abysmal depths, and there is a fascination in the gulf. But science can accept no broken chains. For all the thrill of mystery, we dare not forget that the hypnotic state is but highly strung attention, — at the last turn of the screw, as it were, — and that the alternation of personality is after all no more than the highest power of variability of mood. In regard to the annihilation of the sense of personality, it may be said that no connection with daily experience is at first apparent. Scientists, as well as the world at large, have been inclined to look on the loss of the sense of personality as pathological; and yet I venture to maintain that it is nevertheless the typical form of those experiences we ourselves regard as the most valuable.

The loss of personality! In that dread thought there lies, to most of us, all the sting of death and the victory of the grave. It seems, with that in store, that immortality were futile, and life itself a mockery. Yet the idea, when dwelt upon, assumes an aspect of strange familiarity; it is an old friend, after all. Can we deny that all our sweetest hours are those of self-forgetfulness? The language of emotion, religious, æsthetic, intellectually creative, testifies clearly to the fading of the consciousness of self as feeling nears the white heat. Not only in the speechless, stark immobility of the pathological "case," but in all the stages of religious ecstasy, æsthetic pleasure, and creative inspiration, is to be traced what we know as the loss of the feeling of self. Bernard of Clairvaux dwells on "that ecstasy of deification in which the individual disappears in the eternal essence as the drop of water in a cask of wine." Says Meister Eckhart, "Thou shalt sink away from thy selfhood, thou shalt flow into His self-possession, the very thought of Thine shall melt into His Mine;" and St. Teresa, "The soul, in thus searching for its God, feels with a very lively and very sweet pleasure that it is fainting almost quite away." The æsthetic feeling of John Bunyan's verses —

> "Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
> Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
> Wouldest thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
> And find thyself again without a charm?
> . . . . . .
> O then come hither,
> And lay my book, thy head, and heart together!" —

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is the same as that of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale: —

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethewards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness."

But not only the religious enthusiast and the worshiper of beauty "lose themselves" in ecstasy. The "fine frenzy" of the thinker is typical. From Archimedes, whose life paid the forfeit of his impersonal absorption; from Socrates, musing in one spot from dawn to dawn, to Newton and Goethe, there is but one form of the highest effort to penetrate and to create. Emerson is right in saying of the genius, "His greatness consists in the fullness in which an ecstatic state is realized in him."

The temporary evaporation of the consciousness of one's own personality is then decidedly not a pathological experience. It seems the condition, indeed, and recognized as such in popular judgment, of the deepest feeling and the highest achievement. Perhaps it is the very assumption of this condition in our daily thoughts that has veiled the psychological problem it presents. We opine, easily enough, that great deeds are done in forgetfulness of self. But why should we forget ourselves in doing great deeds? Why not as well feel in every act its reverberation on the self, — the renewed assurance that it is *I* who can? Why not, in each æsthetic thrill, awake anew to the consciousness of myself as ruler in a realm of beauty? Why not, in the rush of intellectual production, glory that "my mind to me a kingdom is"? And yet the facts are otherwise: in proportion to the intensity and value of the experience is its approach to the objective, the impersonal, the ecstatic state. Then how explain this anomaly? Why should religious, æsthetic, and intellectual emotion be accompanied in varying degrees by the loss of self-consciousness? Why should the sense of personality play us so strange a trick as to vanish, at the moment of seemingly greatest power, in the very shadow of its own glory?

If now we put the most obvious question, and ask, in explanation of its escapades, what the true nature of this personality is, we shall find ourselves quite out of our reckoning on the vast sea of metaphysics. To know what personality *is*, "root and all, and all in all," is to "know what God and man is." Fortunately, our problem is much more simple. It is not the personality itself, its reality, its meaning, that vanishes; no, nor even the psychological system of dispositions. We remain, in such a moment of ecstasy, as persons, what we were before. It is the *feeling* of personality that has faded; and to find out in what this will-o'-the-wisp feeling of personality resides is a task wholly within the powers of psychological analysis. Let no one object that the depth and value of experience seem to disintegrate under the psychologist's microscope. The place of the full-orbed personality in a world of noble ends is not affected by the possibility that the centre of its conscious crystallization may be found in a single sensation.

The explanation, then, of this apparent inconsistency — the fading away of self in the midst of certain most important experiences — must lie in the nature of the feeling of personality. What is that feeling? On what is it based? How can it be described? The difficulties of introspection have led many to deny the possibility of such self-fixation. The fleeting moment passes, and we grasp only an idea or a feeling; the ego has slipped away like a drop of mercury under the fingers. Like the hero of the German poet, who wanted his queue in front,

"Then round and round, and out and in,
All day that puzzled sage did spin;

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> In vain; it mattered not a pin;
> The pigtail hung behind him,"

when I turn round upon myself to catch myself in the act of thinking, I can never lay hold on anything but a sensation. I may peel off, like the leaves of an artichoke, my social self, — my possessions and positions, my friends, my relatives; my active self, — my books and implements of work; my clothes; even my flesh, and sit in my bones, like Sydney Smith, — the *I* in me retreating ever to an inner citadel; but I must stop with the feeling that something moves in there. That is not what my self *is*, but what the elusive sprite feels like when I have got my finger on him. In daily experience, however, it is unnecessary to proceed to such extremities. The self, at a given moment of consciousness, is felt as one group of elements which form a background of consciousness as over against another group of elements which form a foreground. The second group is, we say, before the attention, and is not at that moment felt as self; while the first group is vague, undifferentiated, not attended to, but felt. Any element in this background can detach itself and come into the foreground of attention. I become conscious at this moment, for instance, of the weight of my shoulders as they rest on the back of my chair: that sensation, however, belongs to my self no more than does the sensation of the smoothness of the paper on which my hand rests. I know I am a self, because I can pass, so to speak, between the foreground and the background of my consciousness. It is the feeling of transition that gives me the negative and positive of my circuit; and this feeling of transition, hunted to its lair, reveals itself as nothing more nor less than a motor sensation felt in the sense organs which adapt themselves to the new conditions. I look on that picture and on this, and know that they are two, because the change in the adaptation of my sense organs to their objects has been felt. I close my eyes and think of near and far, and it is the change in the sensations from my eye muscles that tells me I have passed between the two; or, to express it otherwise, that it is in me the two have succeeded each other. While the self in its widest sense, therefore, is coextensive with consciousness, the distinctive feeling of self as opposed to the elements in consciousness which represent the outer world is based on those bodily sensations which are connected with the relations of objects. My world — the foreground of my consciousness — would fall in on me and crush me, if I could not hold it off by just this power to feel it different from my background; and it is felt as different through the motor sensations involved in the change of my sense organs in passing from one to the other. The condition of the feeling of transition, and hence of the feeling of personality, is then the presence in consciousness of at least two possible objects of attention; and the formal consciousness of self might be schematized as a straight line connecting two points, in which one point represents the foreground, and the other the background, of consciousness.

If we now accept this view, and ask under what conditions the sense of self may be lost, the answer is at once suggested. It will happen when the "two-ness" disappears, so that the line connecting and separating the two objects in our scheme drops out or is indefinitely decreased. When background or foreground tends to disappear or to merge either into the other, the content of consciousness approaches absolute unity. There is no "relating" to be done, no "transition" to be made. The condition, then, for the feeling of personality is no longer present, and there results a feeling of complete unity with the object of attention; and if this object of attention is itself without parts or differences, there results an empty void, Nirvana.

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Suppose that I gaze, motionless, at a single bright light until all my bodily sensations have faded. Then one of the "points" in our scheme has dropped out. In my mind there reigns but one thought. The transition feeling goes, for there is nothing to be "related." Now "it is one blaze, about me and within me;" I *am* that light, and myself no longer. My consciousness is a unit or a blank, as you please. If you say that I am self-hypnotized, I may reply that I have simply ceased to feel myself different from the content of my consciousness, because that content has ceased to allow a transition between its terms.

This is, however, not the only possible form of the disappearance of our twoness, and the resulting loss of the self-feeling. When the sequence of objects in consciousness is so rapid that the feeling of transition, expressed in motor terms, drops below the threshold of sensation, the feeling of self again fades. Think, for instance, of the Bacchanal orgies. The votary of Dionysus, dancing, shrieking, tearing at his hair and at his garments, lost in the lightning change of his sensations all power of relating them. His mind was ringed in a whirling circle, every point of which merged into the next without possibility of differentiation. And since he could feel no transition periods, he could feel *himself* no longer; he was one with the content of his consciousness, which consciousness was no less a unit than our bright light aforesaid, just as a circle is as truly a unit as a point. The priest of Dionysus must have felt himself only a dancing, shouting thing, one with the world without, "whirled round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees." And how perfectly the ancient belief fits our psychophysical analysis! The Bacchic enthusiast believed himself possessed with the very ecstasy of the spirit of nature. His inspired madness was the presence of the god who descended upon him, — the god of the vine, of spring; the rising sap, the rushing stream, the bursting leaf, the rippling song, all the life of flowing things, they were he! "αὐτίκα γᾶ πᾶσα χορεύσει," was the cry, — "soon the whole earth will dance and sing!"

Yes, this breaking down of barriers, this melting of the personality into its surroundings, this strange and sweet self-abandonment, must have its source in just the disappearance of the sensation of adjustment, on which the feeling of personality is based. But how can it be, we have to ask, that a principle so barren of emotional significance should account for the ecstasy of religious emotion, of æsthetic delight, of creative inspiration? It is not, however, religion or beauty or genius that is the object of our inquiry, but simply the common element in the experience of each of these which we know as the disappearance of self-feeling. How the circumstances peculiar to religious worship, æsthetic appreciation, and intellectual creation bring about the formal conditions of the loss of personal feeling must be sought in a more detailed analysis. What are the steps by which priest and poet and thinker have passed into the exaltation of selfless emotion? Fortunately, the passionate pilgrims to all three realms of deep experience have been ever prodigal of their confessions.

The typical religious enthusiast is the mystic. From Plotinus to Buddha, from Meister Eckhart to Emerson, the same doctrine has brought the same fruits of religious rapture. There is one God, and in contemplation of Him the soul becomes of His essence. Whether it is held as by the Neoplatonists, that Being and Knowledge are one; that the procedure of the world out of God is a process of self-revelation, and the return of things into God a process of higher and higher intuition, and so the mystic experience an apprehension of the highest rather than a form of worship; or whether it is expressed as by the humble Béguine,

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Mechthild, — "My soul swims in the Being of God as a fish in water," — the kernel of the mystic's creed is the same. In ecstatic contemplation of God, and, in the higher states, in ecstatic union with Him, in sinking the individuality in the divine Being, is the only true life. Not all, it is true, who hold the doctrine have had the experience; not all can say with Eckhart or with Madame Guyon, "I have seen God in my own soul," or "I have become one with God." It is from the narratives and the counsels of perfection of these, the chosen, the initiate, who have passed beyond the veil, that light may be thrown on the psychological conditions of mystic ecstasy.

The most illuminating account of her actual mystical experiences is given by Madame Guyon, the first of the sect or school of the Quietists. This gentle Frenchwoman had a gift for psychological observation, and though her style is neither poetic nor philosophical, I may be pardoned for quoting at some length her naïve and lucid revelations. The following passages, beginning with an early religious experience, are taken almost at random from the pages of her autobiography: —

"These sermons made such an impression on my mind, and absorbed me so strongly in God, that I could not open my eyes nor hear what was said." "To hear Thy name, O my God, could put me into a profound prayer. . . . I could not see any longer the saints nor the Holy Virgin outside of God; but I saw them all in Him, scarcely being able to distinguish them from Him. . . . I could not hear God nor our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of without being, as it were, outside of myself [*hors de moi*]. . . . Love seized me so strongly that I remained absorbed, in a profound silence and a peace that I cannot describe. I made ever new efforts, and I passed my life in beginning my prayers without being able to carry them through. . . . I could ask nothing for myself nor for another, nor wish anything but this divine will. . . . I do not believe that there could be in the world anything more simple and more unified. . . . It is a state of which one can say nothing more, because it evades all expression, — a state in which the creature is lost, engulfed. All is God, and the soul perceives only God. It has to strive no more for perfection, for growth, for approach to Him, for union. All is consummated in the unity, but in a manner so free, so natural, so easy, that the soul lives in and from God, as easily as the body lives from the air which it breathes. . . . The spirit is empty, no more traversed by thoughts; nothing fills the void, which is no longer painful, and the soul finds in itself an immense capacity that nothing can either limit or destroy."

Can we fail to trace in these simple words the shadow of all religious exultation that is based on faith alone? Madame Guyon is strung to a higher key than most of this dull and relaxed world; but she has struck the eternal note of contemplative worship. Such is the sense of union with the divine Spirit. Such are the thoughts and even the words of Dante, Eckhart, St. Teresa, the countless mystics of the Middle Age, and of the followers of Buddhism in its various shades, from the Ganges to the Charles. Two characteristics disengage themselves to view: the insistence on the unity of God — *in* whom alone the Holy Virgin and the saints are seen — from a psychological point of view only; and the mind's emptiness of thought and feeling in a state of religious ecstasy. But without further analysis, we may ask, as the disciples of the mystics have always done, how this state of blissful union is to be reached. They have always been minute in their prescriptions, and it is possible to derive therefrom what may be called the technique of the mystic procedure.

"The word mystic," to quote Walter Pater, "has been derived from a Greek

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word which signifies *to shut*, as if one *shut one's lips*, brooding on what cannot be uttered; but the Platonists themselves derive it rather from the act of *shutting the eyes*, that one may see the more, inwardly." Of such is the counsel of St. Luis de Granada, "Imitate the sportsman who hoods the falcon that it be made subservient to his rule;" and of another Spanish mystic, Pedro de Alcantara: "In meditation, let the person rouse himself from things temporal, and let him collect himself within himself.... Here let him hearken to the voice of God . . . as though there were no other in the world save God and himself." St. Teresa found happiness only in "shutting herself up within herself." Vocal prayer could not satisfy her, and she adopted mental prayer. The four stages of her experience — which she named "recollectedness," "quietude" (listening rather than speaking), "union" (blissful sleep with the faculties of the mind still), "ecstasy or rapture" — are but progressive steps in the sealing of the senses. The *yoga* of the Brahmins, which is the same as the *union* of the Cabalists, is made to depend upon the same conditions, — passivity, perseverance, solitude. The novice must arrest his breathing, and may meditate on mystic symbols alone, by way of reaching the formless, ineffable Buddha. But it is useless to heap up evidence; the inference is sufficiently clear.

The body is first brought into a state either of nervous instability or irritability by ascetic practices, or of nervous insensibility by the persistent withdrawal of all outer disturbance; and the mind is fixed upon a single object, — the one God, the God eternal, absolute, indivisible. Recalling our former scheme for the conditions of the sense of personality, we shall see that we have here the two poles of consciousness. Then, as the tension is sharpened, what happens? Under the artificial conditions of weakened nerves, of blank surroundings, the self-background drops. The feeling of transition disappears with the absence of related terms; and the remaining, the positive pole of consciousness is an undifferentiated Unity, with which the person must feel himself one. The feeling of personality is gone with that on which it rests, and its loss is joined with an overwhelming sense of union with the One, the Absolute, God!

The object of mystic contemplation is the One indivisible. But we can also think the One as the unity of all differences, the Circle of the Universe. Those natures also which, like Amiel's, are "bedazzled with the Infinite" and thirst for "totality" attain in their reveries to the same impersonal ecstasy. Amiel writes of a "night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched at full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way. Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the Infinite!" The reverie of de Sénancour, on the bank of the Lake of Bienne, quoted by Matthew Arnold, reveals the same emotion: "Vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment." In the coincidence of outer circumstance — the lake, the North Sea, night, the attitude of repose — may we not trace a dissolution of the self-background similar to that of the mystic worshiper? And in the Infinite, no less than in the One, must the soul sink and melt into union with it, because within it there is no determination, no pause, and no change.

The contemplation of the One, however, is not the only type of mystic ecstasy. That intoxication of emotion which seizes upon the negro camp meeting of to-day, as it did upon the Delphic priestesses two thousand years ago, seems at first glance to have nothing in common

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psychologically with the blessed nothingness of Gautama and Meister Eckhart. But the loss of the feeling of personality and the sense of possession by a divine spirit are the same. How, then, is this state reached? By means, I believe, which recall the general formula for the disappearance of self-feeling. To repeat the monosyllable *om* (Brahm) ten thousand times; to circle interminably, chanting the while, about a sacred fire; to listen to the monotonous magic drum; to whirl the body about; to rock to and fro on the knees, vociferating prayers, are all methods which enable the members of the respective sects in which they are practiced either to enter, as they say, into the Eternal Being, or to become informed with it through the negation of the self. The sense of personality, at any rate, is more or less completely lost, and the ecstasy takes a form more or less passionate, according as the worshiper depends on the rapidity rather than on the monotony of his excitations. What we are wont to call the inspired madness of the Delphic priestesses was less the expression of ecstasy than the means of its excitation. Every such experience approaches the schematic type of the whirling circle of objects of attention, in which the transition periods are eliminated. Personality is sunk in its content: there is no more near nor far. Perpetual motion, as well as eternal rest, may bring about the engulfment of the self in the object. The most diverse types of religious emotions, *in so far as they present variations in the degree of self-consciousness*, are thus seen to be reducible to the same psychological basis. The circle, no less than the point, is the symbol of the One, and the "devouring unity" that lays hold on consciousness from the loss of the feeling of transition comes in the unrest of enthusiasm no less than in the blissful nothing of Nirvana.

At this point, I am sure, the reader will interpose a protest. Is, then, the mystery of self-abandonment to the highest to be shared with the meanest of fanatics? Are the rapture of Dante and the trance of the Omphalopsychi sprung from the same root? There is no occasion, however, for the revolt of sentiment because we fail to emphasize here the important differences in the emotional character and value of the states in question. What interests us is only one aspect which they have in common, the surrender of the sense of personality. That is based on formal relations of the elements of consciousness, and the explanation of its disappearance applies as well to the whirling dervish as to the converts of a revivalist preacher.

The mystic, then, need only shut his senses to the world, and contemplate the One. Subject fuses with object, and he feels himself melt into the Infinite. But such experience is not the exclusive property of the religious enthusiast. The worshiper of beauty has given evidence of the same feelings. And yet, in his æsthetic rapture, the latter dwells with deliberation on his delights, and while luxuriating in the infinite labyrinths of beauty can scarcely be described as musing on an undifferentiated Unity. So far, at least, it does not appear that our formula applies to æsthetic feeling.

Schopenhauer has told us, to be sure, that the contemplation of the object of art is the means of sinking the will. In that wonderful analysis of the æsthetic attitude in the third book of The World as Will and Idea, we read that he who contemplates the beautiful, "inasmuch as he . . . forgets even his individuality, his will, and only continues to exist as the pure subject, the clear mirror of the object, . . . is no longer individual, but the pure will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge." But Schopenhauer has not explained how this may come to pass psychologically, — he has only described the facts of the æsthetic state; and of those facts we are equally convinced by Byron's

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> "I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of all around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling."

It must still be asked how it comes about that "I live not in myself."

Æsthetic feeling arises in the contemplation of a beautiful object. But what makes an object beautiful? To go still further back, just what, psychologically, does contemplation mean? We have been hearing a deal, in recent popularizations of mental science, of ideo-motor impulses. The idea moves us, we are told. To grasp an idea means to carry it out, incipiently at least. We may go even further, and say it is the carrying out by virtue of which we group the idea. How do I think of a tall pine tree? By sweeping my eyes up and down its length, and out to the ends of its branches; and if I am forbidden to move my eye muscles even infinitesimally, then I cannot think of the visual image, but "pine tree" sounds itself in my ears as a word. In short, we perceive an object in space by carrying out its motor suggestions; more technically expressed, by virtue of a complex of ideo-motor impulses aroused by it; more briefly, by incipiently imitating it. And we feel an object as beautiful when this complex of ideo-motor impulses is harmonious with the natural modes of functioning of our organism.

Now the human organism is what every organism must be, — a system of energies reacting upon its centre; centrifugal only in so far as it is at the same time centripetal. In the same way must the object of æsthetic pleasure be a closed circle of suggested energies. The object of art, in which the human organism must find that which it can reproduce, and which reproduces itself, — for so do we interpret "harmony with natural modes of functioning," — must then contain within itself all the suggestions to that unity which an harmonious state of the organism that resounds to it will demand. It too must suggest a balance of energies. It too must bring a state of rest out of motion, of repose out of excitement, of happiness out of sorrow, — in short, of harmony out of discord, such as can be followed by the imitating sentient being as that which is germane to its own nature and needs. From this point of view, it can be made clear how it is that the sense of personality can disappear in the intense contemplation of beauty.

My will does not evaporate because I lose myself in the object, as Schopenhauer would have it. No; I lose myself in the object because my will cannot act upon the object of æsthetic feeling. I cannot eat the grapes of Apuleius or embrace the Galatea of Pygmalion; I cannot rescue Ophelia or enlighten Roxane; moreover, and what is indeed the only essential point, I *will* not. The beautiful object or arrangement, if it is beautiful, satisfies me as it is. I will it to be thus, and not otherwise, and so I am to that degree at rest in it. Of motor impulses to interfere, to act for my own person, I have none. The object of art is a closed circle of impulses. In that, all impulses of soul and sense are bound to react upon one another, and to lead back to one another. Marguerite must die in prison, Macbeth must murder the king, because that act is one thread of the cloth of gold on whose weaving I have for the time being staked my existence. That the house is dark, the audience silent, and all motor impulses outside of the æsthetic circle are stifled is only a superficial and, so to speak, a negative condition. The real ground of the possibility of a momentary self-annihilation lies in the fact that all incitements to motor impulse — except those which belong to the indissoluble ring of the object itself — have been shut out, by the perfection of unity to which the æsthetic object (here the drama) has been brought. The background fades; the foreground satisfies, incites no movement; and with the disappearance of the

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possibility of action which would connect the two, fades also that which dwells in this feeling of transition, — the sense of personality. The depth of æsthetic feeling lies not in the worthy countryman who interrupts the play with cries for justice on the villain, but in him who creates the drama again with the poet, who lives over again in himself each of the thrills of emotion passing before him, and loses himself in their web. The object is a unity or our whirling circle of impulses, as you like to phrase it. At any rate, out of that unity the soul does not return upon itself; it remains one with it in the truest sense.

It becomes ever clearer that just the pulsing moments of existence are those in which self-feeling is in abeyance. Subtler and rarer, again, than the raptures of mysticism and of beauty worship is the ecstasy of intellectual production; yet the "clean, clear joy of creation," as Kipling names it, is not less to be grouped with those precious experiences in which the self is sloughed away, and the soul at one with its content. I speak, of course, of intellectual production in full swing, in the momentum of success. The travail of soul over apparently hopeless difficulties or in the working out of indifferent details takes place not only in full self-consciousness, but in self-disgust; there we can take Carlyle to witness. But in the higher stages the fixation of truth and the appreciation of beauty are accompanied by the same extinction of the feeling of individuality. Of testimony we have enough and to spare. I need not fill these pages with confessions and anecdotes of the ecstatical state in which all great deeds of art and science are done. The question is rather to understand and explain it on the basis of the formal scheme to which we have found the religious and the æsthetic attitudes to conform.

Jean Paul says somewhere that, however laborious the completion of a great work, its conception came as a whole, — one flash. We remember the *musikalische Stimmung* of Schiller, — formless, undirected, out of which his poem shaped itself; the half-somnambulic state of Goethe and his frantic haste in fixation of the vision, in which he dared not even stop to put his paper straight, but wrote over the corners quite ruthlessly. If all these traditions be true, they are significant; and the necessary conditions of such composition seem to be highly analogous to those of æsthetic emotion. We have, first of all, lack of outer stimulation, and therefore possible disappearance of the background. How much better have most poets written in a garret than in a boudoir! Goethe's bare little room in the garden house at Weimar testifies to the severe conditions his genius found necessary. Tranquillity of the background is the condition of self-absorption, or — and this point seems to me worth emphasizing — a closed circle of outer activities. I have never believed, for instance, in the case of the old tale of Walter Scott and the button, that it was the surprise of his loss that tied the tongue of the future author's rival. The poor head scholar had simply made for himself, even as the Bacchante or the whirling dervish, a transitionless experience with that twirling button, and could then sink his consciousness in its object, — at that moment the master's questions. It is with many of us a familiar experience, that of not being able to think unless in constant motion. Translated into our psychophysical scheme, the efficiency of these movements would be explained thus: Given the "whirling circles," — the background of continuous movement sensations, which finally dropped out of consciousness, and the foreground of continuous thought, — the first protected, so to speak, the second, since they were mutually exclusive, and what broke the one destroyed the other.

But to return from this digression, a background fading into nothingness,

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either as rest or as a closed circle of automatic movements, is the first condition of the ecstasy of mental production. The second is given in the character of its object. The object of high intellectual creation is a unity, — a perfect whole, revealed, as Jean Paul says, in a single movement of genius. Within the enchanted circle of his creation, the thinker is absorbed, because here too all his motor impulses are turned to one end, in relation to which nothing else exists.

I am aware that many will see a sharp distinction here between the work of the creator or discoverer in science and the artist. They may maintain, in Schopenhauer's phrase, that the aim and end of science is just the connection of objects in the service of the will of the individual, and hence transition between the various terms is constant; while art, on the other hand, indeed isolates its object, and so drops transitions. But I think where we speak of "connection" thus we mean the larger sweep of law. If the thinker looks beyond his special problem at all, it is, like Buddha, to "fix his eyes upon the chain of causation." The scientist of imagination sees his work under the form of eternity, as one link of that endless chain, one atom in that vortex of almighty purposes, which science will need all time to reveal. For him it is either one question, closed within itself by its own answer, or it is the Infinite Law of the Universe, — the point or the circle. From all points of view, then, the object of creation in art or science is a girdle of impulses from which the mind may not stray. The two conditions of our formal scheme are given: a term which disappears, and one which is a perfect whole. Transition between background and foreground of attention is no longer possible, because the background has dropped. Between the objects of attention in the foreground it has no meaning, because the foreground is an indissoluble unity. With that object the self must feel itself one, since the distinctive self-feeling has disappeared with the opportunity for transition.

We have thus swung around the circle of mystical, æsthetic, and creative emotion, and we have found a single formula to apply, and a single explanation to avail for the loss of personality. The conditions of such experiences bring about the disappearance of one term, and the impregnable unity of the other. Without transition between two terms in consciousness, two objects of attention, the loss of the feeling of personality takes place according to natural psychological laws. It is no longer a mystery that in intense experience the feeling of personality dissolves.

So it is not only the man of achievement who sees but one thing at a time. To enter intensely into any ideal experience means to be blind to all others. One must lose one's own soul to gain the world, and none who enter and return from the paradise of selfless ecstasy will question that it is gained. The bliss of self-abandonment, however, is a problem for another chapter. It may be that personality is a hindrance and a barrier, and that we are only truly in harmony with the secret of our own existence when we cease to set ourselves over against the world. Nevertheless, the sense of individuality is a possession for which the most of mankind would pay the price, if it must be paid, even of eternal suffering. The delicious hour of fusion with the universe is precious, so it seems to us now, just because we can return from it to our own nest, and, close and warm there, count up our happiness. The fragmentariness and multiplicity of life are, then, the saving of the sense of selfhood, and we must indeed

> "rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly,
> His soul's wings never furled."

Ethel Dench Puffer.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXXIII.

IN WHICH MY FRIEND BECOMES MY FOE.

In the centre of the wigwam the customary fire burned clear and bright, showing the white mats, the dressed skins, the implements of war hanging upon the bark walls, — all the usual furniture of an Indian dwelling, — and showing also Nantauquas standing against the stripped trunk of a pine that pierced the wigwam from floor to roof. The fire was between us. He stood so rigid, at his full height, with folded arms and head held high, and his features were so blank and still, so forced and frozen, as it were, into composure, that, with the red light beating upon him and the thin smoke curling above his head, he had the look of a warrior tied to the stake.

"Nantauquas!" I exclaimed, and striding past the fire would have touched him, but that with a slight and authoritative motion of the hand he kept me back. Otherwise there was no change in his position or in the dead calm of his face.

The Indian maid had dropped the mat at the entrance, and if she waited, waited without in the darkness. Diccon, now staring at the young chief, now eyeing the weapons upon the wall with all a lover's passion, kept near the doorway. Through the thickness of the bark and woven twigs the wild cries and singing came to us somewhat faintly; beneath that distant noise could be heard the wind in the trees and the soft fall of the burning pine.

"Well," I asked at last, "what is the matter, my friend?"

For a full minute he made no answer, and when he did speak his voice matched his face.

"*My friend!*" he said. "I am going to show myself a friend indeed to the English, to the strangers who were not content with their own hunting grounds beyond the great salt water. When I have done this, I do not know that Captain Percy will call me 'friend' again."

"You were wont to speak plainly, Nantauquas," I answered him. "I am not fond of riddles."

Again he waited, as though he found speech difficult. I stared at him in amazement, he was so changed in so short a time.

He spoke at last: "When the dance is over, and the fires are low, and the sunrise is at hand, then will Opechancanough come to you to bid you farewell. He will give you the pearls that he wears about his neck for a present to the Governor, and a bracelet for yourself. Also he will give you three men for a guard through the forest. He has messages of love to send the white men, and he would send them by you who were his enemy and his captive. So all the white men shall believe in his love."

"Well," I said dryly, as he paused. "I will take his messages. What next?"

"Those are the words of Opechancanough. Now listen to the words of Nantauquas, the son of Wahunsonacock, a war chief of the Powhatans. There are two sharp knives there, hanging beneath the bow and the quiver and the shield. Take them and hide them."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Diccon had the two keen English blades. I took the one he offered me, and hid it in my doublet.

"So we go armed, Nantauquas," I said. "Love and peace and good will consort not with such toys."

"You may want them," he went on,

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with no change in his low, measured tones. "If you see aught in the forest that you should not see, if they think you know more than you are meant to know, then those three, who have knives and tomahawks, are to kill you, whom they believe unarmed."

"See aught that we should not see, know more than we are meant to know?" I said. "To the point, friend."

"They will go slowly, too, through the forest to Jamestown, stopping to eat and to sleep. For them there is no need to run like the stag with the hunter behind him."

"Then we should make for Jamestown as for life," I said; "not sleeping, or eating, or making pause?"

"Yea," he replied, "if you would not die, you and all your people."

In the silence of the hut the fire crackled, and the branches of the trees outside, bent by the wind, made a grating sound against the bark roof.

"How die?" I asked at last. "Speak out!"

"Die by the arrow and the tomahawk," he answered, — "yea, and by the guns you have given the red men. To-morrow's sun, and the next, and the next, — three suns, — and the tribes will fall upon the English. At the same hour, when the men are in the fields and the women and children are in the houses, they will strike, — Kecoughtans, Paspaheghs, Chickahominies, Pamunkeys, Arrowhatocks, Chesapeakes, Nansemonds, Accomacs, — as one man will they strike; and from where the Powhatan falls over the rocks to the salt water beyond Accomac, there will not be one white man left alive."

He ceased to speak, and for a minute the fire made the only sound in the hut. Then, "All die?" I asked dully. "There are three thousand Englishmen in Virginia."

"They are scattered and unwarned. The fighting men of the villages of the Powhatan and the Pamunkey and the great bay are many, and they have sharpened their hatchets and filled their quivers with arrows."

"Scattered," I said, "strewn broadcast up and down the river, — here a lonely house, there a cluster of two or three; they at Jamestown and Henricus off guard, — the men in the fields or at the wharves, the women and the children busy within doors, all unwarned — O my God!"

Diccon strode over from the doorway to the fire. "We 'd best be going, I reckon, sir," he said. "Or you wait until morning; then there 'll be two chances. Now that I 've a knife, I 'm thinking I can give account of one of them damned sentries, at least. Once clear of them" —

I shook my head, and the Indian too made a gesture of dissent. "You would only be the first to die," he said.

I leaned against the side of the hut, for my heart beat like a frightened woman's. "Three days," I said. "If we go with all our speed, we shall be in time. When did you learn this thing?"

"While you watched the dance," he answered, "Opechancanough and I sat within his lodge in the darkness. His heart was moved, and he talked to me of his own youth in a strange country, south of the sunset, where he and his people dwelt in stone houses and worshiped a great and fierce god, giving him blood to drink and flesh to eat. To that country, too, white men had come in ships. Then he spoke to me of Powhatan, my father, — of how wise he was, and how great a chief before the English came, and how the English made him kneel in sign that he held his lands from their King, and how he hated them; and then he told me that the tribes had called me 'woman,' 'lover no longer of the warpath and the scalp dance,' but that he, who had no son, loved me as his son, knowing my heart to be Indian still; and then I heard what I have told you."

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"How long had this been planned?"

"For many moons. I have been a child, fooled with toys and women's tales."

"What need to send us back to the settlements? Already they believe in him there as in God."

"It is his fancy. Every hunter and trader and learner of our tongues, living in the villages or straying in the woods, has been sent back to Jamestown or to his hundred with presents and with words that are sweeter than honey. Opechancanough has told the three who go with you the hour in which you are to reach Jamestown; he would have you as singing birds, telling lying tales to the Governor, with scarce the smoking of a pipe between those words of peace and the war whoop. But if those who go with you see reason to misdoubt you, they will kill you in the forest."

His voice fell, and he stood in silence, straight as an arrow, against the post, the firelight playing over his dark limbs and sternly quiet face. Outside, the night wind, rising, began to howl through the naked branches, and a louder burst of yells came to us from the roisterers in the distance. The mat before the doorway shook, and a slim brown hand, slipped between the wood and the woven grass, beckoned to us.

"Why did you come?" demanded the Indian. "Long ago, when there were none but dark men from the mother of waters to the hunting grounds beneath the sunset, we were happy. Why did you leave your own land, in the strange black ships with sails like the piled-up clouds of summer? Was it not a good land? Were not your forests broad and green, your fields fruitful, your rivers deep and filled with fish? And the strange towns I have heard of, — were they not fair? You are brave men: had you no enemies there, and no warpaths? It was your home: a man should love the good earth over which he hunts, upon which stands his village. This is the red man's land. He wishes his hunting grounds, his maize fields, and his rivers for himself, his women and children. He has no ships in which to go to another country. When you first came, we thought you were gods; but you have not done like the great white God who, you say, loves you so. You are wiser and stronger than we, but your strength and wisdom help us not: they press us down from men to children; they are weights upon the head and shoulders of a babe to keep him under stature. Ill gifts have you brought us, evil have you wrought us" —

"Not to you, Nantauquas!" I cried, stung into speech.

He turned his eyes upon me. "Nantauquas is the war chief of his tribe. Opechancanough is his king, and he lies upon his bed in his lodge and says within himself: 'My war chief, the Panther, the son of Wahunsonacock, who was chief of all the Powhatans, sits now within his wigwam, sharpening flints for his arrows, making his tomahawk bright and keen, thinking of a day three suns hence, when the tribes will shake off forever the hand upon their shoulder, — the hand so heavy and white that strives always to bend them to the earth and keep them there.' Tell me, you Englishman who have led in war, another name for Nantauquas, and ask no more what evil you have done him."

"I will not call you 'traitor,' Nantauquas," I said, after a pause. "There is a difference. You are not the first child of Powhatan who has loved and shielded the white men."

"She was a woman, a child," he answered. "Out of pity she saved your lives, not knowing that it was to the hurt of her people. Then you were few and weak, and could not take your revenge. Now, if you die not, you will drink deep of vengeance, — so deep that your lips may never leave the cup. More ships will come, and more; you will grow ever stronger. There may

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come a moon when the deep forests and the shining rivers know us, to whom Kiwassa gave them, no more." He paused, with unmoved face, and eyes that seemed to pierce the wall and look out into unfathomable distances. "Go!" he said at last. "If you die not in the woods, if you see again the man whom I called my brother and teacher, tell him . . . tell him *nothing!* Go!"

"Come with us," urged Diccon gruffly. "We English will make a place for you among us" — and got no further, for I turned upon him with a stern command for silence.

"I ask of you no such thing, Nantauquas," I said. "Come against us, if you will. Nobly warned, fair upon our guard, we will meet you as knightly foe should be met."

He stood for a minute, the quick change that had come into his face at Diccon's blundering words gone, and his features sternly impassive again; then, very slowly, he raised his arm from his side and held out his hand. His eyes met mine in sombre inquiry, half eager, half proudly doubtful.

I went to him at once, and took his hand in mine. No word was spoken. Presently he withdrew his hand from my clasp, and, putting his finger to his lips, whistled low to the girl outside. She drew aside the hanging mats, and we passed out, Diccon and I, leaving him standing as we had found him, upright against the post, in the red firelight.

Should we ever go through the woods, pass through that gathering storm, reach Jamestown, warn them there of the death that was rushing upon them? Should we ever leave that hated village? Would the morning ever come? When we reached our hut, unseen, and sat down just within the doorway to watch for the dawn, it seemed as though the stars would never pale. Ever the leaping Indians between us and the fire fed the tall flame; if one figure fell in the wild dancing, another took its place; the yelling never ceased, nor the beating of the drums.

It was an alarum that was sounding, and there were only two to hear; miles away beneath the mute stars English men and women lay asleep, with the hour thundering at their gates, and there was none to cry, "Awake!" When would the dawn come, when should we be gone? I could have cried out in that agony of waiting, with the leagues on leagues to be traveled, and the time so short! If we never reached those sleepers — I saw the dark warriors gathering, tribe on tribe, war party on war party, thick-crowding shadows of death, slipping through the silent forest . . . and the clearings we had made and the houses we had built . . . the goodly Englishmen, Kent and Thorpe and Yeardley, Maddison, Wynne, Hamor, the men who had striven to win and hold this land, so fatal and so fair, West and Rolfe and Jeremy Sparrow . . . the children about the doorsteps, the women . . . one woman . . .

It came to an end, as all things earthly will. The flames of the great bonfire sank lower and lower, and as they sank the gray light faltered into being, grew and strengthened. At last the dancers were still, the women scattered, the priests with their hideous Okee gone. The wailing of the pipes died away, the drums ceased to beat, and the village lay in the keen wind and the pale light, inert and quiet with the stillness of exhaustion.

The pause and hush did not last. When the ruffled pools amid the marshes were rosy beneath the sunrise, the women brought us food, and the warriors and old men gathered about us. They sat upon mats or billets of wood, and I offered them bread and meat, and told them they must come to Jamestown to taste of the white man's cookery.

Scarcely was the meal over when Opechancanough issued from his lodge, with his picked men behind him, and, coming slowly up to us, took his seat upon the

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white mat that was spread for him. For a few minutes he sat in a silence that neither we nor his people cared to break. Only the wind sang in the brown branches, and from some forest brake came a stag's hoarse cry. As he sat in the sunshine he glistened all over, like an Ethiop besprent with silver; for his dark limbs and mighty chest had been oiled, and then powdered with antimony. Through his scalp lock was stuck an eagle's feather; across his face, from temple to chin, was a bar of red paint; the eyes above were very bright and watchful, but we upon whom that scrutiny was bent were as little wont as he to let our faces tell our minds.

One of his young men brought a great pipe, carved and painted, stem and bowl; an old man filled it with tobacco, and a warrior lit it and bore it to the Emperor. He put it to his lips and smoked in silence, while the sun climbed higher and higher, and the golden minutes that were more precious than heart's blood went by, at once too slow, too fast.

At last, his part in the solemn mockery played, he held out the pipe to me. "The sky will fall, and the rivers run dry, and the birds cease to sing," he said, "before the smoke of the calumet fades from the land."

I took the symbol of peace, and smoked it as silently and soberly — ay, and as slowly — as he had done before me; then laid it leisurely aside and held out my hand. "My eyes have been holden," I told him, "but now I see plainly the deep graves of the hatchets and the drifting of the peace smoke through the forest. Let Opechancanough come to Jamestown to smoke of the Englishman's *uppowoc*, and to receive rich presents, — a red robe like his brother Powhatan's, and a cup from which he shall drink, he and all his people."

He laid his dark fingers in mine for an instant, withdrew them, and, rising to his feet, motioned to three Indians who stood out from the throng of warriors. "These are Captain Percy's guides and friends," he announced. "The sun is high; it is time that he was gone. Here are presents for him and for my brother the Governor." As he spoke, he took from his neck the rope of pearls and from his arm a copper bracelet, and laid both upon my palm.

I thrust the pearls within my doublet, and slipped the bracelet upon my wrist. "Thanks, Opechancanough," I said briefly. "When we meet again, I shall not greet you with empty thanks."

By this all the folk of the village had gathered around us; and now the drums beat again, and the maidens raised a wild and plaintive song of farewell. At a sign from the werowance men and women formed a rude procession, and followed us, who were to go upon a journey, to the edge of the village where the marsh began. Only the dark Emperor and the old men stayed behind, sitting and standing in the sunshine, with the peace pipe lying on the grass at their feet, and the wind moving the branches overhead. I looked back and saw them thus, and wondered idly how many minutes they would wait before putting on the black paint. Of Nantauquas we had seen nothing. Either he had gone to the forest, or upon some pretense he kept within his lodge.

We bade farewell to the noisy throng who had brought us upon our way, and went down to the river, where we found a canoe and rowers, crossed the stream, and, bidding the rowers good-by, entered the forest. It was Wednesday morning, and the sun was two hours high. Three suns, Nantauquas had said: on Friday, then, the blow would fall. Three days! Once at Jamestown, it would take three days to warn each lonely scattered settlement, to put the colony into any posture of defense. What of the leagues of danger-haunted forest to be traversed before even a single soul of the three thousand could be warned?

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As for the three Indians, — who had their orders to go slowly, who at any suspicious haste or question or anxiety on our part were to kill us whom they deemed unarmed, — when they left their village that morning, they left it forever. There were times when Diccon and I had no need of speech, but knew each other's mind without; so now, though no word had been spoken, we were agreed to set upon and slay our guides on the first occasion that offered.

XXXIV.

IN WHICH THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

The three Indians of whom we must rid ourselves were approved warriors, fierce as wolves, cunning as foxes, keen-eyed as hawks. They had no reason to doubt us, to dream that we would turn upon them, but from habit they watched us, with tomahawk and knife resting loosely in their belts.

As for us, we walked lightly, smiled freely, and spoke frankly. The sunshine streaming down in the spaces where the trees fell away was not brighter than our mood. Had we not smoked the peace pipe? Were we not on our way home? Diccon, walking behind me, fell into a low-voiced conversation with the savage who strode beside him. It related to the barter for a dozen otterskins of a gun which he had at Jamestown. The savage was to bring the skins to Paspahegh at his earliest convenience, and Diccon would meet him there and give him the gun, provided the pelts were to his liking. As they talked, each in his mind's eye saw the other dead before him. The one meant to possess a gun, indeed, but he thought to take it himself from the munition house at Jamestown; the other knew that the otter which died not until this Indian's arrow quivered in its side would live until doomsday. Yet they discussed the matter gravely, hedging themselves about with provisos, and, the bargain clinched, walked on side by side in the silence of a perfect and all-comprehending amity.

The sun rode higher and higher, gilding the misty green of the budding trees, quickening the red maple bloom into fierce scarlet, throwing lances of light down through the pine branches to splinter against the dark earth far below. For an hour it shone; then clouds gathered and shut it from sight. The forest darkened, and the wind arose with a shriek. The young trees cowered before the blast, the strong and vigorous beat their branches together with a groaning sound, the old and worn fell crashing to the earth. Presently the rain rushed down, slant lines of silver tearing through the wood with the sound of the feet of an army; hail followed, a torrent of ice beating and bruising all tender green things to the earth. The wind took the multitudinous sounds, — the cries of frightened birds, the creaking trees, the snap of breaking boughs, the crash of falling giants, the rush of the rain, the drumming of the hail, — enwound them with itself, and made the forest like a great shell held close to the ear.

There was no house to flee to; so long as we could face the hail we staggered on, heads down, buffeting the wind; but at last, the fury of the storm increasing, we were fain to throw ourselves upon the earth, in a little brake, where an overhanging bank somewhat broke the wind. A mighty oak, swaying and groaning above us, might fall and crush us like eggshells; but an we went on the like fate might meet us in the way. Broken and withered limbs, driven by the wind, went past us like crooked shadows; it grew darker and darker, and the air was deadly cold.

The three Indians pressed their faces against the ground; they dreamed not of harm from us, but Okee was in the mer-

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ciless hail and the first thunder of the year, now pealing through the wood. Suddenly Diccon raised himself upon his elbow, and looked across at me. Our eyes had no sooner met than his hand was at his bosom. The savage nearest him, feeling the movement, as it were, lifted his head from the earth, of which it was so soon to become a part; but if he saw the knife, he saw it too late. The blade, driven down with all the strength of a desperate man, struck home; when it was drawn from its sheath of flesh, there remained to us but a foe apiece.

In the instant of its descent I had thrown myself upon the Indian nearest me. It was not a time for overniceness. If I could have done so, I would have struck him in the back while he thought no harm; as it was, some subtle instinct warning him, he whirled himself over in time to strike up my hand and to clinch with me. He was very strong, and his naked body, wet with rain, slipped like a snake from my hold. Over and over we rolled on the rain-soaked moss and rotted leaves and cold black earth, the hail blinding us, and the wind shrieking like a thousand watching demons. He strove to reach the knife within his belt; I, to prevent him, and to strike deep with the knife I yet held.

At last I did so. Blood gushed over my hand and wrist, the clutch upon my arm relaxed, the head fell back. The dying eyes glared into mine; then the lids shut forever upon that unquenchable hatred. I staggered to my feet, and turned, to find that Diccon had given account of the third Indian.

We stood up in the hail and the wind, and looked at the dead men at our feet. Then, without speaking, we went our way through the tossing forest, with the hailstones coming thick against us, and the wind a strong hand to push us back. When we came to a little trickling spring, we knelt and washed our hands.

The hail ceased, but the rain fell and the wind blew throughout the morning. We made what speed we could over the boggy earth, against the storm, but we knew that we were measuring miles where we should have measured leagues. There was no breath to waste in words, and thought was a burden quite intolerable; it was enough to stumble on through the partial light, with a mind as gray and blank as the rain-blurred distance.

At noon the clouds broke, and an hour later the sunshine was streaming down from a cloudless heaven, beneath which the forest lay clear before us, naught stirring save shy sylvan creatures to whom it mattered not if red man or white held the land.

Side by side Diccon and I hurried on, not speaking, keeping eye and ear open, proposing with all our will to reach the goal we had set, and to reach it in time, let what might oppose. It was but another forced march; many had we made in our time, through dangers manifold, and had lived to tell the tale.

There was no leisure in which to play the Indian and cover up our footprints as we made them, but when we came to a brook we stepped into the cold, swift-flowing water, and kept it company for a while. The brook flowed between willows, thickly set, already green, and overarching a yard or more of water. Presently it bent sharply, and we turned with it. Ten yards in front of us the growth of willows ceased abruptly, the low, steep banks shelved downwards to a grassy level, and the stream widened into a clear and placid pool, as blue as the sky above. Couched upon the grass or standing in the shallow water were some fifteen or twenty deer. We had come upon them without noise; the wind blew from them to us, and the willows hid us from their sight. There was no alarm, and we stood a moment watching them before we should throw a stone or branch into their midst and scare them from our path.

Suddenly, as we looked, the leader

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threw up his head, made a spring, and was off like a dart across the stream and into the depths of the forest beyond. The herd followed. A moment, and there were only the trodden grass and the troubled waters; no other sign that aught living had passed that way.

"Now what was that for?" muttered Diccon. "I'm thinking we had best not take to the open just yet."

For answer I parted the willows, and forced myself into the covert; pressing as closely as possible against the bank, and motioning him to do the same. He obeyed, and the thick-clustering gold-green twigs swung into place again, shutting us in with the black water and the leafy, crumbling bank. From that green dimness we could look out upon the pool and the grass with small fear that we ourselves would be seen.

Out of the shadow of the trees into the grassy space stepped an Indian; a second followed, a third, a fourth, — one by one they came from the gloom into the sunlight, until we had counted a score or more. They made no pause, a glance telling them to what were due the trampled grass and the muddied water. As they crossed the stream one stooped and drank from his hand, but they said no word and made no noise. All were painted black; a few had striped face and chest with yellow. Their head-dresses were tall and wonderful, their leggings and moccasins fringed with scalp locks; their hatchets glinted in the sunshine, and their quivers were stuck full of arrows. One by one they glided from the stream into the thick woods beyond. We waited until we knew that they were deep in the forest, then crept from the willows and went our way.

"They were Youghtenunds," I said, in the low tones we used when we spoke at all, "and they went to the southward."

"We may thank our stars that they missed our trail," Diccon answered.

We spoke no more, but, leaving the stream, struck again toward the south. The day wore on, and still we went without pause. Sun and shade and keen wind, long stretches of pine and open glades where we quickened our pace to a run, dense woods, snares of leafless vines, swamp and thicket through which we toiled so slowly that the heart bled at the delay, streams and fallen trees, — on and on we hurried, until the sun sank and the dusk came creeping in upon us.

"We 've dined with Duke Humphrey to-day," said Diccon at last; "but if we can keep this pace, and don't meet any more war parties, or fall foul of an Indian village, or have to fight the wolves to-night, we 'll dine with the Governor to-morrow. What 's that?"

"That" was the report of a musket, and a spent ball had struck me above the knee, bruising the flesh beneath the leather of my boot.

We wheeled, and looked in the direction whence had come that unwelcome visitor. There was naught to be seen. It was dusk in the distance, and there were thickets, too, and fallen logs. Where that ambuscade was planted, if one or twenty Indians lurked in the dusk behind the trees, or lay on the further side of those logs, or crouched within a thicket, no mortal man could tell.

"It was a spent ball," I said. "Our best hope is in our heels."

"There are pines beyond, and smooth going," he answered; "but if ever I thought to run from an Indian!"

Without more ado we started. If we could outstrip that marksman, if we could even hold our distance until night had fallen, all might yet be well. A little longer, and even an Indian must fire at random; moreover, we might reach some stream and manage to break our trail. The ground was smooth before us, — too smooth, and slippery with pine needles; the pines themselves stood in grim brown rows, and we ran between them lightly and easily, husbanding our

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strength. Now and again one or the other looked behind, but we saw only the pines and the gathering dusk. Hope was strengthening in us, when a second bullet dug into the earth just beyond us.

Diccon swore beneath his breath. "It struck deep," he muttered. "The dark is slow in coming."

A minute later, as I ran with my head over my shoulder, I saw our pursuer, dimly, like a deeper shadow in the shadows far down the arcade behind us. There was but one man, — a tall warrior, strayed aside from his band, perhaps, or bound upon a warpath of his own. The musket that he carried some English fool had sold him for a mess of pottage.

Putting forth all our strength, we ran for our lives, and for the lives of many others. Before us the pine wood sloped down to a deep and wide thicket, and beyond the thicket a line of sycamores promised water. If we could reach the thicket, its close embrace would hide us; then the darkness and the stream. A third shot, and Diccon staggered slightly.

"For God's sake, not struck, man?" I cried.

"It grazed my arm," he panted. "No harm done. Here 's the thicket."

Into the dense growth we broke, reckless of the blood which the sharp twigs drew from face and hands. The twigs met in a thick roof over our heads; that was all we cared for, and through the network we saw one of the larger stars brighten into being. The thicket was many yards across. When we had gone thirty feet down, we crouched and waited for the dark. If our enemy followed us, he must do so at his peril, with only his knife for dependence.

One by one the stars swam into sight, until the square of sky above us was thickly studded. There was no sound, and no living thing could have entered that thicket without noise. For what seemed an eternity we waited; then we rose and broke our way through the bushes to the sycamores, to find that they indeed shadowed a little sluggish stream.

Down this we waded for some distance before taking to dry earth again. Since entering the thicket we had seen and heard nothing suspicious, and were now fain to conclude that the dark warrior had wearied of the chase, and was gone on his way toward his mates and that larger and surer quarry which two suns would bring. Certain it is that we saw no more of him.

The stream flowing to the south, we went with it, hurrying along its bank, beneath the shadow of great trees, with the stars gleaming down through the branches. It was cold and still, and far in the distance we heard wolves hunting. As for me, I felt no weariness. Every sense was sharpened; my feet were light; the keen air was like wine in the drinking; there was a star low in the south that shone and beckoned. The leagues between my wife and me were few. I saw her standing beneath the star, with a little purple flower in her hand.

Suddenly, a bend in the stream hiding the star, I became aware that Diccon was no longer keeping step with me, but had fallen somewhat to the rear. I turned, and he was leaning heavily, with drooping head, against the trunk of a tree.

"Art so worn as that?" I exclaimed. "Put more heart into thy heels, man!"

He straightened himself and strode on beside me. "I don't know what came over me for a minute," he answered. "The wolves are loud to-night. I hope they 'll keep to their side of the water."

A stone's throw farther on, the stream curving to the west, we left it, and found ourselves in a sparsely wooded glade, with a bare and sandy soil beneath our feet, and above, in the western sky, a crescent moon. Again Diccon lagged

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behind, and presently I heard him groan in the darkness.

I wheeled. "Diccon!" I cried. "What is the matter?"

Before I could reach him he had sunk to his knees. When I put my hand upon his arm and again demanded what ailed him, he tried to laugh, then tried to swear, and ended with another groan. "The ball did graze my arm," he said, "but it went on into my side. I 'll just lie here and die, and wish you well at Jamestown. When the red imps come against you there, and you open fire on them, name a bullet for me."

XXXV.

IN WHICH I COME TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

I laid him down upon the earth, and, cutting away his doublet and the shirt beneath, saw the wound, and knew that there was a journey indeed that he would shortly make. "The world is turning round," he muttered, "and the stars are falling thicker than the hailstones yesterday. Go on, and I will stay behind, — I and the wolves."

I took him in my arms and carried him back to the bank of the stream, for I knew that he would want water until he died. My head was bare, but he had worn his cap from the gaol at Jamestown, that night. I filled it with water and gave him to drink; then washed the wound and did what I could to stanch the bleeding. He turned from side to side, and presently his mind began to wander, and he talked of the tobacco in the fields at Weyanoke. Soon he was raving of old things, old camp fires and nighttime marches and wild skirmishes, perils by land and by sea; then of dice and wine and women. Once he cried out that Dale had bound him upon the wheel, and that his arms and legs were broken, and the woods rang to his screams. Why, in that wakeful forest, they were unheard, or why, if heard, they went unheeded, God only knows.

The moon went down, and it was very cold. How black were the shadows around us, what foes might steal from that darkness upon us, it was not worth while to consider. I do not know what I thought of on that night, or even that I thought at all. Between my journeys for the water that he called for I sat beside the dying man, with my hand upon his breast, for he was quieter so. Now and then I spoke to him, but he answered not.

Hours before we had heard the howling of wolves, and knew that some ravenous pack was abroad. With the setting of the moon the noise had ceased, and I thought that the brutes had pulled down the deer they hunted, or else had gone with their hunger and their dismal voices out of earshot. Suddenly the howling recommenced, — at first faint and far away, then nearer and nearer yet. Earlier in the evening the stream had been between us, but now the wolves had crossed, and were coming down our side of the water, and were coming fast.

All the ground was strewn with dead wood, and near by was a growth of low and brittle bushes. I gathered the withered branches, and broke fagots from the bushes; then into the press of dark and stealthy forms I threw a great crooked stick, shouting as I did so, and threatening with my arms. They turned and fled, but presently they were back again. Again I frightened them away, and again they returned. I had flint and steel and tinder box; when I had scared them from us a third time, and they had gone only a little way, I lit a splinter of pine, and with it fired my heap of wood; then dragged Diccon into the light and sat down beside him, with no longer any fear of the wolves, but with absolute confidence in the quick appearance of less cowardly foes. There was wood enough and to spare; when the fire sank low

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and the hungry eyes gleamed nearer, I fed it again, and the flame leaped up and mocked the eyes.

No human enemy came upon us. The fire blazed and roared, and the man who lay in its rosy glare raved on, crying out now and then at the top of his voice; but on that night of all nights, of all years, light and voice drew no savage band to put out the one and silence the other forever.

Hours passed, and as it drew toward midnight Diccon sank into a stupor. I knew that the end was not far away. The wolves were gone at last, and my fire was dying down. He needed my touch upon his breast no longer, and I went to the stream and bathed my hands and forehead, and then threw myself, face downward, upon the bank. In a little while the desolate murmur of the water became intolerable, and I rose and went back to the fire, and to the man whom, as God lives, I loved as a brother.

He was conscious. Pale and cold and nigh gone as he was, there came a light to his eyes and a smile to his lips when I knelt beside him. "You did not go?" he breathed.

"No," I answered, "I did not go."

For a few minutes he lay with closed eyes; when he again opened them upon my face, there were in their depths a question and an appeal. I bent over him, and asked him what he would have.

"You know," he whispered. "If you can . . . I would not go without it."

"Is it that?" I asked. "I forgave you long ago."

"I meant to kill you. I was mad because you struck me before the lady, and because I had betrayed my trust. An you had not caught my hand, I should be your murderer." He spoke with long intervals between the words, and the death dew was on his forehead.

"Remember it not, Diccon," I entreated. "I too was to blame. And I see not that night for other nights, — for other nights and days, Diccon."

He smiled, but there was still in his face a shadowy eagerness. "You said you would never strike me again," he went on, "and that I was man of yours no more forever — and you gave me my freedom in the paper which I tore." He spoke in gasps, with his eyes upon mine. "I 'll be gone in a few minutes now. If I might go as your man still, and could tell the Lord Jesus Christ that my master on earth forgave and took back, it would be a hand in the dark. I have spent my life in gathering darkness for myself at the last."

I bent lower over him, and took his hand in mine. "Diccon, my man," I said.

A brightness came into his face, and he faintly pressed my hand. I slipped my arm beneath him and raised him a little higher to meet his death. He was smiling now, and his mind was not quite clear. "Do you mind, sir," he asked, "how green and strong and sweet smelled the pines that May day, when we found Virginia, so many years ago?"

"Ay, Diccon," I answered. "Before we saw the land, the fragrance told us we were near it."

"I smell it now," he went on, "and the bloom of the grape, and the May-time flowers. And can you not hear, sir, the whistling and the laughter and the sound of the falling trees, that merry time when Smith made axemen of all our fine gentlemen?"

"Ay, Diccon," I said; "and the sound of the water that was dashed down the sleeve of any that were caught in an oath."

He laughed like a little child. "It is well that I was n't a gentleman, and had not those trees to fell, or I should have been as wet as any merman. . . . And Pocahontas, the little maid . . . and how blue the sky was, and how glad we were what time the Patience and Deliverance came in" . . .

His voice failed, and for a minute I thought he was gone; but he had been a

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strong man, and life slipped not easily from him. When his eyes opened again he knew me not, but thought he was in some tavern, and struck with his hand upon the ground as upon a table, and called for the drawer.

Around him were only the stillness and the shadows of the night, but to his vision men sat and drank with him, diced and swore and told wild tales of this or that. For a time he talked loudly and at random of the vile quality of the drink, and his viler luck at the dice; then he began to tell a story. As he told it, his senses seemed to steady, and he spoke with coherence and like a shadow of himself.

"And you call that a great thing, William Host?" he demanded. "I can tell a true tale worth two such lies, my masters. (Robin tapster, more ale! And move less like a slug, or my tankard and your ear will cry, 'Well met!') It was between Ypres and Courtrai, friends, and it 's nigh fifteen years ago. There were fields in which nothing was sowed because they were ploughed with the hoofs of war horses, and ditches in which dead men were thrown, and dismal marshes, and roads that were no roads at all, but only sloughs. And there was a great stone house, old and ruinous, with tall poplars shivering in the rain and mist. Into this house there threw themselves a band of Dutch and English, and hard on their heels came two hundred Spaniards. All day they besieged that house, — smoke and flame and thunder and shouting and the crash of masonry; and when eventide was come, we — the Dutch and the English — thought that Death was not an hour behind."

He paused, and made a gesture of raising a tankard to his lips. His eyes were bright, his voice was firm. The memory of that old day and its mortal strife had wrought upon him like wine.

"There was one amongst us," he said, "he was our captain, and it 's of him I am going to tell the story. — Robin tapster, bring me no more ale, but good mulled wine. It 's cold and getting dark, and I have to drink to a brave man besides" —

With the old bold laugh in his eyes, he raised himself, for the moment as strong as I that held him. "Drink to that Englishman, all of ye!" he cried, — "and not in filthy ale, but in good, gentlemanly sack! I 'll pay the score. Here 's to him, brave hearts! Here 's to my master!"

With his hand at his mouth, and his story untold, he fell back. I held him in my arms until the brief struggle was over, and then laid his body down upon the earth.

It might have been one of the clock. For a little while I sat beside him, with my head bowed in my hands. Then I straightened his limbs and crossed his hands upon his breast, and kissed him upon the brow, and left him lying dead in the forest.

It was hard going through the blackness of the nighttime woods. Once I was nigh sucked under in a great swamp, and once I stumbled into some hole or pit in the earth, and for a time thought that I had broken my leg. The night was very dark, and sometimes, when I could not see the stars, I lost my way, and went to the right or the left, or even back upon my track. Though I heard the wolves, they did not come nigh me. Just before daybreak, I crouched behind a log, and watched a party of savages file past like shadows of the night.

At last the dawn came, and I could press on more rapidly. For two days and two nights I had not slept; for a day and a night I had not tasted food. As the sun climbed the heavens, a thousand black spots, like summer gnats, danced between his face and my weary eyes. The forest laid stumbling-blocks before me, and drove me back, and made me wind in and out when I would have had my path straighter than an arrow. When the ground allowed, I ran; when

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I must break my way, panting, through undergrowth so dense and stubborn that it seemed some enchanted thicket, where each twig snapped but to be on the instant stiff in place again, I broke it with what patience I might; when I must turn aside for this or that obstacle, I made the detour, though my heart cried out at the necessity. Once I saw reason to believe that two or more Indians were upon my trail, and lost time in outwitting them; and once I must go a mile out of my way to avoid an Indian village.

As the day wore on, I began to go as in a dream. It had come to seem the gigantic wood of some fantastic tale through which I was traveling. The fallen trees ranged themselves into an abatis hard to surmount; the thickets withstood one like iron; the streamlets were like rivers, the marshes leagues wide, the treetops miles away. Little things, twisted roots, trailing vines, dead and rotten wood, made me stumble. A wind was blowing that had blown just so since time began, and the forest was filled with the sound of the sea.

Afternoon came, and the shadows began to lengthen. They were lines of black paint spilt in a thousand places, and stealing swiftly and surely across the brightness of the land. Torn and bleeding and breathless, I hastened on; for it was drawing toward night, and I should have been at Jamestown hours before. My head pained me, and as I ran I saw men and women stealing in and out among the trees before me: Pocahontas with her wistful eyes and braided hair and finger on her lips; Nantauquas; Dale the knight-marshal, and Argall with his fierce, unscrupulous face; my cousin George Percy, and my mother with her stately figure, her embroidery in her hands. I knew that they were but phantoms of my brain, but their presence confused and troubled me.

The shadows ran together, and the sunshine died out of the forest. Stumbling on, I saw through the thinning trees a long gleam of red, and thought it was blood, but presently knew that it was the river, crimson from the sunset. A minute more, and I stood upon the shore of the mighty stream, between the two brightnesses of flood and heavens. There was a silver crescent in the sky, with one white star above it; and fair in sight, down the James, with lights springing up through the twilight, was the town, — the English town that we had built and named for our King, and had held in the teeth of Spain, in the teeth of the wilderness and its terrors. It was not a mile away; a little longer, — a little longer and I could rest, my tidings told.

The dusk had quite fallen when I reached the neck of land. The hut to which I had been enticed that night stood dark and ghastly, with its door swinging in the wind. I ran past it and across the neck, and, arriving at the palisade, beat upon the gate with my hands, and called to the warder to open. When I had told him my name and tidings, he did so, with shaking knees and starting eyes. Cautioning him to raise no alarm in the town, I hurried past him into the street, and down it toward the house that was set aside for the Governor of Virginia. I should find there now, not Yeardley, but Sir Francis Wyatt.

The torches were lighted, and the folk were indoors, for the night was cold. One or two figures that I met or passed would have accosted me, not knowing who I was; but I brushed by them, and hastened on. Only when I passed the guest house I looked up, and saw that mine host's chief rooms were yet in use.

The Governor's door was open, and in the hall serving men were moving to and fro. When I came in upon them, they cried out as it had been a ghost, and one fellow let a silver dish that he carried fall clattering to the floor. They shook and stood back, as I passed them without a word and went on to the Governor's great room. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and stood for a

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minute upon the threshold, unobserved by the occupants of the room.

After the darkness outside the lights dazzled me; the room, too, seemed crowded with men, though when I counted them there were not so many, after all. Supper had been put upon the table, but they were not eating. Before the fire, his head thoughtfully bent and his fingers tapping upon the arm of his chair, sat the Governor; over against him, and as serious of aspect, was the Treasurer. West stood by the mantel, tugging at his long mustaches and softly swearing. Clayborne was in the room, and Piersey the Cape Merchant, and one or two besides. And Rolfe was there, walking up and down with hasty steps, and a flushed and haggard face. His suit of buff was torn and stained, and his great-boots were spattered with mud.

The Governor let his fingers rest upon the arm of his chair, and raised his head.

"He is dead, Master Rolfe," he said. "There can be no other conclusion, — a brave man lost to you and to the colony. We mourn with you, sir."

"We too have searched, Jack," put in West. "We have not been idle, though well-nigh all men believe that the Indians, who we know had a grudge against him, murdered him and his man that night, then threw their bodies into the river and made off."

"As for this latest loss," continued the Governor, "within an hour of its discovery this morning search parties were out; yea, if I had allowed it, the whole town would have betaken itself to the woods. The searchers have not returned, and we are gravely anxious. Yet we are not utterly cast down. This trail can hardly be missed, and the Indians are friendly. There were a number in town overnight, and they went with the searchers, volunteering to act as their guides. We cannot but think that of this load our hearts will soon be eased."

"God grant it!" groaned Rolfe. "I will drink but a cup of wine, sir, and then will be gone upon this new quest."

"You are worn and spent with your travel, sir," said the Governor. "I give you my word that all that can be done is doing. Wait at least for the morning, and the good news it may bring."

The other shook his head. "I will go now. I could not look my friend in the face else — God in heaven!"

The Governor sprang to his feet; through the Treasurer's lips came a long, sighing breath; West's dark face was ashen. I came forward to the table, and leaned my weight upon it; for all the waves of the sea were roaring in my ears, and the lights were going up and down.

"Are you man or spirit?" cried Rolfe. "Are you Ralph Percy?"

"Yes, I am Percy," I said. "I have not well understood what quest you would go upon, Rolfe, but you cannot go to-night. And those parties that your Honor talked of, that have gone with Indians to guide them, — I think that you will never see them again."

With an effort I drew myself erect, and standing so told my tidings, quietly and with circumstance, so as to leave no room for doubt as to their verity, or as to the sanity of him who brought them. They listened, as the warder had listened, with shaking limbs and gasping breath; for this was the fall and wiping out of a people of which I brought warning.

When all was told, and they stood there before me, white and shaken, seeking in their minds the thing to say or do first, I thought to ask a question myself; but before my tongue could frame it, the roaring of the sea became so loud that I could hear naught else, and the lights all ran together into a wheel of fire. Then in a moment all sounds ceased, and to the lights succeeded the blackness of outer darkness.

Mary Johnston

(*To be continued.*)

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THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.[1]

THE last three decades of the nineteenth century will be known as a period of extraordinary progress in American education. To the American college they have been a period of unsettlement, starting many problems, solving few, and completely transforming its environment; so that the college will pass into the new century with many questions pressing upon it, so far-reaching and fundamental that the wisdom and experience of thirty years more will hardly suffice for their solution.

The prevailing type of college instruction in this country is the one first established at Harvard, which leads the student to the bachelor's degree by a more or less fixed course of study, occupying a definite period of time. The degree was originally attainable in three years, or even in two; but as early as 1654, owing to the inadequacy of the preparatory training of that day, the period was lengthened to four years. Yale passed through a similar experience, and the Harvard-Yale system was adopted by nearly all of the later colleges. The course of four years became the traditional American college course, and to-day, after the lapse of two centuries, it still remains, — one of the few things in American life that appear to be permanent. Under circumstances radically different from those under which it was established, against every assault and protest, the venerable institution still holds its ground, apparently impregnable.

This permanence, however, is more in seeming than in reality. The assailants have made no breach in the walls, but they have entered in at the gates, and by various indirect means have worked their will. The college of to-day, with its outward form and framework little changed, is a very different thing from the college of thirty years ago; and this is true not only of the younger institutions, but of the oldest and the most conservative.

The causes that have produced this change have worked upon the college in different ways, — from below, from within, from above; but they are all really one cause working through various channels. It is customary to speak of this cause as the growth of the elective system; but the elective system is itself a result, or rather a method. The real cause, of which the elective system is merely the manifestation, is the enlargement of the range of education, due not so much to increase of knowledge, — for not all new knowledge is straightway fit for educational purposes, — but rather to the conversion of new fields of knowledge to the uses of education.

This force has worked upon the college from below in the expansion and diversification of the preparatory course. Of the pupils of the academy and the high school a very small fraction go to college. The instruction in these institutions must of course be adapted to the needs of the great majority, who go from school directly into life; and our secondary instruction has, in fact, been very much enlarged and improved in the interest of these pupils in the last thirty years. On the basis of this undisputed fact, it is claimed that the college ought to adapt its course to that of the high school, so that adequate knowledge of any substantial subject learned in school should count toward admission to college, and the pupil should be free to choose at the end of his school course, instead of being required to choose at the beginning, whether he will go to college or not. The claim is a plausible one, and large

[1] President's address before the American Philological Association, at its thirty-first annual session, in July, 1899.

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concessions have already been made to it. How profoundly the college would be affected by granting the full measure of it needs no exposition.

Within the college, the broadening of the educational horizon has necessarily developed the elective system, with its great advantages and its attendant dangers, the control of which presents one of the most difficult problems in college management to-day.

Above the college, the development of our educational resources is most conspicuously manifest in the creation of the graduate school, which has come to round out our university system, providing for advanced students in letters and science the opportunities for which, thirty years ago, they had to go abroad. In our older universities, the graduate school has been either developed out of the college by the gradual expansion of the body of instruction, until, like a protoplasmic cell, it separated naturally into two distinct organisms, or it has been grafted upon the college, with a separate management from the first. In the newer universities, the graduate department has sometimes taken precedence in the plans of the founders, but in only one instance, so far as I am aware, has undergraduate instruction been left out of the scheme entirely. In practically all our universities, then, the undergraduate and graduate departments exist together, as lower and upper divisions of the same scheme of instruction; and whether the upper has been developed out of the lower or grafted upon it, or both came into being together, it is obvious that they are organically related, and must exert upon each other a powerful influence. It is obvious, also, that this influence will not be confined to the universities, but must extend to the independent colleges.

But the graduate school, while the most conspicuous, is by no means the only new feature of our educational system in its higher stages. The professional schools, one may almost say, have been made over in these thirty years. They not only provide more thorough and systematic instruction than formerly, but they have been broadened and liberalized in their methods, making room for a more scientific treatment of their several branches and for training in research. With this growth has come, necessarily, the requirement of more time. In law, where two years, or even eighteen months, once sufficed, three years are demanded now; the medical schools have begun to require four years for their degree; and the best equipped professional schools now provide such opportunities for extended study that their students may stay on with profit a year or two after graduation. Moreover, the professional schools have not failed to see that, for the better quality of work they now exact, a broad general training is necessary, and some of them already demand a college education as a requirement for admission.

Thus, at every stage of our educational system, not in the college alone, but below it and above it, we see the same forces at work, — everywhere enlargement, expansion, vigorous growth. Under the operation of these forces, what is to become of the college? Can it maintain its place? Ought it to be maintained? Why should we support, at great expense, this intermediate institution? Why transplant our educational shoots twice? What function does the college serve that could not be performed by the secondary school or by the graduate school? Why not partition the province of the college between these two, and divert its resources into other channels?

This will seem to some an academic question in more senses than one, — a question of no practical import. The college is firmly established in our national life. It is deeply rooted in the affections of thousands of graduates; it administers the bounty of hundreds of benefactors; for better or for worse, it

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is here to stay. Yet there is no reason to believe that the college is exempt from the inexorable law that no public institution can prosper, or even long endure, which does not serve some useful purpose to the community. Libraries, museums, wealth of endowment, noble traditions, — not these, but the vigorous stream of intellectual life to which they minister makes the college. If new conditions arise, — as they have now arisen, — and the college fail to adjust itself to them; or if, in its eagerness to meet new demands, it prove false to its own ideals; if it really has nothing to offer the student that he cannot get as well or better elsewhere, then the stream of intellectual life will pass it by, and we shall have put our trust vainly in endowments and traditions. But if the college has a province all its own, with natural boundaries on this side and on that, then it is of the highest importance to know clearly what this province is, and to recognize and define its boundaries.

What, then, is needed, to adjust the college to the new university scheme?

The question is twofold, involving, as it does, both the quantity and the quality of the college training. It touches, first, the length of the college course, and the adjustment of its boundaries to the new conditions. From the professional faculties comes an earnest protest against the maintenance of the old four years' course. They point out that this course was established at a time when there was not only no graduate school, but no professional school; when the boy went to college at fourteen, and, coming home at eighteen, could easily accomplish his reading for a profession by the time he was twenty-one. Now the youth enters college at the age at which he formerly graduated, and completes his professional training at twenty-six or twenty-seven. "Life is not long enough to justify such an expenditure of time; the world is not rich enough to pay what it costs. We may even say that the world is too wise not to know that, after a certain point has been attained, its own rough lessons are worth more than anything it can get from books and lectures."[1]

How shall the college answer this plea? Thirty years ago it could have given a good and sufficient answer. The college and the professional course were in no way coördinated; the professional faculties had no thought of demanding of their candidates a college training; their catalogues showed but a thin sprinkling of college degrees. Moreover, the college was the advance guard in the forces of liberal culture. It could not have fallen back, had it been asked to do so, without abandoning what had been gained. In fact, it was just because there was nothing beyond in its own field that it pushed forward, carried its students farther and farther, until it raised the age of graduation to the point now complained of.

Can the college make an equally good answer now? I do not see how it can. The establishment of the graduate school has relieved it from guard duty as the advance post of liberal studies: there can at least be no danger on that score, in drawing back from a point to which it would never have advanced under the circumstances which now exist. To the complaint of the professional schools there is really no answer, if we agree with them, as we assuredly do, that the professional man should have had a college training. The college, in fact, concedes the justice of the claim by yielding to it in various indirect ways. It permits the student, for example, to do the work of four years in three, and then, as a senior on leave of absence, to register in the professional school; or it provides within its own course instruction by which students may anticipate a part of their professional work; or it

[1] Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, The Readjustment of the Collegiate to the Professional Course, p. 9.

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allows the first year of a professional course to be counted as the fourth year for the bachelor's degree.

These shifts were perhaps expedient when there was no graduate school. I cannot think they are wise or necessary now. They involve various disadvantages and injustices. They encourage unwholesome haste in college work; or they discriminate in favor of a particular professional school; or, worst of all, they inculcate confused ideas of the aim of a college education. It would be far better to admit frankly the claim which these devices virtually concede, and let the student go with his degree to the professional school at the end of three years. It is vastly more important to preserve the quality of the college course than to maintain its form and dimensions.

Would any other student suffer by the change? For the student who passes from the college to the graduate school, it might seem to be a matter of indifference where the line between the two institutions is drawn. But it is not a matter of indifference. Although the studies of the graduate school may be in the same fields that are open to the undergraduate, the attitude of the graduate student is entirely different. It does not differ essentially from that of the professional student. Both have left the pursuit of general culture for a special object, — the mastery of a particular branch of learning. For the one as for the other, it is important that his studies in his special field should be pursued on a systematic plan, for which adequate time should be provided, — in the case of the larger fields of study, at least, not less than three or four years. If we should be asked when the student is, or ought to be, ready to enter on this special work, would any one hesitate to set the age as early as twenty or twenty-one, and the stage of proficiency at the beginning of his senior year? In any college where such freedom of choice exists as to enable him to do so, it is at that point, if not earlier, that he will begin to specialize, wherever we may draw our line between the college and the graduate school; and it will be much better to draw it where it will bring our organization into conformity with the fact. It will be much better for the student to form and enter upon his plan of special study under the guidance of the faculty or board directly charged with the supervision of graduate work. His case in this respect is precisely the same as that of the student of theology, or law, or medicine: so soon as he becomes a specialist, he should put himself under the guidance of those who have charge of the training in his specialty; when he has become a graduate student in all but name, the name should not be withheld. There is in his case, indeed, a stronger reason than in that of the professional student for not permitting him to lurk under the name of undergraduate in any college, at least where the studies are largely elective. His presence there constitutes a danger: not only does it tend, like the presence of the professional student, to obscure the essential aim of the college and to infuse a professional spirit into its work; it tempts *him*, to his own hurt, into premature specialization. If we set a reasonable limit to the pursuit of general culture, and lay out from that point plans of special study, there is a good chance that the limit will be respected. If we continue to draw an impracticable line, we draw in effect no line at all; and the student, under the promptings of his own half-formed and uninformed taste and the unwise zeal of teachers, will be led to specialize too early. For the protection of the college course, for the protection of the student against himself, we should place the beginning of the graduate school at the point where reason and experience show it ought to be.

There is still a third class of students

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to be considered, perhaps a majority of the whole number, — those who go neither to the professional school nor to the graduate school, but pass directly from the college into active life. Shall we dismiss these too at the end of three years? Certainly not. Shall we let them go at the end of three years? To this question the answer should, in my judgment, be, Yes.

For it is to be observed, in the first place, that the question of a three years' course is not now, as it might have been perhaps thirty years ago, a question of turning the student away at the end of three years, with no place to go to for further study, — as he actually was turned away, in those days, at the end of four years. If there was danger of any such result then, there is surely no such danger now. The growth of the graduate school has familiarized every college student with the fact that the bachelor's degree is really, as it is called, only the first degree in arts, and not, as we used to regard it, the crown of a liberal education; and if he desires to carry his studies beyond that point, even with no thought of devoting his life to any particular field of learning, the way stands open for him. And this would be true, should the three years' course be adopted, not only of the universities, with their fully organized graduate schools, but of the independent colleges, which are far more numerous, and are perhaps the most important factor in this problem. It would not be difficult for at least the best of these to provide instruction for a year or two beyond a three years' baccalaureate course; and there is ground for confidence that the number of those who took such an extended course would be considerable. The broken tradition itself would remain as a strong influence in this direction, and would survive long enough at least to give the new system a fair start.

But many students, perhaps a majority, and perhaps a growing majority, would go away at the end of three years, not to a professional school nor to a graduate school, but directly into life. What of these? Would they gain, would the community gain, by this earlier entrance on their individual callings more than would be lost by it?

It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that these men also would have an apprenticeship of some years to serve in business, or a technical training to undergo, which they had already waited three years to begin; and in the second place, under the elastic system which has been suggested, the question of going or staying would be left in each case to the judgment of the persons most intimately concerned. Such a plan might be expected to yield better results than any rigid time requirement. Those for whom the longer course was more desirable — that is, those who had such interest in their studies as to wish to pursue them further — would be likely to stay; those whose interest was feeble had better go. No doubt errors of judgment would occur; no doubt lack of means would cut off the college careers of some; but, on the other hand, there are now, as everybody familiar with the inner life of a college knows, a great many students who would be much better off if they could be turned away at the end of three years, or, still better, if they came to college with only a three years' course in view. This class is a large one, and it includes not only the idle and dissolute, but many a good and manly fellow who means to profit by his college life, and lapses into the habit of frittering away his time simply because he has so much of it. These students are not only numerous, but they are influential; their attitude powerfully affects the prevailing tone of college life. For them, and for those whom they influence, — and these make up the largest part of the class we are now considering, the men who go from college into active life, — the reduction of the course would

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be a distinct gain. It is a familiar fact that these men often pull themselves together as they approach the end of their course, becoming serious and earnest students in their senior year; and it might seem, at first sight, as if we should cut off this best part of college life by reducing the course to three years. But it is not so. The senior year is the best year, not because it is the fourth, but because it is the last year. The causes which make it what it is come from before, not from behind; from the consciousness of opportunity passing away, and of the serious problems of life close at hand. The period of waste lies between the fresh zeal and good resolutions with which the youth begins his course, and the growing sense of responsibility with which he draws near its close. It is this intermediate period that would be shortened, in the briefer course. It is not the senior year that would be cut off; it is rather, let us say, the sophomore year, and with it might well go its absurd name.

Therefore, if the elastic system which would necessarily be adopted at first — a system permitting the student to choose between a three years' and a four years' course — should prove to be only transitional; if the three years' course is destined to be as firmly established in custom and tradition in 1950 as the four years' course was in 1850, I for one am disposed to look forward to the prospect without misgiving.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that there are colleges not a few which fall without the range of this discussion, for the reason that they have never raised the standard of their degree beyond a point attainable by the average student at the age of one-and-twenty. For such colleges a four years' course is evidently desirable, until the preparatory schools on which they depend can relieve them of some of their more elementary work. That this will come to pass the steady improvement of secondary education gives us every reason to expect. The present requirements for admission to our most advanced colleges can be met, and usually are, at the age of eighteen; and while there is no desire anywhere to raise these requirements, it is not desirable to reduce them, — whether in order to lower the age of graduation without shortening the college course, or for any other purpose, — because it is not well for the average student to be admitted to the freedom of college life at a younger age than eighteen.

When we turn from the length to consider the nature of the college course, the present situation does afford ground, it seems to me, for serious misgiving. Besides the encroachment of professional studies, already referred to, the college has been invaded by other alien elements whose presence has seriously affected its character. The source of these invasions is the same that inspired, mainly in the third quarter of this century, the establishment of the so-called scientific school, beginning with the founding of the Lawrence and Sheffield schools in 1847. The new institution, to quote the announcement of the Sheffield school, was to be "devoted to instruction and researches in the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, with reference to the promotion and diffusion of science, and also to the preparation of young men for such pursuits as require special proficiency in these departments of learning." The movement, as so defined, was altogether commendable, and the scientific school laid down on these lines was a most valuable addition to the educational resources of the country. In our varied national life we have room and employment for many kinds of training. Unfortunately, the movement that set on foot the scientific school did not content itself with that admirable achievement. Under the lead of men less wise, less enlightened; under the spur, also, no doubt, of financial necessity, it invaded the domain of the college, and claimed

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equal recognition and rights for its course of "modern" and "useful" studies alongside of the old college course. The battle that ensued we need not fight over again. We can neither wholly blame the invaders, nor wholly vindicate the defenders, of the ancient citadel. But we cannot overlook the consequences of the invasion, which have been in one way, at least, deplorable. The visible traces of the struggle are with us yet in the curious assortment of degrees, — now fortunately diminishing in number, — bachelors of arts, of letters, of philosophy, of literature, of science, of what not, which decorate our college graduates, standing ostensibly for so many supposed varieties of liberal culture, and giving currency and countenance to false and pernicious views of what liberal culture is; for an education which aims to equip men for particular callings, or to give them a special training for entering upon those callings, however useful it may be, is not the liberal education which should be the single aim of the college. It should be the aim of the secondary school, too, — if not for all pupils, certainly for those who are going to college. For those who turn away, at the end of the school course, to train themselves for some technical pursuit, let appropriate technical schools be provided, and let them be held in all honor. But they should not masquerade as institutions for liberal education. Above all, they should not invade the province of the college, introducing confusion, and turning it into a place where there are "a number of unconnected and independent educations going on at the same time," instead of a place where, though there are many paths, they all lead to a single goal. For the essence of a liberal education lies in the aim, not in the studies pursued, — not in letters, not in science. These are the materials with which it works; and it employs them, not to make professional or technical experts, but to make men and women of broader views, of greater intellectual power, — better equipped for whatever profession or employment they may undertake, and for their equally important function of citizen and neighbor.

For the fulfillment of this aim, the college must be a place of freedom with responsibility, and that is why the school cannot do the work of the college. The school has to do with boys and girls, and must deal with them as with pupils who need constant guidance and oversight; the college has to do with students who are learning to be men, and for their training freedom is as necessary as air for the young bird or water for the swimmer. The life-preserver stage of training is past; the time has come to "swim without cork." Manhood, character, independence, moral courage, cannot be developed without the element of danger, and the college, which should be the best place for their development, can make itself so, not by shutting out the danger, but by providing the strongest influences to counteract it. The necessary safeguards are not to be found in detailed rules of conduct and petty prohibitions, with their petty penalties, serving as so many temptations to mischievous spirits. Regulations there must be, of course; but these should be confined to such as are fundamental, essential to the aims of the college, positive. They should be requirements to do, and not injunctions to forbear. The college commandment should read, "Thou shalt," and as little as possible, "Thou shalt not." And whatever of counsel and warning the system may provide, the only real penalty appropriate to the college life is the timely removal of those who show that they cannot profit by its freedom. The college is not for all; least of all is it for the morally unfit. The first exhilaration of breathing its free air is a searching test of character. To some it brings the inspiration of high opportunity; to some it is simply the joy of unrestraint, with no in-

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centive to either good or evil; to some it is intoxication. To most the reaction comes sooner or later, and they settle down, or spur themselves on to the wholesome pursuit of the legitimate work and play of college life. But there will always be a residuum of those who cannot be reclaimed, who can neither control themselves nor be controlled by the influences about them. The best thing that can happen to these is to have their hopeless unfitness found out in time, and to be quietly but firmly removed to some other sphere of training, where the conditions are suited to their needs and may yet make men of them.

The influences which the college brings to bear on its students, which make its atmosphere and control its life, are manifold, and not to be enumerated or described in a paragraph. But whatever form they take, whether they work through concrete regulations or unformulated tradition, they all, in the last analysis, emanate from one source, — the characters and aims and example of the men who have made and make the college community. The college is a little world, and the most potent influence in its government is its own unwritten code of morals and of honor, the composite product of its own life; not perfect, by any means, but in the main sound, adapted to youth, making for good. What is called student sentiment is a thing not only to be reckoned with, but to be trusted and cultivated as perhaps the most useful factor in college government. How greatly it can be improved under a policy of responsible freedom the experience of the last thirty years has abundantly shown. This policy brings no release from labor and vigilance to those charged with its management; but the labor it entails is not that of a barren and never ending contest with indolence and love of mischief, nor that of forcing the full and rich life of youth into the mould of a formal system, but the more fruitful work of enlightening and developing that life, of giving play to its best impulses, of training it to independent action under a sense of responsibility.

Freedom in the choice of studies, equally with freedom of conduct, is an essential element of the college scheme in its best development; and here again, not unrestrained, undirected freedom, but freedom guided by all possible advice and information, and never permitted to range so far as to lose sight for a moment of the aim of the college life, which is liberal culture, and not the advancement of learning nor the making of learned men. These are the business of the graduate school, and that is why the graduate school cannot do the work of the college. Hence the unrestricted *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* of the German university have no place in the American college. Nor can the so-called equality of studies, which is sometimes appealed to in discussions of the elective system, be recognized there. Studies in a university may be called equal in the same sense in which we speak of the equality of men. We never mean by this that all men are equally good for every purpose. We mean only that all are entitled to the enjoyment of equal opportunities. And this is all that can be claimed for studies. In the university, in the graduate and professional schools, all branches of learning, so far as circumstances permit, should enjoy equal opportunity; but in the college, where a study is pursued, not for its own honor or advancement, nor yet for the making of learned specialists, but for the intellectual cultivation and equipment of the student, its recognition and the extent to which it may be pursued must both be determined solely by its fitness or its adaptability to that end. This principle cannot be infringed or called in question; the essential aim of the college cannot be sacrificed or its efficiency impaired in the interest of any study. When the principle, however, has been fully applied, the material which all must recog-

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nize as suitable for general intellectual culture will be many times the amount that can be used by any one student. How shall he make his choice? It is desirable that it should be *his* choice; it is most important that it should be an intelligent choice. He should not be allowed to flit from study to study, like a butterfly from flower to flower. He should not be allowed to gather together a bundle of incongruous parcels of knowledge, under the delusion that that is a liberal education. How shall he be guided and guarded without being constrained? Various methods have been adopted. One method is to prescribe certain studies, allowing a choice among the rest. At the opposite extreme is the method by which all studies are elective, with such limitations only as are made necessary by the nature of the study itself, and the stage of proficiency reached by the student, who is left for guidance in his choice to his own taste, his knowledge of his own powers, and the advice of his friends and teachers. Between these extremes various systems have been tried: the system of "schools;" the group system, with its "majors" and "minors;" the system of parallel courses, more or less prescribed, sometimes leading to different degrees, sometimes to the same degree. Of these various methods, the one which simply divides the college course into prescribed and elective studies will prove the most difficult to maintain. It is the nature of elective studies to drive out prescribed studies. The protected position of the prescribed study speedily comes to be felt to be an inferior position; compulsion, in an atmosphere of freedom, breeds reluctance; the teacher of the prescribed course will be the first to realize that he is working at a disadvantage, the first to urge that his course be made elective. Of the other methods, all must be said to be still in the experimental stage, and for the solution of this difficult problem we must wait for longer experience.

All this concerns the requirements for the bachelor's degree. Intimately connected with it is the question of the requirements for admission to college, — a most important question, for on it depends the whole character of the college course. To revert now to the claim that any graduate of a good high school, with a substantial course of adequate length, should be admitted to college, no matter what combination of studies he brings: it ought to be obvious that this cannot be conceded. To grant it would be to reverse the natural order of things, to make the college course a mere supplement to the school course, to subordinate the higher to the lower. With increase of knowledge comes growth of intellectual power. The years of the college life are worth to the student — shall we say twice as much, year for year, as those of the school life? That would be a moderate estimate. But we need not dwell on this superiority. It is enough to point out that, for the boy who goes to college, the aim of his school life and the aim of his college life are one. It is therefore only rational that his school work should be planned, from as early a stage as may be necessary, with this aim in view. If now the course so planned be found to coincide with the course that is best for his schoolmates, who go from school into life, well and good; but if it do not so coincide, if the course or courses adapted to their needs do not suit his, the college cannot afford, simply because they are the great majority, to sacrifice for them its own aims or the quality of its own results. The school is for the many, the college is for the few; but these few are to be equipped for higher service, for leadership; and who shall say that the community has less interest in the best intellectual equipment of its leaders than in the general intelligence of the multitude? The preparatory course, such as the college requires to accomplish its function, must be maintained: in the

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high school, if possible; in schools designed especially for the purpose, if necessary; preferably in both. The two courses must be maintained in some shape side by side, and the interests of neither class of pupils sacrificed to those of the other. Under this arrangement, some will suffer from their remoteness from suitable schools, or from tardiness in deciding to go to college; but no system can be devised that will meet all cases.

The school course and the college course, then, should be planned as two stages of the same training, with the same end in view, which is liberal culture; and the choice of studies which may be offered to the student in either stage must be determined solely with reference to this end. The discussion of the permissible range of choice has naturally raised the inquiry, What studies are necessary? and much good ink has been shed over this question. So far as it relates to a liberal education it is an idle question. Not one of the studies appropriate to the preparatory school or to the college is necessary to everybody. In the technical or the professional education certain studies are indispensable elements of the student's equipment. In the pursuit of liberal culture there is no such constraining necessity. Liberal culture is a thing of many degrees, of varying quality; and it is not a goal, but a progress which may be indefinitely continued. For the college, which is the highest stage of this progress available for most educated men, the question must be, What, with its resources and in the time at its disposal, is the highest degree and the best quality of culture it can impart? Not, What is necessary? but, What is best? is the fruitful question. What plan or plans of study in college will, on the whole, best secure the aim of the college for the greatest number? What plan or plans of study in the preparatory school will furnish the best foundation for the superstructure of the college training?

On the question of what are the best ingredients of a liberal training opinions differ, and will no doubt continue to do so, though they differ less than appears on the surface. The problem that most divides enlightened educational opinion in our time is not, What is intrinsically best? but rather, How far shall what is recognized as best be insisted on? How far can the college safely go, in admitting to its instruction and its degree those who, from necessity or choice, content themselves with something short of the best? This question would present no serious difficulty if every student were an isolated unit, coming and going, and taking whatever he was capable of grasping. But students have to be taught in classes, and the presence in a class of an inferior quality of student inevitably lowers the quality of the instruction. More than that: the presence in the college community, and as members of it, of a body of students intellectually inferior lowers the whole tone of the college. The question, then, of the quality of the training that it is expedient to require is most important; but it is quite distinct from the question, What is best?

Take for illustration the matter which has been the most vigorously fought over in the last thirty years, the question whether the classics shall be required as the foundation of a college education. There are here two questions, — the question of excellence and the question of expediency. Those disputants in the high debate we have witnessed, who have failed to recognize that these are the problems, and that they are distinct, have only darkened counsel with their own confusion of ideas, and have beaten the air with vain arguments to prove that the study of Greek is unnecessary. The high value of Latin for linguistic training and mental discipline they recognize; but what need, they say, of two languages, when one will accomplish the purpose? The subject would

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be greatly clarified if it could be acknowledged on all hands that neither Greek nor any other study is necessary to everybody. The question is not of need at all, but of excellence; and the excellence of the classical training does not turn solely on the high value of Greek and Latin for discipline in clear thinking and lucid expression, but also on the insight it gives the student into the life and thought of classical antiquity. If education, as it has been well defined, is an "adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race;"[1] if it is "the building of harmonious and reciprocal relations with those great acquisitions of the race that constitute civilization,"[2] then surely no education can be called excellent which does not include some study at first-hand of the life and thought of the two peoples who developed and carried on for a thousand years this civilization which is our inheritance, and out of whose literature and philosophy and art our own have sprung. Here is a simple historical fact; and on this fact — not merely on their utility for intellectual discipline, great as that is, nor on their inherent interest and attractiveness, much less on educational tradition or prejudice — the value of the study of the classics rests. Upon this unalterable fact we may safely base our confidence that classical study will not die out among us.

But suppose all this to be granted; suppose it were agreed on all sides that some acquaintance at first-hand with the civilizations that are the foundation of our own civilization, and with the literatures that underlie and permeate our own literature, is an indispensable part of the best liberal education: we must not fail to recognize that the settlement of this question at once opens the way for another, a question of policy, — Shall the college limit itself strictly to what is intrinsically best? Shall it use its resources and its prestige to draw as many as it can to the best standard, or shall it permit a larger liberty, and seek to draw a greater number of students to a good standard, if not the best? This is a perfectly legitimate, indeed a necessary question, which every college must settle for itself. In what way can it, with its resources and its environment, do the most good to the community and to the country? A college with small resources may not be able to limit itself to the highest standard; a college cannot exist without students; it must do the best it can with those it can get, and live in the hope of better days and a more enlightened constituency. To a college with ample resources the problem presents a graver responsibility, in proportion as it is free to act, and as the influence of its example is far-reaching for good or for ill. But for it too the question is a perfectly legitimate one. Just where shall it draw the line to make the most effective use of its great resources without waste; to do its share in stocking the country, and not overstocking it, with college-bred men; to adjust the conflicting demands of quality of education and number of the educated? It is a legitimate question; what I wish to emphasize is that it is a different question. The question, What is best? is one; the question, What is expedient? is quite another; and only harm can come from confusing them. The wider a college opens its doors to different kinds of training, the farther back it permits the divergence of choices to begin, the deeper is its obligation to see to it that equality of opportunity be not interpreted to mean equal worth, be not permitted to obscure the inherent relations of studies to one another, or to draw the student on without guide or compass, until he comes to the maturer studies of his college life, only to find himself imperfectly equipped for them because he lacks the necessary foundation.

[1] Professor N. M. Butler, The Meaning of Education, p. 17.

[2] Ibid. p. 13.

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The question of expediency has proved a troublesome one to this generation. We have wrestled with it many years and have tried many experiments, and we are not yet of one mind. The only thing certain is that the experiment is to go on. Whatever we may think about it, — whether we see in the dislodgment of the classics from their traditional place a sure deterioration of the college education, or agree with those who wish "to broaden the foundations of liberal culture," — the experiment is to go on; and it is to be tried on a larger scale and in a more radical way. The men of the twentieth century will at least have a larger fund of experience than we have. Let us hope they may be given wisdom to draw the right lessons from it, and that its teachings may be clear and conclusive.

In discussing what seem to me the most important questions of college policy that present themselves at this time, I have spoken mainly of colleges for men, not from any desire to ignore the college education of women, but partly for convenience of expression; chiefly, however, because the problems dealt with have been worked over and fought over in the colleges for men, and the promoters of the higher education of women have thus far contented themselves with demanding for women access to the best education provided for men. The movement for the higher education of women in this half century has taken the form of a struggle for rights. That battle has now been fought and won; the barriers of prejudice have been beaten down; the way to the highest intellectual privileges stands open to women, in theory, at least; and if practice lags behind anywhere, it shields itself under a plea of circumstance, and no longer takes its stand on a denial of rights. The victory is won. And now comes the question how to use the victory, — the question, lost sight of apparently in the heat of the struggle, what the higher education of women shall be. So far as this relates to the university, — the graduate and professional schools, — the problem is not a very difficult one, and is in a fair way to solution. In most subjects, at least, the training of learned specialists presents no separate problems for men and for women, and men and women already sit side by side in the lecture rooms of our most conservative universities. With the college the case is different. If the proper aim of the college has been correctly defined, and if liberal culture for men means the cultivation of an all-round, strong, disciplined, intellectually efficient manhood, then the college for women must have for its aim an all-round, symmetrical womanhood. Its business is not with the intellect alone; it must concern itself as well with the moral qualities that constitute the strength and grace of the womanly character. What scheme of college training will best secure this aim? Here is a field of inquiry and experiment on which we may be said to have as yet hardly more than entered.

Again, what type of college for women will provide the best conditions for working out such a scheme? Of colleges exclusively for women we already have two types, corresponding to the two types of colleges exclusively for men: the independent college, like Vassar and Smith, and the college attached to a university, like Radcliffe and Barnard. Some people have looked on this second type as merely temporary, as a stepping-stone to the admission of women to the university college for men. But this is a hasty inference. Such a college will inevitably develop its own college life and traditions, its own body of graduates, and other elements of permanence. At present, certainly, we must range it alongside of the independent college for women and of all colleges exclusively for men, over against the coeducational type of college, which has been generally adopted in the West.

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Here is another great question, which we shall be better able to answer when we know better what the college can do for women; and not merely for teachers, but for women destined for the higher positions of social life, who constitute as yet too small a proportion of our college students. Here again the experiment is to go on, and the twentieth century must find the solution of the problem.

Clement L. Smith.

JOURNALISM AS A BASIS FOR LITERATURE.

The daily paper is the Nazareth of literature. That no good can come out of it is one of the settled convictions of what might be called the gentlemanly literary life. It is not a necessarily thoughtful conviction. It is one of the convictions men have with their slippers on, when they are enjoying their nicer kinds of things and trying to live up to them. People with busts of Dante in their houses are almost obliged to look down on newspapers. It goes with the bust.

It matters not how many of these same papers lie crumpled, of a Sunday morning, on the floor, by our easy-chairs, nor how often the innumerable newsboy, the librarian of this modern world, makes a visit to our doors; by our busts of Dante, by the Abbey Shakespeare on our shelves and the Rossettis on our walls, we lift our hands, we take our solemn oath of eternal displeasure in the daily press.

Some of us, remembering, as several people have said, that consistency is a jewel, add precaution to principle. We make a stockade around our minds. We make it so close that no newspaper can get in, — not more than fifteen minutes in, — fifteen minutes a day. Whole acres of news from the uttermost parts of the morning lie locked outside our souls when day begins, and the sun sets on our cherished ignorance. We break not our bread with reporters. In every city of the land the newspaper man is an outcast. He knows more people to be a stranger to than any other being in the world. He has no holidays. His Christmas is the record of other men's joys. His Thanksgiving is a restaurant. Even the Fourth of July and Sunday, servants of the commonest man, refuse him their cheer. The Fourth of July is the day he must be in every place at once, because everything is happening; and Sunday is the day he must make things up, because nothing is happening. His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work, and earns his living by watching other people live. The very days and the nights turn their natural backs upon him. The lamp is his sun by night, and the curtain is his night by day, and he eats his supper in the morning. His business is the reflection of life. He is the spirit behind the mirror. What is left to us is right to him, and right is left; sometimes right side up is upside down. The world is all awry to the newspaper man. It whirls across the hours in columns, now in one edition and now in another, but it heeds him never in return. He is a spectator. The show passes before his face, — a shut-out, unsharing face. He lives as the years go on, a notebook under the stars, and when the notebook is scribbled out he dies.

From the point of view of our having a literature in this present generation, or acquiring one, the fact that Mr. Kipling is not dead is the most significant, the most heroically artistic thing about him.

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He ought to be. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand who are trying to be reporters and poets both are dead to-day, or are dying, or wish they were dead. Rudyard Kipling is getting more alive every single moment. He thrives on the impossible; and thriving on the impossible (if one may be allowed to express an opinion) is the hall-mark that is always bound to distinguish the larger kind of man from the small men of great abilities, with whom we are prone to confound him at first. The primary thing in a new artist, from the beginning of the world, has always been the force of him. The one formula for being great is strength. Strength is the first look on the face of all the new beauty the world has learned. To be a great artist is, first, to select the right impossibility to thrive on; second, to thrive on it. Most men fall short of greatness because they leave the impossibilities for other men to select. The impossibility having been once selected, having been won over for the sons of men, stands forth in the eyes of the world as the measure of its last great man. The next great man will select a new impossibility. Kipling's new impossibility was to be a reporter and a poet, an artist with a journalist's chance.

The main fact with regard to the present outlook of literature is the fact that the men who were made to write masterpieces for us, owing to the habit of wanting bread and butter that belongs to this mortal life, can hardly be otherwise than swept, in their beginning days at least, into the whirlpool of journalism. We may behold there, almost any time we look, the struggling great men of the world, —

> "Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
> Burns, Shelley, were with us, —
> They watch from their graves,"—

men who might be immortal, morning after morning, week after week, year after year, fighting to be allowed to live in the current of a day, reaching in vain for something that lasts longer than a day to hold to, only to go under like all the rest — a few bubbles — a two-inch obituary at the bottom of a column, by the man who is going under next, and the story is told. The man who can furnish quantity and quality at once, who can thrive on the impossible, who can swim in the whirlpool instead of being carried with it, is a man who sums up in himself not only the definition of what our problem is, in literature, but the answer to our problem. The fact that Mr. Kipling is not dead is the most widely significant fact not only about Mr. Kipling, but about ourselves, sitting in our selected libraries, with our busts of Dante, with our Abbey Shakespeare on our shelves and Rossettis on our walls, in this poor, breathless, littered, newspaper newsboy world, longing for a literature once more.

Mr. Kipling has not only fulfilled his own promise, but his success is the promise of other men, — men who shall yet be born to us; who shall yet unfold, as the years go on, the self-respect of the press; who shall establish once for all that literature is not the denying of the newspaper, but the raising of the newspaper to the *n*th power; that literature is not the doing of the ideal thing that some one else has done, but the doing of the real thing in an ideal way, — the thing that is given to us to do, — until there shall be new ideals and new men and masters of the earth.

It is the business of the average reporter to put a day down, to make a day last until the night. It is the business of the poet reporter to report a day forever, to make a day last so that no procession of flaming sunsets shall put that day out, — Ulysses' day when he slays the suitors, Shylock's day when he claims the pound of flesh, Boccaccio's ten days that live forever in Italy, the few days' journey that Chaucer takes, with a world for pilgrims still.

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The man Shakespeare, once put him in a reporter's place, would make literature out of anything he was given to write. By applying enough of the universal to the particular, by giving the eternal quality of his mind to the passing show with which he deals, a man like the Hebrew poet Isaiah manages to make undying art out of his Sabbath sermons. The gazetteer of northern Italy, written by Dante Alighieri, known as the Divina Commedia, was the greatest stroke of journalism, the most colossal piece of reporting, of all the mediæval age. Every great personality has immortalized its own little group of fools the way Dante did the little-great men he loved and hated in Florence. There is no far street where the feet of men shall not always tread, and the pilgrims of generations come and go, if heroes have been there; nor in all space shall there be found a strip of sky or stars that men forget, if Omar Khayyám drank under it, or David watched his sheep under it, or Christ cried to it, — it shall be the trysting place of the souls of men forever. There is not a single thing that is able to exist at all, that is not able to exist always, if great artist men have looked upon it or made use of it, or if great ideas have been linked with it. It shall be saved for us. It shall say, "Dante loved me. Christ spoke to me." It shall be enough. The smallest day is great if it can get a great man to live in it, and the littlest event is eternal if it can get a great man to remember it.

The difficulty with journalism is not that it deals with passing things, but that it deals with them in a passing way. Kipling is an artist because he respects the passing thing, because he catches the glimmer of the eternal joy upon it and will not let it pass. It is not in spite of being a reporter that J. M. Barrie is an artist, but it is because he is so much more of a reporter that he can report an out-of-the-way town like Thrums, and make it as famous as London. The world will look through a window anywhere, if it belongs to a man who sees things from it. The real difference between Barrie and the host of journalists to which he belongs is not that he could make Thrums as famous as London, but that he wanted to. No one else would have thought that Thrums would pay. Barrie did not. He delighted in it. Nine reporters out of ten, once finding themselves in Kipling's place, would have been too clever and worldly-wise to have written as Kipling did. Who would have supposed that the whole civilized world from its great complacent continents would ever come pouring out in crowds to the jungles of India? It was because Kipling delighted in the jungle, could not help writing about it, whether anybody wanted it or not, that we find the whole reading world to-day crowding jungleward across the seas; spending its time in that fever-stricken district, that Indian-haunted, Mulvaney-memoried wilderness, as if it blossomed as the rose. "Nobody cares about this jungle of yours. Why don't you write on something that people care about?" said the English publisher distinguished for rejecting Mr. Kipling's work. Mr. Kipling's secret is that he took hold of something that nobody wanted him to do, and did it better than any one wanted him to do it. He owes his success to the fact that he has never done anything except to please himself, and he holds it because no one can get him not to do it now.

The average reporter asks, "What do people want?" The great reporter asks, "What do I want them to want?" The public flatters the average reporter with prompt success. "You give us," it says, "what we want." To the great reporter it says, in its slowly awakened, immeasurable, and convincing way: "What will this man Kipling want next Then we want it." The average reporter, gadding about for availability instead of cultivating ability, cares more for succeed-

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ing as a writer than he does for the thing he writes. That is why he is an average reporter. The power to make men interested in the things they never have learned to like is a power that belongs alone to the disinterested man, the man who is led by some great delight, until the delight has mastered his spirit, given unity to his life, become the habit and companion of his power, led him out into a large place to be a leader of men.

The typical journalist of the more literary sort, writing at a cent a word, or at regular Western Union rates, ten words for a quarter, is much impressed with some of the prices of which he hears. He asks, "Why does Mr. Kipling receive a dollar a word for a poem?" It is because he has been spending ninety-nine cents' worth of work on every word he has written for many years, — in ballads for country newspapers, in tales for out-of-the-way places. It is because he would have paid ninety-nine cents for any word, any day, to make it say what he wanted it to say. It is because the author of The Jungle Book has never been able to consider what he cost himself that we are not able to-day to consider what he costs us. The history of his art is the history of the habit he has always had of throwing himself away. We may be inclined to think that he is not doing it now. We may feel a little aggrieved, some of us, that good ordinary Saxon words that any one could find in a dictionary are worth a dollar apiece because Mr. Kipling selects them. But if we could look over the artist's shoulder, as he sits at his desk some fine morning, if we could see the hundreds of dollars' worth of words he is habitually throwing away, it would be food for contemplation. When one considers that Mr. Kipling has to pay for all the words he leaves out, and that one has to pay only for those he puts in, it is obvious that one cannot be an artist for nothing. It may be a sorry sight to see a man sitting down, spending hundreds of dollars a minute crossing out words, but this is only a trifling part of what it costs to be a Kipling, to be a poet and a reporter at the same time.

The essential difficulty with journalism as a basis for the arts is not that it deals with the passing thing, but that the average journalist does better work for ten dollars a column than he does for five. He calculates. He is not interested in the passing thing for what it is, but for what he can get out of it. Which is another way of saying that he does not respect the passing thing, that therefore he is not a good journalist, that therefore he can never be a good artist.

This is not saying that a man who is employed by his ideals will not desire to do better work for these same ideals at a ten-dollar rate than for five. If the truth were known, it would be found that he has such a desire, and that he is incompetent to fulfill it. Probably it is one of the sorest trials of his life, — for a long and trying period, at least, — his chronic inability not to write as well for the Centre County Clarion as for the New York Times. Indeed, the first sentence or so in the Clarion is likely to show more often than not what would be called a fitting degree of self-control, — a disposition not to fall into a ten-dollar rut on a five-dollar page; but he soon forgets it. He cannot help forgetting it. A five-dollar bill is more abstract to him than an idea.

But the assertion that to be an artist is to be a gigantic journalist, is to be able to do the timely thing with the eternal touch, is sure to meet with the objection from the reporter who is trying to be a poet, "But where shall a man begin to do the timely thing with the eternal touch?" The proprietor of the artist in his beginning days is the newspaper. "Where is timely eternity being published just now," he asks, "in the daily press?" "What we want," says the Daily Press to the artist, "is, not

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the timely thing with the eternal touch, but the timely thing with the timely touch. You shall not write what is as good to read one day as another. Into this particular morning, into this particular edition of this particular morning, it belongs to you to fit the mood of the thing you say and the way you say it. If a man will write a thing that is just as good for the next morning as it is for this, or for the morning after that, or for the next month, or for the next generation, let him wait for the next generation. Let the next generation pay his wages. We have no subscribers among the next generation. Do the unborn advertise?" Before he knows it, the journalist who would be an artist, who would do the passing thing in an eternal way, finds himself bound body and soul to the Moment, to what happens in a moment, to the way the Moment looks upon what happens in a moment, and the Moment — "*We are the Moment!*" cries the voice of the newsboy through a thousand streets, and the sound of it is the sound of the voice of the ruler of the world. The power to silence this voice, to make this voice listen to him for one keen world-wide moment, is the first requisite a man must have who would crowd a masterpiece upon an age that can only hope to attain masterpieces in spite of itself, and by the willfulness and imperiousness of its artists.

To each age, as it comes, the word "masterpiece" now and always shall be an absolute and literal and matter-of-fact word. The age in which everybody reads, in which all the world has to be mastered, requires a more masterful masterpiece. The present age makes a more extraordinary demand upon the artist than ever has been made before. It demands that unless his work can have something in it that can master newsboys and art critics at the same time, it shall fall short of greatness. Neither of these alone shall be enough. If he holds the art critics, the newsboys, in the midst of their din, will see that he dies before men find out who he is. If he holds the newsboys, no one will care who he is.

It has been true of every great work of art, in every age, that "Eternity affirms the conception of an hour;" but in a journalistic age, unless the conception of an hour is affirmed before the hour is up, Eternity will never get a chance to affirm it. While it is true that the newspaper neither creates, modifies, nor affirms immortality, it is most important with regard to the newspaper that, for better or worse, it stands in the gate. It has posted a new rule on the door that leads to Olympus: "Do the passing thing in an eternal way while it is passing or before it has passed." Which, being interpreted, means that the success of an artist, under existing conditions, depends upon how much eternity he can crowd into five minutes. Even if he has once succeeded in getting the eternal touch, — doing a thing so that it lasts forever, in five minutes, — he has yet to go forth into the highways and hedges and discover the people, if he can, who are willing to spend as much as five minutes in watching a thing last forever.

The problem reduced to its lowest terms is something like this, for the would-be artist: First, "Create your eternal touch without taking any time for it." Second, "Create the people who can appreciate an eternal touch without taking any time for it." The most threatening aspect of the daily paper of the average sort is not merely that it is making it impossible for a man to write a masterpiece, but it is making it impossible to find anybody to read it, if he does. It is taking the artist's public away. It is producing a public that never looks at a book except over the edge of a morning paper; that looks at everything in this world and the next and through all the nations from over the great High Fence of the Moment, built in the small hours of the night. It is a public that lives one morning paper at a time.

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It is a great century, this nineteenth century of ours, but it is the most self-centred century, the most telegraphed to about itself, the most preoccupied with the moments as they pass, that the world has known. It shall be known among the greater centuries that are yet to come as the little century of long ago that first discovered how large a moment was; the century that made a moment a colossal moment, as moments had never been made before; the century that, with telephone and telegraph and printing press, discovered the present tense, made all the world a voice on a wire; that brought the nations of the earth and all the sons of men out of work in their shops, sleep in their beds, ships, dreams, rushing trains, peace, war, sorrow, and pride, out of sunlight and starlight, sea and land, in the twinkling of an eye, wherever they were, — brought them face to face, breath upon breath, man to man, in the Congress of the Printed Page.

The nineteenth century shall be known as the century that made the present moment as vast on paper as all history had been in the thoughts of men before. It shall be known by the first great century of the future as the century that was moment-mad; that turned all eternity upside down in the present tense; that read about itself in the streets, the cars, in motion and at rest; that read about itself standing and sitting, eating and drinking and in bed; that read while it worked; that had literature in the parlor and the shop, in the bedroom for the invalid, in the kitchen for the cook; that had the letters of the alphabet in its very soup. It shall be known as the century that read and read, and continued to read, but always about itself, dizzied with its own sunrises and its own sunsets, — and never more than one sunrise or one sunset at a time.

"Why should I take," says the modern man, "one of these splendid, hurrying, jostling nineteenth-century minutes of ours to read a book that lasts forever?" With his maze of wood pulp in his hands, and ninety square feet of the present moment spread out before his eyes, why should he read a book that almost anybody could read in almost any century? — a book that can be read a thousand years from now, when this poor egotistic nineteenth century of ours, with its literature about itself, is hushed forever, remembered only for its steam engines whirling their wheels on the land and walking the waters of the sea, or for its steam hammers sounding on the anvils of the years that once a nineteenth century had lived. "Some centuries are remembered," says the voice of History, "because great men strove to live in them, but could not find room. The art of these centuries is the art of a few immortal rebukes."

Shut in out of all infinity between the high wall called yesterday and the high wall called to-morrow, this nineteenth century of ours is like some vast Roman circus under the wide heaven, the huge race course of which is drawing strangely now, in hot and eager madness, to its eternal close. Round and round and round we go, droves of us, as fast as we are born, running breathless all our days, trying to catch up, if we only may, to the News that above our dreams flies onward beyond our reach in the darkness of the night. It is a spectacle for gods. Every blessed man of us, on his paper charger mounted, while time flies under his feet, holding on to his last edition with both hands and for dear life, — and why? Lest we perish, — Heaven help us! — lest we perish, perchance, for not knowing what was not worth happening while we slept, or be caught in the act of not being intelligent enough to-day to know what to-morrow we shall be intelligent enough to forget.

In these extraordinary conditions, it is bound to be the moral and artistic value of the man who next shall love this age enough to master it, that he will prepare himself to thrive on the

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two cardinal impossibilities of the literary life in a newspaper day, namely, — crowding eternity into five minutes, getting any one to take five minutes in which to notice eternity.

To be a transfigured reporter, a journalist who is more of an artist than the artists, an artist who is more of a journalist than the journalists, — this is the inevitable destiny of the next great writer who shall succeed in making headway in the public mind. His biography will be an interpretation of that public mind, wresting every day, in its great amorphous life, eternal things out of passing ones. The next great work of art will be this man's victory over himself, reflecting a world's victory. The measure of the art in it shall be the measure of his masterfulness. To be a journalist is to be master of the moment by living in it. To be an artist is to be master of the moment by living in it and by living outside of it; by living where the moments come from and whither they return; by getting all around a moment, ahead of it, behind it, beneath it, and above it; by possessing imagination, the faculty of being everywhere, and vitality, the faculty of being here now, focusing heaven upon the earth.

It makes little difference how keen his power of seeing may be, in an age like this, if there be not added to a man persistence and self-assertion and moral courage. These shall make his imagination part of the public furnishing of the world, instead of a merely private luxury. They shall make the man himself, living his victory quietly out in the din and jostle and hurry of our life, — an eternal spectacle.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

A CLEAR TITLE.

It was a ripe autumn day in southern Kansas. Signs of expiring life were on all the land. The gently rolling prairie was a mass of browns, encircled by a hazy horizon. The pervading spirit was one of dreamy quietude. The afternoon sun shone coppery through dust and smoke, its brightness dimmed, but its heat insistent. Insects droned and hummed in the hedges, out of time and tune. At intervals, a meadow lark broke the drowsy monotone with his clear call, or a partridge whistled from a corner of the fence. Sometimes a grasshopper fluttered above the dry grass, only to fold his wings for aimless descent. The air was still, but vagrant winds, at times, eddied across the fields and shook the dry pennants of the corn.

In his own dooryard, under the shade of a cottonwood, tilted back against the bole of the tree, his feet hooked in the rounds of his chair, sat a man of about forty years of age. His hair was unkempt, and stood about on his head like a loosely bound bundle of spikes. His coarse blue shirt was open at the throat, but a thick beard concealed his breast. His overalls hid their brevity in a pair of heavy boots. The union of trousers and shirt was preserved by two strips of ticking, which ran over his shoulders and crossed in the middle of his back. The four points of attachment were significant. There was one brass button in front, — the store button, — which shared its responsibility with a bone button, a domestic find; behind, the suspenders were secured by well-seasoned twigs, that told of a wife's accumulating duties in which something must be left undone, and of man's ingenuity in the extremity of necessity.

Jim Gooch was thinking intently. The

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fact was manifest in the motions of his mandibles, which were as much an index to his mood as a dog's tail is to the canine mind. He was chewing vigorously, this afternoon, — now slowly, now fast, — as he weighed propositions carefully, or finally disposed of some half-formed plan. His eyes were directed toward a leg of his chair which he was pecking with a large penknife, the action being an additional accompaniment and measure of his thoughts.

His reveries were broken by a feminine voice from the house: "Jim, I wish ye'd go and put up the bars where ye druv in the field this mornin'! I'm afraid old Rose 'll git in the corn."

"Wall," said Jim.

A full quarter of an hour passed, when the request was repeated, but with more emphasis: "Jim, ye'd better go and fix up them bars. If old Rose gits in the corn, she 'll founder!"

Jim arose, a little nettled by the interruption of his absorbing reflections, and started to comply with the wifely mandate. He was none too soon. A meek-eyed cow, one of the mainstays of the family, had been browsing about the yard all day without discovering her opportunity until now. She first gazed at the gap with incredulity, but as soon as she comprehended the evidence of her eyes she proceeded to act. She was headed off by Jim, who replaced a couple of bars carelessly, and finished his work by throwing the top bar into place. The cow stood by, regarding the work with interest. She withdrew a step or two when he threw a stone at her, then faced about and watched his receding form disappear around the house. As soon as he was out of sight, "old Rose" walked straight to the fence with confidence, inserted her head and shoulders between the upper bars, and was preparing to carry both her point and the fence, when she was again thwarted, and this time effectively. Jim's wife came running out, and threw a well-aimed club that rebounded from the cow's broad side and caused her to retreat, shaking her head furiously with disappointment. Then the woman went to work, and carefully put the bars in place.

When Jim's wife got back to the house, she dropped into a chair to rest. She took the corner of her apron and wiped the sweat from her brow, and brushed back her hair with long, sweeping motions. She sighed deeply, recalling the many things yet to do.

She was a pitiful picture as she sat there, that afternoon. Her figure was warped and bent with toil. Her hands were calloused and knotted, and the angles of her joints were displayed sharply through her loosely fitting dress. Her feet were bare and broad as a man's, and the flapping of her dress, as a breeze stole in at the door, revealed swollen ankles and distended veins. Her face was tanned and leathery, and upon it time and toil had graven lines. Her cheeks were pinched, and a look of hopelessness had long resided in her eyes. The corners of her mouth had a weary droop, as if they had never been relaxed in a smile. Her hair had become thin, and was drawn into a small, tight knot on the back of her head.

There was rebellion in her heart, and bitterness welled up from its very depths. She was weary of everything and everybody. She was weary of life and all it contained. Fatigue of body had brought fatigue of mind and soul. Where was it all to end? Must she go on and on forever, and for what? She felt a vague, wild desire to escape from all that environed her; to go back to youth and hope and joy, and begin anew the journey of life upon another road.

As she sat and thought, her head heavy upon her hand, her memory went back to the time, fifteen years ago, when, as a bride and proud of Jim, she had left the little Missouri town for a home in Kansas. There was youth in their veins then, and roseate hope ran on ahead.

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They had rented, the first year. Grasshoppers came and swept their fields. And then appeared in Jim the first symptoms of the malady of unrest that was to become chronic. They began a series of wanderings that seemed to have no end. She wanted to stay in Kansas, with the hope of better luck next year. Jim saw brighter prospects in Arkansas. But there miasma was prevalent, and Jim's liability to swamp fevers drove them north again. He thought he would give Kansas another trial. They prospered here a year or two, but hot winds came and shriveled up the corn. Then Jim met with some glowing circulars devoted to the praise of western Nebraska, and once more they took the road. It was too dry in Nebraska, and the wheat fields of Dakota became bright with possibilities; but in Dakota the blizzards were too fierce and the changes too sudden.

In one sense Jim was not lazy or lacking in ambition, but he was always seeing better things just ahead. He was a victim of an era of land speculation of which the government was chief promoter. With lands for the asking, there was an embarrassment of riches. Always looking for the best, Jim lost the good that lay at hand. "Free lands and free homes" was an enticing cry that concealed all the hard conditions of success, and held only golden promise. The spirit of the times was against the cultivation of economy and thrift. Did the settler meet with obstacles? He moved, and tried to pass around them. Did grasshoppers come? There were places where grasshoppers did not come, and he moved. Was there drought one year? There were places where it rained, and he moved. Did hot winds stifle his fields? There were places which hot winds did not visit, and he moved. The "boomer" spent more time and energy in looking for a place of ideal conditions than he would have needed to build a house and barn and tend a year's crop. This roving disposition grew from day to day, until finally it rebelled at any anchorage.

Jim's return trip from the north was broken by a season or two in Nebraska and a trial of northern Kansas, and now, after several years, they had drifted into their present location. What they managed to accumulate in their stay at any one place was dissipated in the next move. Jim called it hard luck. "Seems like ye can't depend on nothin'!" he would say sometimes; but he continued to see visions and to dream dreams.

Their location in southern Kansas at this time had been partly accidental. Just a year before, their wanderings had brought them into this particular locality and to this particular place. Jim had come up to the well for water, when he chanced upon the owner, who had just locked the door and was putting the key in his pocket. On being greeted by Jim, he looked at him for a moment, glanced at the wagon in the road, and asked laconically, "Comin' or goin'?"

"I 've been doin' a leetle of both, lately," replied Jim. "I ain't goin' no place in pertic'ler."

"Want to run this place? I 'm goin' back to the states. You can stay here and hold it down, if you 'll pay taxes. Drier than hell!"

After consulting his wife Jim accepted the offer, and they moved in.

The year had been favorable, and they had raised corn and wheat, and had pigs to their credit in the pen. But it was beginning over again, and it had been a hard year, especially for Jim's wife. Her thoughts now ran back over that time. She had been compelled to pause and rest more than she used to do, and she had reached that stage in her domestic economy where many of each day's tasks went over to the morrow. The children were neglected, and were allowed to run their free course like young bandits. Fortunately for Jim, the oldest was a boy, and had reached an age where he could be of some assistance to him. Unfortu-

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nately for her, the others had come into their lives much later, along with other misfortunes. The youngest of the five children were twins, and were just old enough now to crawl about the house, crying out their wants with exasperating persistency, or getting under their mother's feet to clog her steps.

In her present retrospection, Jim's wife included these innocents in the burdens that exhausted her strength, and as new fetters to bind her to her hard conditions. The laughter of the other children outside at this moment brought no music to her ears. She was tired of them all!

The last straw to her burden had been added lately, when Jim gave indications of having another attack of his old disease. Stories of a new Eldorado to the south were floating about, and he was growing restless. He had said nothing as yet, but from long experience she had learned to tell the symptoms. The first manifestation was a growing carelessness about the farm's management. Panels of fence lost a rail; gates made a show of trying, like a drunken man, to stand erect; barn doors tugged at a single hinge, like a rebellious child trying to break away from its father; pigs tunneled their way under the fence, and bigger pigs "got fast" in trying to follow them; even the crops waited to be gathered, and the weeds went to seed everywhere.

Jim's wife lifted up her head with a sigh as her duties appealed to her again. Her husband's footsteps had just sounded on the threshold, and as she turned to look at him he spoke: "I 'm jest goin' to take a little run down into the Territory fer a day or two, — me and some others," and he named several acquaintances of two or three miles around.

She replied immediately, with a note of protest: "Jim, what are ye goin' fer?"

His hand was stayed on the coat he was taking down from the wall, and he looked at her in mute surprise.

"What 's the use of yer goin', Jim?"

"What 's the use?"

"Yes."

He was puzzled. There was every reason for his going, it had seemed to him; but his thoughts were slow, and he could not put them into words. He was relieved by a voice from the road admonishing him to hasten. He lifted the coat from its nail, and said half apologetically, "We 're jest goin' down to look at some land."

"Jim," she said appealingly, "why can't we stay here? We 've raised good crops and — I don't want to move any more. It 's so wearin'!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Jim could only look at her in amazement. It was the first time in all their married life that she had shown such emotion. He remained dumb, trying to get a clear idea of the situation.

She dried her eyes, and went on in a disconnected way: "Jim, let 's stay here. We 've moved around so much, and I want a home, — some place to stay. I 'm tired of pickin' up and makin' off agin, every time we git settled. I can't do nothin', or plan nothin', or have nothin'. I git so tired at times, and have hard feelin's 'ginst you and ever'body. I ain't never had any friends nor nobody I could talk to, — never through the whole long day! I don't want much, and it ain't much I 'm askin'. I jest want a home where I can git used to things and they can git used to me, so 's I 'll like 'em and be content!" Her voice choked, but, recovering herself, she exclaimed: "If ever we do move agin, I want to go back to Mizzoura! I want to see the folks once more!" She spoke the last words hurriedly.

Jim put on his coat with hesitation, adjusting it with more care than usual, as he tried, in the pause that ensued, to find words to answer her.

"Yes, but ye don't understand!" he exclaimed at last, and walked sullenly out of the door.

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Jim and his comrades constituted but one of many small bands that were making their way to Indian Territory from all parts of Kansas and the West. Oklahoma had not yet been opened to settlement, — Congress had not even passed upon the proposition, — but the professional boomers anticipated it, and were giving the government no end of trouble. The federal authorities were compelled to employ the military to prevent the country from being overrun. But opposition only served to whet desire and make the forbidden land more enchanted. Every fresh incursion, every brush with the troops, was heralded in the press, and touched responsive chords in adventurous breasts throughout the land. Oklahoma became glorified. Rumors of places rich in minerals and precious ores ran abroad, and the most exaggerated accounts received prompt and willing credence.

During the fall and winter the lawless expeditions multiplied, and some of them did not end without bloody encounters with the government's armed forces. Jim Gooch and his companions were caught by the soldiers, bound to their horses, led out of the Territory, and thrown into jail; but they were soon released through a technicality, and the impunity gave them fresh encouragement. A main purpose of these incursions was to get acquainted with the country and to pick out claims in anticipation of the settlement.

Jim did his full share of exploration, and finally selected a quarter section about ten miles from the northern boundary, and set up his stakes. He was lavish in his praise of it to his wife.

"The purtiest rollin' ground, a patch of woods and a spring! By them woods is jest the place fer a house!"

At another time, when Jim fairly glowed in speaking of its advantages, she ventured to ask: "But ain't this as good here? What 's the difference?"

"Why — why, it rains down there, fer one thing, — it does, jest natchelly!" The implied advantage over Kansas might have had weight, had Jim been sure of his facts.

Not long after this Jim came home in silent mood. He was restless, and wandered about the house in spells of abstraction. His wife asked no questions; little by little, however, Jim gave out his secret. On his last visit to his claim he had made a startling discovery. His stakes had been pulled up, and in their place were others of a different mark. In a rage, he destroyed the new ones, and planted his own again.

The excitement over Oklahoma increased through the fall and winter. Occasional reports in the newspapers grew into daily ones with "scare heads." Boomers began to arrive on the border by tens and hundreds. Finally, in the early spring, the efforts of the Western statesmen at Washington found expression in a rider to an appropriation bill that sanctioned an early opening of the lands to settlement through a proclamation by the President. To be specific, the time was fixed by the President at noon of April 22, 1889.

The receipt of the news electrified the whole border. The camps of the boomers were given over to rejoicing, and men danced and behaved with the glad abandon of children. The fever spread through adjoining states, and men lost their reason. Many, in a condition esteemed "well to do," disposed of their possessions at a sacrifice, to seek something, they knew not what, in a country they knew not of. Each man's example decided his neighbor, and the fever became a contagion. All calm consideration was lost. Few in that motley crowd on the way to Oklahoma pursued the probabilities of their action to the end. Their reflections stopped, as they were commanded to do, — on the border. Farther they did not look. After the settlement, what? Was not the soil common earth? Were not the skies and the

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air like those they had known? And did not earth and air and sky exact the same sweat of the brow, the same toiling through the heat of the day? Were there not to be the same accidents of fortune, the same play with chance, the same possibilities for good or ill? Nobody seemed to ask these questions; and if any one had asked them, this would have been the answer: "Well, what is everybody going for, then?"

The news of the proclamation had reached Jim one morning, after a hard night's ride from the Territory to escape from the troops. He immediately set out for home, and began to collect all his portable possessions. What could not be carried away he sold, and he did not haggle over the price. There was no stopping Jim now; the fever was in the blood. His wife said no more,—the automaton was at work again. She obeyed Jim's instructions like a child, but with perfect stolidity. The old covered wagon that had seen so much service was run out once more and converted into a traveling habitation. Jim went to the nearest town and bought new canvas for the top. Within and along the sides of the wagon bed he arranged boxes to hold provisions and household utensils. These boxes were placed end to end, so that when the lids were closed and blankets thrown over them they served as a bed. The stove would have taken up too much room in the wagon, so Jim built an extension to the bottom of the bed in the rear to support it. The pipe was run out of a hole in the canvas; with fire up, it belched out smoke in a very formidable way, and marked the landscape with a dark trail out of all proportion to its importance.

Jim and his family were on the road once more, and he was happy. He was like a sailor who had long been ashore, and was once more beyond the sight of land. He gloried in the freedom and freshness of the morning. The children were in full sympathy. The three older ones refused to ride, but played along behind, now and then running races to "catch up." The dog celebrated by jumping at the horses' heads and barking, or making side excursions into the fields in wide, sweeping circles.

Before us stretches a grass-covered land, where absence of hills and trees gives an impression of boundless expanse. It runs away to meet the horizon in long undulation. The winds sweep upon it, and cap its billows with the white of bending grasses. Here and there shadows of clouds glide along like swift birds on motionless pinions. As we look, a distant white speck appears on the green surface, pauses a moment and dips into a trough of prairie, like a gull riding a wave. A few moments pass, and again it appears, rising to the crest of a nearer elevation. It remains in sight longer this time, and we make out its character. It is a "schooner" of the prairies, traversing the land as a bark sails the sea. Let us be patient and await its approach. It does not cover distances with seven-league boots; it measures off every inch of every mile. What the camel is to the desert, or the sailing vessel is to the watery leagues, the white-covered prairie schooner was to the Western lands. Mean and trivial it may appear now, when the shriek of the whistle echoes across the fields and the rushing train roars by, but its place in history is secure. It threads the story of our country's life, and fills many a page with romance and tragedy. About it cling the memories of the pioneer who freighted it with his fortunes and his hopes. It tells of patient journeys full of hardships, of swollen streams that gave no warning, of maddening thirst, of parched plains, of bleaching bones on burning sands, of fierce encounters with savage men, of murdered father beside the embers of his fire, of captive child about whose fate no word has ever come.

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But how crude and primitive, after all, it seems, as it surmounts that knoll, looking for all the world like a Quaker bonnet on wheels! Now watch it as it begins to descend. Slowly it dips, like the nodding head of a drowsy man, — lower and lower; then down it plunges, following clanking chains and thumping singletrees. It lumbers at the foot; the traces pull taut; it rights itself, and continues on its slow and toilsome way.

There was little need for so much haste on Jim's part. There was to be a whole month of waiting, and within three days he was on the border. All the boomers were halted at the line, and went into camp. The principal rendezvous was at Arkansas City, but other towns in southern Kansas had their full quota. The number of white-covered wagons increased with each day, until they seemed to be moving toward the towns in unbroken processions.

As the crowd grew, the trouble of the government officials increased. Incursions became more frequent and bolder. Jim stole in with the rest, from time to time, nursing his hopes and guarding his rights. His fears of the unknown rival had almost abated, until one day he discovered that his stakes had been removed again. Traces of the interloper were fresh, and Jim started to make a round of the place. Coming out of the clump of trees down by the spring was a roan horse with a peculiarly marked face, — a surface of white that looked like a mask. The rider and Jim discovered each other at the same moment, and they both rode forward to demand explanations. Their weapons were ready, and a fight seemed certain. Just then the clear notes of a bugle rang out, and they dashed away to escape from an approaching squad of cavalry.

The two men did not meet again before the opening, but the contest for the claim had begun in earnest. Both made other visits, and each time removed the marks left by the other. And now Jim was observed to do a peculiar thing. Every evening, shortly before dark, he mounted his horse, and rode out of camp and away from the town. When he had got beyond the reach of probable observation, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. After covering a three-mile stretch of level road, he turned the horse's head and galloped back again. Often he varied the programme by whipping his mount across country, making it jump ditches and other obstructions. To the initiated, Jim's action was not only reasonable, but wise. He was preparing for the race.

Jim showed his wisdom, too, in the choice of a horse. The run to the claim was to be a long one, in which endurance was to count for more than speed. There was but one four-footed animal in all the Western country that could answer the requirements, — the hardy little mustang. Take a look at him as he stands before you. He is not a thing of beauty, and at present he does not appear to be a thing of life. There is no proud arching of neck or spirited prancing. His head, neck, and back make almost a straight line, and he has thrown his weight on one of his hind feet, while he rests the other on the edge of its hoof. His manner suggests indifference, if not disdain. There is no grace of figure or curve of line. His joints are obtrusive and angular. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh, but he is muscled like a cat. He is long of head; he is full-nostriled, deep-lunged, and his heart has fibres of steel. His limbs are slender and supple, and never tire. He takes the gallop as the bird takes to wing. And mind his eye. Do not infer from the droop of the lids that he is asleep; the ball is full, and receives impressions from all points of the compass. When eye and limb and lungs are called into full action, the display is magnificent if well directed, and pyrotechnic if not controlled.

The crowds grew and the excitement

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increased. There were many times more people than quarter sections, and the consequences that would result were apparent. The honest settler or home-seeker was in the minority. The real-estate man and the professional boomer were there in abundance, scheming and planning. There were adventurers, men that prey on other men, and a large array of camp followers of every kind.

It was the evening before the eventful day. There was suppressed excitement all along the border. The long weeks of waiting by the boomers were at an end. To-morrow held their fortunes, whether for good or ill. There was little sleep among the camps, though men sought their blankets to gain strength for the morrow's struggle. The long line of boomers was marked by twinkling camp fires, before which shadows moved restlessly to and fro.

If anything additional were needed to increase Jim's anxiety, it was a discovery made early in the evening. He had set out along the line of camps to make a general inspection, and had not proceeded far when he halted suddenly and stood rigid in his tracks. Just in front of the regular road that led into the Territory, and so stationed as to command it, was the roan horse with the mask face. It was not to be an indiscriminate race, then, with a purposeless crowd; he was to start neck and neck with an opponent for the same goal!

But Jim had no reason to change his plans on this account. He had foreseen the congested condition of the road, and had not cared to take his chances there. He had moved farther west, explored the ground in front of him to make sure there were no pitfalls, and had planned, by riding straight ahead, to strike the road that ran diagonally a half mile distant.

The morning of April 22, 1889, dawned clear and full of the breath of spring. Not a cloud in the sky. A sea of blue above, a sea of green below. A breeze sprang up from the south, bringing hints of flowers and verdure. Before the boomers lay the promised land, baptized in the glories of a perfect day. They looked upon it with feelings akin to reverence. At noon they were to enter in and possess it. The wilderness was behind them, the land of milk and honey before!

But it was a time for action, and not for contemplation. The morning meal was hurriedly prepared and eaten. There was a clattering of utensils as the camps were struck. There were the neighings of horses and the commands of their masters. Excitement found voice, and long-repressed feelings were given vent in calls and yells and banter. Jim had given full instructions to his wife as to how to follow with the wagon, but now, in the hysterical excitement of the hour, he repeated them a dozen times.

The hours passed quickly in the final preparations. It was eleven o'clock. The racers advanced to the front and were ready, — some on horseback, some in wagons, and some afoot.

Fifteen minutes passed.

"There they come!" shouted an excited man. Looking forward, the boomers caught sight of a long line of cavalrymen advancing toward them from out of the Territory. It was the last beating of the bush. Before them sped some fugitives who had stolen in during the night. The latter were greeted with yells of derision, as they approached. The boomers opened ranks, and sent them to the rear with some physical tokens of their condemnation. A hundred yards in front the soldiers halted, and slid from their horses for a brief rest.

It was 11.45. The excitement increased. Drivers and riders shook out their whips and gathered up their reins. Their hearts thumped in their breasts, and their temples throbbed.

"Say, git out of the way, colonel, or we 'll run over you!" shouted an irrepressible boomer, breaking the silence.

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His witticism was allowed to pass unnoticed.

It was 11.55. At word of command the troopers sprang into their saddles and dressed their line. A bugler advanced to the front, and took his place beside the commanding officer. The latter glanced calmly at the sun, drew out his watch and held it in his open palm. Upon him were fixed the eyes of the boomers, who were holding their lines in one hand and uplifted lash in the other. Those afoot stood with bodies leaning forward, with muscles tense, waiting for the word.

It was 11.59.

"Ready!" said the colonel to the bugler. The latter raised the instrument from his side. The second hand of the officer's watch was speeding around its last circle. More tense grew form and spirit along the expectant line. The bugler raised the instrument to his lips, up went the hand of the officer, and out upon the air rang the clear note that signaled the settlement of an empire!

The bugle's invitation was answered by a babel of sounds. There were shouts and the cracking of whips, the rattle of wagons and cursings. The racers spread out like a fan over the prairie, and were soon lost to sight in its billows; but here a wagon lay on its side, and there a horse galloped about, riderless.

Jim had seen the action of the bugler rather than heard the clear note he produced. With a single motion he brought down the whip on the horse's flank and pressed the spurs to its sides. It sprang into a gallop. Jim vaguely heard the din and clatter behind him, as the ground swept by. He headed straight for the road. As he neared it, he became conscious of hoofbeats other than those made by his own animal. Glancing back, he saw the roan horse coming at full speed. The race was on.

Jim's horse struck the road a little in the lead, but this position it was not long to hold. The roan came up, was abreast, forged ahead. The distance between them increased, and as Jim's rival reached a rise of ground ahead, and disappeared on the other side, he sent back a triumphant yell and shook his fist in challenge.

Jim's horse had not varied in its motions from the start. It struck its gait and kept it. With the regularity of a clock and an endurance that was sure it measured off the ground. Jim gave it rein, and, save for a word of encouragement occasionally, he did not urge it. Up and down the swells of prairie and across the stretches between, it was gallop, gallop, gallop! When half the distance of the ten miles had been covered, Jim's rival led by a mile. But Jim had based his confidence on his knowledge of the horses, and was not discouraged. His calculations were now to be put to the test. Before him for the next three miles the land lay level as a floor. Far down the road he caught sight of his competitor, and his heart sank, for he appeared a mere speck. But the speck grew larger, and assumed the shape of horse and man. Jim's heart gave a great leap, — his rival had dismounted from his horse to rest it! His own hardy pony maintained its gait. Gallop, gallop, gallop!

The rider of the roan horse remounted, and started swiftly forward again. Two miles now lay before them, and the test of endurance was yet to come. Jim's rival was half standing in his stirrups, lashing his horse remorselessly. The beast was being urged to its utmost; its head hung low, its limbs seemed unresponsive, and its feet like lead. The man turned in his saddle to note Jim's position, and plied his whip more desperately. The space between them was closing up. But a mile remained, and familiar landmarks began to appear. A scrub oak that Jim had blazed on one of his visits to his claim swept by.

It was the last stretch now. Jim too seized his lash and plied it with vigor.

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His horse answered with longer lunge and swifter gait. Only a half mile remained, but the roan horse had done its best. Its motions were jaded and spasmodic. Its rider whipped, and spurred, and shouted. Jim was alongside. In fury and desperation his opponent reached for his pistol, when his horse stumbled, and pitched headlong at the side of the road. It lay where it had fallen. It had given its life for its master. Jim looked back, and saw his rival sitting beside his dead animal, the picture of despair.

Jim gave a shout of exultation as he reached the goal, but the cry died on his lips. The race was ended, but his troubles had only begun. There was a tent on his claim!

At first Jim was dazed. The situation was one on which he had not calculated. The rival he had feared he had beaten, only to find his victory barren. There was but one explanation: the new claimant had not made the race with the rest. He had gone into the Territory in advance, and had concealed himself somewhere until the opening day. In the vocabulary of the Territory, the man was a "sooner."

Jim rode straight for the man's tent, called him out, covered him with maledictions, and knocked him down. There was no incentive to continue the punishment, as the man made no defense. He did not, however, turn the other cheek, but threatened vengeance at a future date.

Jim now awaited the coming of his wife with impatience. He must take the proper steps to "file on" his claim as soon as possible. The long afternoon dragged on, and darkness began to fall before the wagon appeared. In his anxiety and haste Jim strode out to meet it. He climbed upon the seat, took the lines from his wife's hands, and whipped the horses out of their sluggish gait. He did not speak, but drove upon the claim, unhitched the horses, gave certain instructions to his boy, told his wife he should be gone a day or two, and prepared to mount his horse.

"Jim!" called his wife.

He turned at the sound of her voice.

"What" — she began, indicating the tent.

He did not reply. He jumped into the saddle, and rode swiftly away.

The place selected by the government for the land office was a point named Guthrie, on the south bank of the Cimarron River, and about nine miles from the northern boundary of the new country. Here utter confusion prevailed, a few hours after the settlement. The town site was a mass of white tents, with no streets. The only point "from which to reason and to which refer" was the government acre. About this reservation the city of tents had set itself, waiting for time to put things right.

Shortly after dark, a man was seen hurriedly to approach the land office and stop at the front window. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction when he found himself alone. He stood a few moments fanning himself with his hat; then he gathered up some loose boards, and improvised a seat beside the window. He tilted himself back against the building, and prepared to make himself comfortable. The man was Jim. He had come to file on his claim.

Another boomer, half breathless, appeared.

"Are we first?" was the stranger's salutation.

Jim nodded.

"Well, that 's luck!"

He too was from Kansas. These men formed an instant friendship, and fell to discussing the past, present, and future.

"Where 's yer claim?" the stranger finally asked.

"Down on Cottonwood Crick, 'bout a mile and a half from here," replied Jim.

"You 've struck it rich, so near town," said the new acquaintance, borrowing a

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phrase from the mines; "but ain't ye afeard?"

"'Feard o' what?" asked Jim.

"Oh, nothin', maybe, and then agin, maybe. You know there's a clique of these real-estaters that have tried to gobble up ever'thing anywheres near this town. You see they come in here aforetime. They got jobs as deputy marshals, or pretended like they was workin' fer the railroad, and when noon come they jest natchelly threw up their jobs and made a break fer quarter sections. Wa'n't right, — of course it wa'n't!"

Jim began to see matters more clearly. He had chosen his claim too well.

Other boomers had appeared. The line was growing fast. By midnight it had run back, and lay along the government acre in folds. The men crowded close together, each being jealous of the space that separated him from the man next in front. The impression had got abroad that a "filing" was a thing next best to a deed, and all were eager to get their names on the records.

Jim's anxiety grew with the hours. Frequently he felt for his papers, which were in his inside pocket, to assure himself that they were secure. The morning came at last. The long line of men yawned, stretched, and showed its restlessness. The government officials took their time, but at last they appeared. Jim had been on his feet an hour, with the papers in his hand. He could see the clerks inside moving about, and throwing out heavy books on the tables. The hour for government business had arrived. A clerk came forward to open the window. Jim felt a hand on his shoulder; turning, he saw the new claimant and a deputy marshal. The marshal said: "I shall have to arrest you for assault and battery. Come with me."

When Jim had got through with the magistrate, somebody had filed on his claim. There remained but one thing to do, — enter a contest in the courts.

Until the case could be settled both claimants occupied the land. Jim was almost subdued by his encounter with the authorities, and he deemed it more prudent, in the future, to depend less on physical force, and more on the power of the law. It required great self-control at first to see the stranger cultivate *his* land, but there was no alternative. One morning Jim awoke to find that, during the night, a long furrow had been ploughed through the centre of the tract, from one end to the other. It was a flag of truce calling for a cessation of hostilities, and leaving to higher tribunals the final adjudication of the case. Jim accepted the protocol, when he had concluded, after an examination, that he had not received the worst of the division. The furrow was thereafter considered the neutral strip.

Jim's opponent felt that he could afford to be generous, for he was not alone, and was pretty sure of the outcome. He was even charitable enough to forgive the blow, especially as Jim had been fined roundly, and promised a double amount in case the offense were repeated. He cared nothing for farming; his profits were not to come out of the soil, but from the enhanced value of the land that would result from its close proximity to the town. As far as actual cultivation of the ground was concerned, he could have given Jim all but a small potato patch, only that such generosity might yield the latter an advantage in evidence when the case came to trial. However, there must be signs of "improvement" as proof of his sincerity of purpose as a true settler; so he built a box house with one window and one door, nailed canvas over the top for a roof, and called the result an "improvement." He ploughed an acre of ground, planted it with corn and potatoes, and called that "cultivation."

Jim also built a temporary shelter and went to work. When he struck his plough into his new claim, he unearthed no pot of gold. The soil was not unlike

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that of Kansas, and he felt just as tired when his day's work was done as ever before. As for his wife, her duties were doubled. She tired quickly now, and she acknowledged to herself that she was "wearin' out." Work as hard as she might, she seemed to accomplish little. What was worse, she worked without hope. Her interest was gone. She did what came to her hand to do, and beyond that she did not think. The contest over the claim had crushed her. Although she had not shared her husband's dreams in this venture, she had cherished a little hope that he might succeed this time. When nearly all their money had gone in the employment of legal agencies to sustain their rights, she bowed beneath the cruel conditions. Past experience had made her look on the dark side of things, and now she did not expect the shadows ever to lift. Her mind had lost all its buoyancy, and she received everything that came to her with the same impassiveness. Sometimes the children called her to herself, but these faint stirrings of the spirit only served to make her dejection deeper. Jim had not observed any difference in her. He was too much occupied with his own troubles to notice hers. She did not complain, and that was enough.

One day the truth was half borne home to him. He had come in at dusk and found her prostrate on the floor where she had fallen. He lifted her and bore her to the bed. The action aroused her. She "guessed it was nothin' much," — with her hand at her heart, — and allayed his fears. Within a few minutes she was up again, preparing the evening meal.

The case came to trial. Jim had justice and right on his side, but he did not have the evidence. It seemed man against man, claimant against claimant, until his defeated competitor, the owner of the roan horse, came into court.

"I and this man," he said, indicating Jim, "and this other man," with a wave of his hand toward the defendant, "was on the border when the land was opened. Us three had our eye on the same piece of dirt. We had a fair, square race fer it. I and this plaintiff was beat out. I give up like a man, and he don't, and that's all there is to it."

That was his story. He left the court room and received his reward, and certain "influential citizens" were the richer by another quarter section.

Jim was stunned. He turned appealingly to his lawyer. "What is there to do?" he asked.

"Nothing but to get off the land," was the response.

"Well?" asked Jim's wife, when he got home.

He shook his head despairingly, and dropped into a chair, limp and hopeless.

"Don't take it so hard, Jim," said his wife simply. It was all the consolation she had to offer.

But for her the disappointment was too great. The next day she fell at her work. Jim bent over her and caressed her toil-worn hands, endeavoring to stroke them back into life. The officers coming to dispossess him found him thus engaged, and withdrew.

The death of a woman — the first in the Territory — attracted widespread attention. There was a feeling that the new land had been consecrated. Many a man, heretofore, had passed away, oftentimes with his boots on, and been buried where he fell; but this was different. The council of Guthrie met in extra session, and directed its attention to what it had been too busy to consider before, — the establishment of a cemetery.

The funeral was made a public event. The whole town turned out, and accorded to Jim's wife honors that might have been bestowed upon the founder of a state. She was laid to rest in the very centre of the new graveyard, and to the small bit of ground that inclosed her form there was no one to dispute her title.

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A week after the burial, in the early morning, a prairie schooner was seen crossing from Indian Territory into Kansas. Soon the road led away to the east. As the horses' heads were turned to take it, the driver looked back. The west was dark with shadows, pressed down by the light of a new day rushing up the sky. Back there lay the past with its sufferings and disappointments; before, all the good in life that remained. Jim was "goin' back to his wife's folks."

Joseph W. Piercy.

SCIENCE IN PHILANTHROPY.

THOSE who look on only occasionally at the methods of dealing with the so-called degenerate classes often declare that nothing is really known, that guesswork reigns, that one plan is as good as another. This cynical despair of social science is not justified by the facts. As the science of life borrows data and suggestion from the hospital practitioner, so the student of normal society finds a laboratory in the institutions for defectives. Comte long ago said that sociology comes nearer actual scientific experiment in dealing with the defective than with the normal classes. In prisons and asylums we can more nearly control conditions than we can with free self-governing families and communities. Social pathology offers an important side light on normal human relations, because the laws of disease seem to be the seamy side of the laws of health, and show them in larger pattern.

Those who scoff at the possibility of building a social philosophy should recognize the fact that every attempt to concentrate all the forces of a commonwealth upon the solution of any specific problem more or less consciously proceeds upon some sort of theory of the ends and the resources of the commonwealth. The art of statesmanship, the organization of a school system or of a system of charities and corrections, imply a theory of the community which would properly be called a sociology, if it were more accurate and complete. It ought not to be regarded as a presumptuous attempt for special scholars to bring out into clearer light, with reinforcement of knowledge at every point and from every special science, a view of society as a whole, when every rural legislator and every superintendent of schools is actually proceeding on the basis of sociology, often without thinking of his scheme of life under this somewhat novel title.

When a community distinguishes classes of "abnormal" men, it tacitly acts with a standard of normal men and normal society before its mind. When a people, by legal means or by voluntary associations, constructs a system of institutions for the care of its abnormal members, it acts upon a theory of the objects of society and the normal order of its arrangements. This practical coördination of the special knowledge of economists, lawyers, physicians, educators, is a necessity of life. Sociologists are simply struggling to make this coördination as adequate as possible. A special science out of relations to a general theory of society is as helpless and futile as the mainspring of a watch lying in isolated "abstraction" outside the watch itself.

Compare the method of dealing with prisoners in the more advanced reformatories with that employed in backward communities, where the antiquated philosophy of vindictive justice dominates both law and discipline, and perpetu-

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ates the passions of lynching, feuds, and murder. Modern criminology marks off, with increasing accuracy, the various classes of prisoners, — criminals of passion, occasional criminals, habitual criminals, and those congenitally defective persons who should be in custodial asylums for imbeciles rather than in prisons. Criminologists lay stress upon the characters and capabilities of men; the traditionalists persist in relying on definitions of acts, and in seeking to measure exact guilt in terms of time. Science deals with knowable qualities; tradition and popular passion grope for a standard of the unknowable.

We have already a few reformatory prisons in which the more advanced methods of education are employed with hopeful results. A visit to one of these institutions for reformation, with its splendid equipment for regenerating the dwarfed and perverted offender in body, mind, and spirit, awakens admiration. But instantly the question starts in the mind, Why not use these appliances of education in advance of crime? Why not give our public schools the means of preventing the germination and formation of the anti-social habit?

Indeed, all penological studies are driving us back to educational and other preventive measures. Reformation is costly and uncertain. Penalties have little influence upon minds not disciplined to foresight of consequences, incapable of connected reasoning. When wages are so low and fluctuating as they are in some ranks of labor, the prison becomes actually inviting, and its terror a paradise, to many of the proletariat. Prison reform problems lead straight on to kindergarten and manual training, the trade union, the minimum wage, and related agencies of prevention of degradation. Expert judgment has long since declared that for the socially unfit liberty is an injury to the individual and a constant menace to society. Legal "innocence" sets free the recidivist at the end of a brief sentence, while the wild beast in him is yet untamed and the enfeebled will is unable to resist temptation. This cruel policy of mathematical justice is sustained by custom and legal conservatism long after it is condemned by science. The sociological method of coördinating study is compelling the lawyers to bring fresh life into a formal text study, and just as truly compels theoretical specialists in anthropology to regard the legal point of view, the certainty, impersonality, and impartiality of justice.

The most glaring contrast between expert knowledge and popular custom and law is seen in the legal administration of local institutions, — the jail and the county poorhouse. The mere description of an ordinary jail should suffice to condemn it, and would awaken intense horror if the public could know and picture the necessary results of average administration. The local prison is used as a place for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial, sometimes of insane persons, and even of witnesses, as well as for the infliction of short sentences for minor offenses. Frequently, men, women, and youths are confined in the same building, not seldom within sight or hearing of one another. The corridors of many jails are occupied all day long by a motley company of prisoners of all grades of depravity. In this free school of crime, the uninitiated take lessons from adepts in licentiousness and burglary, and thoughtless children become the pupils and intimate companions of tramps and thieves. The local officials seem to have no standard of comparison. They seldom have any knowledge of the more civilized methods, and have contempt for "theorists." In some instances of extraordinary foulness, where the jail may be in the court-house cellar, the judges, if annoyed by odors and frightened by communicable disease, are ready, perhaps, to order an investigation. But the essential evils of the system are not merely defects in sanitation.

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The detention of the insane even for a moment in a jail confuses nervous disease with crime, and helps to prolong the popular identification of insanity with demoniac possession or willful moral evil. The trial of children and youth in the same courts with older offenders, and their incarceration in jails and bridewells with adults, are causes of the perpetuation and increase of crime. Public opinion tolerates, through ignorance, the punishment of drunken and disorderly persons in jails. It is not felt by unbashful vagabonds as punishment. The district workhouse should provide actual disciplinary labor for a term long enough to affect the habits and character of the demoralized person. The jail should be merely a place of temporary detention before trial, and the cells should be so constructed that no inmate could ever see or meet any other, and those yet uncondemned should not be thrust into purgatory before trial.

The average county poorhouse is another pathetic and disheartening illustration of the tardiness of popular knowledge and belated legal reform. If ordinary citizens knew what almshouses in most regions of the country actually are, in construction and administration, they would demand a change. Stories of abuses come from all quarters. There is absence of classification. On poor farms, men, women, and children herd together, and sometimes sleep in the same dormitory, without even curtains between their beds. In remote places, the demented insane are neglected, and treated like animals. Feeble-minded women, irresponsible creatures, wander about the country, and return to the asylum to give birth to idiots and perpetuate defect. Honest old people, who have served their country in the army of productive industry for a half century, are shut in, during long winters, as intimate companions of worn-out criminals. This does not often occur, but it should never be permitted. Real working people have a right to protest with bitterness against this unjust confusion of misfortune and crime. If counties are too penurious to provide separate homes for the aged and helpless poor, the commonwealth should interfere.

Several states have in their service, at this hour, a small corps of very competent officials in charge of the feeble-minded. Out of about one hundred thousand of these hapless children less than one tenth are in expert custody. The others are scattered in homes, in poorhouses, wander about as vagrants, or find their way to prisons and asylums for the insane. Under competent care, this class can be supported in rural colonies almost without expense to the public, educated as far as their limited faculties permit, made comparatively happy in the society of equals, shielded from the humiliations and sufferings of competition, and prevented from propagating their defects. Here is the beginning of actual "social selection." The more advanced states have already proved, under expert guidance, that charity the most tender is consistent with the elimination of the unfit.

The ability to maintain life in competitive industry is a rough measure of fitness for parental responsibilities. The feeble-minded are not competent to care for themselves. It is believed that many vagrants have the hereditary character of these degenerates. Their turn for elimination will come next, and in the same merciful way, and then confirmed and hopeless dipsomaniacs may be treated rationally.

The most hopeful philanthropy is that which deals with dependent and neglected children, and in this endeavor certain principles have been established beyond reasonable skepticism. We know that infants without mothers cannot live in large dormitories. When a city continues to keep its foundlings in a great institution, in face of the statistics of mortality, it is guilty of their death.

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The congregation in huge barracks of orphan and deserted children, past infancy, is now well understood to be injurious to them, so that the system of giving subsidies to church and other private institutions for the support of dependent children is a bounty on bad methods. It corrupts the conscience and blinds the judgment of good men and women; it dries up the fountains of voluntary benevolence, and it cripples the children. New York city and the state of California may be compared with Michigan and Minnesota, and the result will be ample evidence of the folly of the subsidy system. The policy of placing normal children in real homes, with natural family life and contact with ordinary community problems, may fairly be claimed as the only policy based on science. If experiment has any value in the study of the phenomena of society, then family care must be regarded as superior to institutional custody. The reasons are economic, physiological, pedagogical, and political. The expense of support in institutions is enormous; the health of children is exposed to needless perils of contagion; the artificial training unfits the young person for the actual world; and the relation of the institution to politics, especially if it is a private institution seeking subsidies from public funds, is almost inevitably hurtful.

Public outdoor relief, the assistance of dependent families in their homes, becomes more important with density of population and growth of cities. Students and administrators in this country are divided in opinion as to the necessity and wisdom of raising money by taxation for this purpose. Many believe that pauperism in New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia has been better cared for since official relief was abolished. But all acknowledge that, for a long time to come, a considerable sum must be given from voluntary or public sources for this purpose. In the distribution of this form of relief, general principles derived from long experience in many countries have been formulated, but are generally neglected by the sympathetic public.

One who reasons from the world's best thought and knowledge would insist that each dependent person must be treated as an individual; that the relief should be temporary and the application frequently renewed; that the way to normal industry should be kept open at every step, and be made preferable to the path of indolence and beggary. Trained opinion favors a system of coöperation of all benevolent persons and officials, with a common central record, with information accessible to all who wish to aid the poor. The most successful administration is that which reduces the material relief, and increases the capacity for self-support; which tends to restore sound social relations, and lift the decaying parasite into independence and manliness. This view of outdoor relief is exacting, and calls for a high order of ability and a large number of friendly visitors.

Surveying the actual practice in American cities, we discover that every one of these principles is constantly and flagrantly violated. The inquiry for causes is pronounced heartless. The friendly visitor is declared to be a cruel and impertinent meddler, who would substitute good advice for food and warmth. The attempt to bring order and bookkeeping into the chaos of almsgiving is condemned as "red tape" and presumption. Fortunate is the really thorough charity worker if he escapes the epithet of "anarchist" or "communist" because he discovers that individual and voluntary efforts are impotent in the presence of colossal misery, and because he invokes the coöperation of the entire community and the supreme power of the government.

There are reasons for the slow rate of approximation of social practice to scientific demands. The public finds the consideration of defects disagreeable and

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painful. It is pleasant to think of education, art, industry, and literature; but criminals are odious and idiots repulsive in common thought. Our natural repugnance for defectives tends to awaken contempt. Genius is demanded to discover the essentials of divine personality in obscure intelligence and distorted nature. Comparatively few persons visit jails, prisons, and poorhouses, and most of those who do look about the abodes of misery with morbid curiosity alone, for they have no training in observation and no criteria of judgment. They simply disturb the discipline. It requires previous preparation and skillful guidance to derive benefit from examinations of this kind. Entrance is only too easily secured, in the case of public institutions in America; for an aimless ramble of sightseers, without knowledge or serious purpose, is positively harmful.

Our system of outdoor relief, both public and private, unlike the German municipal system, which provides as visitors a large corps of capable men who serve without salary, erects a barrier between the broken citizen and the prosperous. Our official methods are bureaucratic in the worst sense; hard, mechanical, rigid in routine, awkward and often corrupt in administration. Our busy people, eager to be rich, farm out their philanthropy, and pay relief societies to distribute their alms and the remnants left from charity balls. Our educated and comfortable ladies and gentlemen know not how the other half lives. If the Elberfeld system could be introduced, or the Boston corps of "friendly visitors" be organized in all towns, we should know more of the meaning of struggle "down in the folks-swamps."

The principal inspirer of philanthropic feeling in the world is the church. But up to recent times the leaders of the church have been educated in a way not very favorable to a wise direction of charity. The separation of ecclesiastical from political power has insensibly weakened the sense of responsibility for wards of the state. Our theological seminaries are just beginning to provide for a study of the methods which best represent the doctrines and practice of the Founder of the church in relation to the distressed. Those who give direction to the studies of the church leaders have still to learn much from the saying of Dr. Arnold: "It is clear that, in whatever it is our duty to act, those matters also it is our duty to study." There is great reason to hope that another generation will take up the burden with ampler knowledge, wiser method, and more earnest consecration.

In pioneer conditions only the rugged and dauntless pushed to the frontier. Indians, fever, and hardship selected the feeble for extinction. Free land gave rude plenty to all who could survive, and pauperism was rare. But with our great cities have come new problems. Altruism must find a way to be merciful, and yet reduce the burden of the unfit. There is no prospect for the dependent classes in mere material alms. Many can be educated to self-support, and to abandon the proletarian tendency to wear out mothers in bearing and rearing children who must starve on insufficient income. The feeble-minded and degenerate cannot be taught this fundamental lesson. Fortunately, they are not very numerous, and can all be easily segregated in self-supporting rural colonies. When they are removed, the real workers will more easily rise in earning power.

Perhaps the most important means of improving the formerly corrupt and barbarous local charities and prisons in England was the establishment of central supervision. The centralization of supervising power and function in the Home Office has lifted relief and corrective methods to a high level of efficiency and honesty. Most of our states, however, remain on the plane where England was before this vital reform was introduced. The "court-house ring" is only

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too generally the despot over taxpayers and paupers. The improvement immediately manifest from recent laws in Indiana and Ohio, requiring the local almoners to report in detail to the State Board of Charities, is a startling evidence of the necessity for further changes in the same direction.

It is not desirable to discourage local interest in relief or disciplinary measures. Central control should seek to increase rather than to diminish the sense of responsibility of township and county administrators. The state boards which are now established in most of the more advanced states are usually advisory bodies, whose influence is felt in constant and skillful investigations, publication of abuses, distribution of information, education of the people, and guidance of legislators and administrators. The backward states, which have hitherto, through a mistaken notion of economy, refused to establish such boards, are sacrificing the money of taxpayers, the comfort and lives of the dependents, and the efficiency of penal machinery.

It is universally agreed that professional training is required for superintendents and assistants in institutions of charity and correction. But few persons will spend years in school and in subordinate apprentice service, unless they see before them a reasonable assurance that skill and fidelity will be rewarded with advancement and permanence in office.

The bearing of civil service reform on the improvement of our charitable and correctional institutions will be apparent. While all citizens should learn the essential principles of ameliorative method, it is absurd to expect administrative ability in all. The supreme social question in relation to public beneficence is the question of securing trained officials, and keeping them in the full light of intelligent and sympathetic criticism. Progress in this matter depends upon concentrating the general thought and will on a single point, which for the present should be civil service reform, with its examinations, eligible list, probation, promotion for merit, and security of tenure during the period of efficiency.

Never before in the history of our country was intelligence upon social obligations so general as now, and the process of education is going forward rapidly. The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the National Prison Association, the International Prison Congress, have published a body of valuable thought. Naturally, the contributions are of unequal value, but the agreement of experts on important principles shows that opinion is not provincial.

Social science has no ready-made set of rules which can fit out a successful administrator; it does not pretend to offer a substitute for native talent, insight, sympathy, and technical training. But it ever remains true that the world's experience, as formulated in history and theory, is needed to correct the narrowness, egotism, and blindness of merely individual experience. It is a hopeful feature in contemporary philanthropy that associations bring together people of various kinds of knowledge and training, and that their publications increasingly influence legislation and administration.

Charles Richmond Henderson.

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IN THE ABSENCE OF MRS. HALLORAN.

THE screaming of the child in the next room suddenly subsided into wailing; and Khalil Khayat, the old editor of Kawkab Elhorriah, — which, translated from the Arabic, is Star of Liberty, — knew that the day's causeless beating was over. Mrs. Halloran had quit through very exhaustion; and, intent on reviving draughts, she shuffled along the hallway and clattered down the stair, blowing, and railing blatantly between breaths. She groped her way in reckless wrath; but the hall's darkness was safely familiar, — for she was drunk, — and her left hand knew the shattered stair post, and her feet the sunken floor strip and broken step; so the tenants soon heard the last of her.

Khayat sustained his interest in the sad philosophy of Abo Elola Elmoarri, that lay open in his lap, until the sobbing on the other side of the partition appealed to him out of the near silence that the going of Mrs. Halloran gave. He closed the big black book, and laid it, with fleeting regret, in its place; and stood musing in the thin sunshine that the shadow of the opposite building had chased to his window sill. He listened to the shouts of the children in the street far below, where, in the first freedom of spring, they sported, swarming, making the most of the day's end; and fine simplicity made music of shrill cries for him, so that he smiled, and blessed his God, in his own way, that the little children of other men should so shed light into his dark dwelling place. Then he bethought himself of the present distress of the boy, his friend, — who, of all in the great tenement, called him Mister Khayat, and never Khayat the Dago nor (ah, the bitterness of the name, for he was a Christian and a Syrian) Khayat the Turk, — and sighed, and tiptoed in to tell him a story, as he had often done.

Mrs. Halloran's scrawny last-born was stretched out prone on the floor in the deeper dusk near the table's sound leg. Khayat gathered him in his arms, hearing never a whimper of protest, and lifted him out of the window to the fire escape. Billy Halloran had to be lifted over high places; for he was a cripple from birth, and had pains in his back and his leg half the days. He bestowed his body comfortably against a tub; and Khayat, with imperturbable deliberation, climbed out after him, and squatted with his back against the railing. Sitting so in the sunshine, he lit the precious short pipe the Oxford professor had given him in the days of foolishness, when he longed to touch the liberty that men from the West boasted, and told Billy Halloran the story he had liked to hear best, long, long ago and far away, when he was a child on his mother's knee: —

"Long ago — ver-ee long ago — there leeve a Keen' een Beirout, my home, een Syria; an' he was a Jew. An' een those days a grea-at dragon he come up from the sea, — come crawlin', roarin' — roarin'" —

"W'at's a dragon? I do' know," Billy plainted.

"Ho! W'at ees? A fear-rful creature. Thees dragon's head eet was the head of a serpent; an' hees eyes they were eyes for the night an' for the day, an' green an' — an' — ho, yes — an' green-hot; an' hees tongue eet was a sharp, twistin' flame; an' black smoke an' fires come from hees red nose. Hees bod-ee eet was like a mountain for greatness, an' covered with glees-ten-in' green scales, — to hees head, to hees tail an' to the end of eet, which was a spear; an' hees ween's were like the ween's of ten thousan' black bats. Lo, he come roarin' out of the sea, cryin': 'Geeve me somethin' to eat! Geeve me somethin' to eat,

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for I am hungry!' An' he go to a dark cave een the mountain near the city to leeve there; an' the people fly een great hurry to the city to escape, cryin', 'O Keen', O mighty Keen', our Keen', save us from the jaws of the dragon!'"

"W'at kin a King do?"

"Ver-ee powerful man, a Keen'. Ho, yes! He"—

"Like a cop?"

"Much more,—very, ver-ee powerful. He"—

"Like de roun'sman, Hogan?"

"Yes, yes; as"—

"Like MacNamara? Naw, 'e ain't!"

"MacNamara? W'at ees he, MacNamara?"

"De block does w'at 'e says, you bet. 'E 's a alderman."

"As twelve hun'red MacNamaras!" exclaimed Khayat.

"Gee!" said Billy, and dismissed the matter as beyond comprehension.

"Now, I know that thees the story my mother have told me as a leetle chil' eet ees true," Khayat went on; "for I have seen the cave, an' the print of the dragon's claws een the very rock. Ah! my eyes shall see the mountain side nevermore. Oh, oh, I am sad,—so ver-ee sad! No more shall I go back. Oh, oh! For do they not look for me to keel me? Oh, cruel! W'at"—

"Eh? W'at 'd y'u do?" asked Billy, with an extraordinary access of interest.

"I have so much write against the Sultan of Turkey," Khayat answered gravely. "An' een Aleppo—sh-h-hh!—I keel three Mohammaden—I, myself. My seester—you would not understan'—eet was for my seester I shed blood. God he strength my arm an' sharp my knife."

"Was y'u pinched?"

"I escape," said Khayat quietly.

"Did y'u git it off?"

"Off?"

"De blood. One-lip Bill says it won't come off 'is 'and. 'E 's left-'anded, an' w'en 'e stabbed Yellow Mag de knife"—

"Sh-h-hh! I talk no more of eet. Well, I can go back—no. Eet ees God's weel. Eet matters not for you. Enough. Yes, I have seen the cave an' know eets darkness; an' the print of the dragon's feet I have touch with my feengers. So I know the story my mother have told me ees true, every word. I now tell eet to you."

Khayat lit his pipe again, and Billy got his bad leg in a more comfortable position.

"Now, the dragon begeen to devour the people," Khayat resumed, "seekin' out the children first; an' day an' night the people gather before the palace gates, cryin', 'O Keen', O mighty Keen', save our lives, an' the lives of our leetle ones!' After many days the Keen' hearken to the voices of hees people, an', standin' before all, said, 'O my people, my beloved ones, who weel keel the dragon for me, hees Keen'?' An' no man speak; for they have all great fear. Then deed the Keen' cry once more, 'O my people, my beloved ones, who are like to my eyes so dear, heem who breen' to me the head of thees dragon weel I make a preence een my house.' Yet deed no man say one word. Then the Keen' call the wise men to heem, an' consider what could he do; an' after, one go to the dragon een hees cave an' make a bargain with heem for the Keen', agreein' to geeve each day one chil' an' one sheep, eef only the dragon be good; an' the dragon he was content. So the people return to their homes an' have peace; an' every day the lot eet was cast by the wise men, an' out of many families was geeve a dear son, an' out of many folds a sheep. The dragon he grow fat an' merry.

"By an' by eet come the turn of the Keen', who have no son, but only one beautiful daughter. Now the Keen' deed weep; for he love hees daughter as he love nothin' else, an' he would not geeve her to the dragon. But the wise men say to heem: 'O Keen', O Keen', O Keen',

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our sons have we geeve without weepin' before all men. Who among us ees faithless, O our Keen'? Geeve, we pray, your daughter with a sheep to the dragon.' The Keen' he answer an' say, 'O the people of Beirout, the chief city of my keen'dom, who weel take my keen'dom, an' save to me my daughter?' An' the people cry: 'O Keen', our Keen', deed your servants not keep their word? May eet please you, master, to geeve your daughter with a shèep to the dragon, — oh, please!' An' again deed the Keen' beseech a man to take hees keen'dom, an' save hees daughter. The people cry, 'Keen', your daughter to the dragon!' Three times the Keen' he call to the people, an' the people answer as they have done.

"At last the Keen' turn to hees servants an' order them to take a white sheep an' wash heem ver-ee clean; an' to hees woman servants he say, 'Dress my daughter, your meestress, een her finest raiment, an' put a white veil over her face, for she ees to die.' Then he go eento an eener room of hees palace, an' mourn een a loud voice, so the people they deed hear heem. The servants deed as they were told; an' when the sun was low on that day, the Keen', with tears een hees eyes, besought hees daughter to lead the sheep to the place where the dragon was. Hees daughter bow before heem an' say, 'O my dear father, as your people weel, so I do; an' een doin' so I grieve because I do not as you weel.' At thees speech the Keen' cry aloud, so ver-ee sad was he; but hees daughter, with greater courage than any woman, go out alone, leadin' the sheep. Now the people follow afar off; an' the Keen' was with them. So deed they all go out of the city's gates; an' the Keen' he weep an' cry out all the time, 'Who weel take my keen'dom, an' save my daughter?' — for there was yet time. But the people loved not the Keen' for that he deed not save hees own daughter; an' they were silent, all men of them.

"Now, when the dear lady, leadin' the white sheep, come to the place where the dragon was, she cry, 'O Monster, come forth! Here ees blood an' flesh, — flesh an' blood of chil' an' beast, as the Keen', my father, agree.' An' there come from the mouth of the cave black smoke, grea-at clouds, an' a roarin' from the bowels of the earth. Then the people look up from the plain, where they stan' een one great throng, an' observe with their two eyes, shadin' them from the sun, for eet was evenin'; an' again the Keen' he cry een a voice terrible with grief, 'Oh, oh, who weel take my keen'dom, an' breen' me back my leetle daughter?' Steel were the people silent; but some call upon their God to send an angel from heaven to slay the dragon.

"Then a wonderful theen' eet happen; for afar off on the road was a cloud of dust observed, an' out of the dust come a horseman, ridin' very mad; an' anon there stan' at the side of the Keen's daughter a great knight, with armor of silver an' a helmet of shinin' gold; an' tall feathers wave een the leetle weend above hees helmet, an' a spear he carry een hees han'.

"'O beauteous lady,' deed the horseman say to the daughter of the Keen', 'how beautiful are you! But why stan' you here alone with a white sheep, near where the smoke of a fearful dragon come from the mouth of a cave? Oh, fear not, beauteous one, for I weel slay the dragon.'

"An' the lady tremble, but not of fear, for the voice of the knight eet was gentle; an' she answer to heem: 'O young man, O young man, fly from thees dreadful place, for the dragon ees a great dragon as ever was, an' very hungry, for they have not fed heem for four days. Seek not to die for me, but fly quickly.'

"'Ho, ho!' said the knight. 'Ees eet so? A great dragon, an' not fed for four days! What a joy an' dignity for me to slay heem!'

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"'Oh, try not,' said the lady, 'but fly, fly.'

"'Beauteous lady,' deed the knight say then, 'I may not fly from dragons, for I am the Christian George; an' eef I might, I would not.'

"An' three times deed the lady beseech heem to go; an' thrice deed he answer her, 'Oh, fear not; eet ees my task to slay dragons, an'' " —

"'Is work?" Billy Halloran demanded.

"Yes," answered Khayat, and continued: "'Eet ees my work to slay dragons, an'' " —

"'Is business, — 'is reg'lar trade?" Billy asked in wonderment.

"Ay," said Khayat impatiently, "hees trade, — say eet so. An' the knight he say, 'An' slay thees' " —

"Say," said Billy eagerly, "any chanst fer a willin' boy over there now, — a boy wit' a bad leg, but willin' — *willin'* " —

"Boy? For what, a boy?"

"Fer dis dragon-slayin' business. George was on horseback, an' " —

"Sh-h-hh!" said Khayat. "Eet ees all dead now. There ees no more of eet."

Billy Halloran sighed. "Bloody good business," he said regretfully, and was silent.

"Well," Khayat pursued, "the knight he say to the lady: 'I would not fly eef I might, while you stan' here all, all alone. Eet weel be to me a greater joy, so, to keel the drag—' "

"W'ere 's de dragon all dis time?" Billy interrupted. "Ain't 'e doin' any stunts?"

"Well, the dragon he come roarin' from the cave in terrible wrath; an' smoke an' fire come from hees mouth an' blood sweat from hees belly, so fearrful was hees madness. Hees ween's he flap with the noise of a great weend, an' hees claws he stretch as an angry cat; an' the sun fall on the green scales of hees bod-ee an' on the purple scales of hees head, so that they shine brighter than the armor of the knight, — ay, with a magic lustre that ob-scured the sun an' blind the eyes of the people on the plain. Eet ees truth; so deed the scales of the dragon shine unteel God he touch the armor of the Christian George with cool flame; then deed the light een them fade to very blackness een the people's eyes. Then the knight he speak comfort to the lady, an' ride up against the dragon, cryin': 'The Lord for George an' the lady! The Lord geeve help to George!' "

"De Lord, w'at 's 'e? I do' know," said Billy.

Khayat, silent, motionless, stared at Billy Halloran.

"Oh, do you not know, boy?" he whispered distressfully at last. "He ees our Father, — the Lord Almighty, who " —

"Aw, y'u mean Gawd. W'y don't y'u talk 'Nited States? 'E" —

"Sh-h-hh!" with a gesture of deprecation.

"Well, 'e ain't no business mixin' in de scrap," Billy persisted sullenly, and continued argumentatively: "It ain't no square t'ing fer de dragon. Gawd 'e jumped up an' t'rew sand in de dragon's eyes, did n't 'e, eh? Aw" —

"Stop, boy!" Khayat exclaimed. "Say not so. Oh, do not. Eet ees not so. Oh no — the story" —

"Well, was Gawd anyw'ere roun' w'en George give de signal?"

"Een heaven he was, O boy! You not know" —

"I know more 'n y'u t'ink," said Billy, with a knowing side glance. "A Salvationer tol' me a t'ing er two w'en she fix me leg. Say, y'u can't tell w'ere t' look fer Gawd in them days. 'E might 'a' bin in a tree, an' 'e might 'a' bin in a fire; an' 'e might 'a' bin a stone on de groun' an' y'u would n't know it, an' 'e might 'a' bin in de win' an' y'u could n't see 'im." Billy's voice had taken on a tone of mystery, and his eyes were

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round; and now he continued plaintively: "I t'ink an' I t'ink, an' I don't know w'at 'e is er — er — I do' know."

"Well, he was een heaven," said Khayat.

Billy sighed, — for nothing immediate. "George must 'a' had 'is ally wit' 'im, if Gawd was dere," he said. "G'wan."

It was Khayat's turn to sigh. "The dragon," he said, taking up the thread of his story, "he turn an' go eento hees cave, where no eye could see heem; an' the knight ride up an' shake hees spear at the darkness of the cave an' mock the dragon. Then deed the people laugh loud at the dragon; an' the knight cry: 'So cowardly a dragon deed I never see een my life! Come forth an' fight, that I may keel you. See, I throw away my sword, an' my helmet I cast aside. Now have I only my spear; an' my face eet ees bare to your tongue of flame. Come to the sunlight. Geeve me fight for the lady.'

"Now the dragon was a cunnin' fellow, meanin' all the time to come forth an' keel the Christian George by a treek. Lo, as the people look, even as they laugh most loud, a smoke cloud, black an' theek like a night tempest, eet creep, creep from the mouth of the cave, bein' carried on the breath of the dragon, an' gather round about the knight, an' envelop heem from the people's sight. Then was there terrible fear een the people's hearts, who know much of the treeks of dragons; an' they say, each man to hees own heart, 'Lo, the black cloud ees the poison breath of the dragon, an' the brave knight weel surely perish.' Thrice deed George call upon hees God, an' hees voice was the evenin' prayer bell for sweetness; an' thrice deed he shout hees battle cry, an' hees voice was as the roarin' of a crouch-ed lion for — for — fear-rfulness. The darkness on the mountain side eet was terrible as night at noonday, an' the people tremble an' cover their faces to conceal the sight of the dragon's magic.

"Lo, the dragon leap forth with smoke an' fire an' great noise, as a shot of iron from a cannon's mouth. Hees tongue eet was as lightnin' een a black storm. Lo, a great roarin' come from the cloud, an' again a roarin', an' for the third time a grea-ater ro-oarin' than ever before. With suddenness deed God gather the smoke een hees han' an geeve eet to the four weends. Then was there silence as of rest-time, as of a tomb of ten thousan' years, as of hot noon on a desert of no endin'. Lo, the great victory of the Christian George deed affright the people. The knight he stan' by the mouth of the dragon; an' hees spear was thrust through the throat of the beast, an' black blood flow from the woun', — ay, a river of black blood. Lo, the dragon was dead; an' the knight was not hurt, even een one sma-all hair of hees head."

"Gee!" the boy ejaculated.

"Now the Keen' was possessed of so great joy that he could not contain eet een heem, an' ran before the bearers of hees chair, not waitin' for them, to the place where hees daughter stan' with the white sheep. Then he embrace hees daughter three times; for he was so please to see her alive an' the dragon dead. The Christian knight he come to where they stan'; an' the Keen' he say to heem, 'O young man of great courage an' skeel with the spear, favored of God an' beautiful een the eyes of all men, een whose bosom there leeve no fear, neither of the might nor the magic of dragons, come, I pray you, eat with me of the best een my house, an' rest from the terrible conflict.'

"An' the Christian George say, 'O my lord, when I have bury the dragon, then weel I come.'

"Then deed George call for twelve oxen to be brought an' fasten to the dragon's bod-ee with a strong rope to draw eet to a deep hole; an' so eet was done as he have order. Now the oxen pull, an' again pull they very hard; but

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they could not move the dragon so much as one eench, so very beeg was he.

"'Oh, breen' to me a cotton thread,' the knight say.

"An' they breen' to heem a cotton thread; an' he tie the thread to the drag-on's tooth an' pull the great bod-ee, as a miracle — alone — heemself — with one arm; an' he bury eet een a deep hole. Then, immediately, he go to the Keen's palace; an' as soon as he have come to the door, the Keen' meet heem as equal to heemself, an' begeen to address heem, sayin', 'My son, I have no chil' but only one daughter; an' I would that you marry my daughter, whose life eet ees yours, an' be a son to me, to sit on my throne after me.'

"Now when the young lady she have heard thees, she have great fear; for, lo, she love the knight with all the love she have. So queek she run to her women, an' cry to them, 'Oh, take me to my chamber!' So the women look on the Keen' with frowns, an' do as she have said.

"George he bow very low to the Keen', an' say: 'Gracious master, to whom God, my God, grant to leeve one hun'red years an' more, surely never was there kin'ness like to the great kin'ness you have show to your unworthy servant. How beauteous ees your dear daughter! What reward more great'" —

"Cheese it!" whispered Billy Halloran. "She 's a-comin' back. Can't y'u 'ear 'er?"

A creak, — prolonged peculiarly, like the wail of a baby in pain, — a pause, a ponderous footfall, warned Billy Halloran that his mother had reached the seventh step of the last stair, and that there was now no time for the escape of the editor. He stretched his neck through the window, and peered with alert eyes at the door. Khayat got to his knees, and pressed his dark face against the pane above, his heart quaking.

"She shall not beat you once more thees day," he whispered, his voice shrill with high resolve. "I, Khalil Khayat, say eet. My arm shall defend you. The Lord God Almighty, the poor servant of heem I am, geeve me strength an' courage to prevail against the woman! Hees enemies, though they be as one thousan' against one, are as one against ten thousan' before hees might. Hees ees the power, an' hees shall be the glory for thees good deed. Eet ees to heem" —

Billy's chuckling shattered Khayat's rapture.

"Know w'at she done t' de ol' man?" Billy asked, mischief in his eye; and he added in warning, "'E 's in de 'ospital."

"Her strength I care not for," Khayat answered doggedly. "The strength of God ees mine."

Billy was tempted to prove his mother's single superiority; but just then Mrs. Halloran lurched in, and stood to rest, blinking stupidly at the window. She was drunk near to the point of collapse; and her corpulent body swayed this way and that, its besting of her exhausted legs imminent. Her face was loose; it was as though intelligence had left her in disgust. Matted strands of hair hung in the way of her eyes, and she swept her great grimy hand across her brow at sudden intervals, but vainly. Her dress was undone at the throat, revealing the degradation of uncleanliness and the depth of her poverty. It was now a step — then a step — a fearful fight to keep upright — always a groping after handholds, as she made her way toward the mattress in the corner.

Billy instinctively pushed Khayat back from the sight, and, of a sudden overcome by the humiliation of his presence, began to cry. He sobbed and sobbed, turning himself away from comfort, and at last asked sharply, returning to the story, "Did 'e marry 'er?"

"The people een Beirout say to thees very day," Khayat answered, "that the Keen's daughter weep many days; an'

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at last she die of the strange seekness of heart, — eet ees call love."

"Huh!" said Billy.

There was a heavy fall in the room that seemed to shake the house. Mrs. Halloran had lain down.

"Lobster if 'e 'd 'a' done it," Billy said, drying his eyes.

"To take her for hees wife, — ah no, no," Khayat said in protest.

Billy puzzled.

"A beauteous lady!" Khayat pursued. "Ah no!" and he looked away.

Billy gave him a knowing leer. "One-lip Bill, me frien'," he said, "says it ain't necess'ry."

Now Khayat did not understand; so his gentle old face did not sadden this time. He clambered through the window and crept like a cat to his own room, to resume the reading of Abo Elola Elmoarri's sad philosophy in the big black book; and, later, into the night, to write wisdom concerning the oppression of his own people, for the men of his race to read in their own tongue, in the little restaurants of lower Washington Street, where his thoughts are to be found in a new Kawkab Elhorriah, every evening, — that they might ponder, perchance to their awakening, some day. And Billy Halloran was left alone on the fire escape, in the dusk and chill of evening, between the things of home, that repelled him, and the romp and laughter of the street, far below, that were greatly to be desired, but were out of the reach of a little boy who chanced to be a cripple from birth.

Norman Duncan.

THE MORMONS.

I.

When I left the train at Ogden, the dawn had touched the mountain snow crests with a delicate rose pink. The valley was still dark; those glowing summits hung like clouds in the sky. Then the pink turned to orange, the orange to chrome, the chrome to pale canary, and that to a crystalline white; and it was day. "What a paradise!" thought I. And with that I took up a morning paper, and read in the headlines, "Polygamy," and other things not to be mentioned. Oh, it was saddening! The beauty of Utah is tarnished, its alpine atmosphere tainted, its moral trend vile and low. And yet, aside from the curse of plural marriage, you have here the very pearl of the Rockies: a land rich in gold and silver and lead and gleaming precious stones; marvelous in its resources for the breeding of horses and sheep; fertile of soil and varied of climate, so that farms produce wheat and potatoes in one part of the state, and almonds, figs, pomegranates, and cotton in another. Moreover, the Mormons have developed every source of industry that goes to the making of a commercially independent commonwealth. Unlike the other intermontane states, Utah possesses a complete social order, masses as well as classes, the foundations of a people as well as its proud superstructure.

In the beginning of Mormonism, Brigham Young, that extraordinary character, — for daring a Cromwell, for intrigue a Machiavelli, for executive force a Moses, and for the utter absence of conscience a Bonaparte, — led up his people into the wilderness. It was a veritable pilgrimage, a soul-trying "move" across a trackless continent, harassed the while by savages. These wanderers trusted in Brigham Young as in their God. One hundred and forty-three persons, with seventy-two wagons, ninety-

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three horses, fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen, and nineteen cows, marched in the van. Two hundred Saints trod close in their rear. They traversed the wastes of Nebraska and Wyoming, crested the Rockies, and at last looked down upon a treeless, yellow valley. "See!" cried Brigham. "There is another Dead Sea, there another Lake of Gennesaret, and betwixt them another Jordan. This is the holy Canaan. Let us enter and possess the land." Accordingly, the Mormons halted their train, and began to establish themselves for permanent abode, a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, in what was then Mexican territory.

Their first task was the redemption of the desert. Eager hands assailed the sagebrush, and brought down water in trenches from the mountains. The Mormons became the inventors of American irrigation. Lucern absorbed the alkali from the soil. Crops sprang up; crickets attacked the crops; and then, by a miracle, a vast flock of white sea gulls, never seen before on the lake, fell upon the crickets and devoured them all. The vale became fruitful, and soon turned a transcontinental halfway house, or caravansary, making possible the development of California, Nevada, and Idaho. To Utah the Saints beckoned all true believers. Some came by ship round the Horn; some dragged handcarts over the prairies and mountain passes; while immense wagon trains rumbled westward, a marvel to bison and marmot. By 1848 Brigham Young had two thousand subjects. They had named their country Deseret, "the home of the honey bee," and they styled it "a free and independent state."

Then swiftly upgrew the Mormons' intermontane principality. Farms dotted its valleys, tiny hamlets clustered amongst its gulches, roads led from village to village, and all roads led at last to the holy city where centred its theocratic government. And the capital city was Zion in truth, builded by Brigham Young "according to the pattern shown him in the mount." It "lieth four-square." In the midst of the city, within a vast inclosure girt by stout yellow ramparts, looms the House of the Lord, — four gray walls and six gray towers, their slender spires half reminiscent of lovely Peterborough, — mysterious, repellent, yet fascinating, a Gregorian chant done in deathless granite. Forty years was the temple in building. Beside the Temple crouches the Tabernacle, — a squat brown turtle shell set hard upon countless red pillars. Near by is another inclosure, walled like the first and buttressed with cobblestones, where tithing is taken and coin counted out, and where, in the earlier day, Brigham Young made his home, and incidentally the home of his incalculable wives. There in the highway rises the tall plinth which supports the bronze statue of Brigham himself. To the four points of the compass run the stately broad streets of the Mormon capital, lined with superb shops, adobe cottages, and occasional really magnificent houses, and shaded by never ending rows of tall, shivering Lombardy poplars, "planted by rivers of water" drawn in little irrigation ditches from the melting snows of the mountains. And round about the city those naked crags leap into high heaven, — blue in the crystalline lustre of the upper atmosphere, caressed by lagging cloud drifts, crested a gleaming white by the same storms that drop rain to the valley to brighten the purple asters. Such, in a word, is Salt Lake City, — the city of uncrowned Cæsars and tiaraless popes, the Rome of a new and strange religion.

Go upon the Sabbath to the Tabernacle service. Sit beneath that crude white vault, look about you upon twelve thousand Mormon devotees, listen to the grotesque elucidation of Brighamite doctrine, and you will feel as if you were living five hundred years ago. Ah, but the music! — you think of Il Penseroso:

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"There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

And that is just the devil of it! The religious instinct is thus yoked with delusion, treason, and crime.

No other instance of social transplantation and metamorphosis in America is in any way comparable with this Mormon migration. Yankee traits persist throughout Greater New England; the sweep of the Pennsylvanian from state to state leaves the Pennsylvanian very little changed; the Southern tide that rolls over lower Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana is salted with the flavor of the old Confederacy; but in Utah how astounding the transformation! Scarce had the Mormons caught their dupe when they made him over completely, giving him a degrading religion, a novel contentment with abridged liberty, and a perverted conscience which approved of plural marriage.

Let me be understood. I am not attacking Mormonism because I think it a false creed. I do so think it, but I am attacking it because it stands for treason and crime sanctioned by fabricated "revelations." The Mormon theocracy — or "theodemocracy" — is an utterly un-American conception. With the form of a republic, it is ideally an absolute monarchy; feigning to rest upon the consent of the governed, it exalts its president to supreme power over all believers. Said Brigham Young, "I am God to them." And as for polygamy, though only six per cent of the married men ever had plural families, the institution was sustained by the entire church, and is so sustained in principle to-day. Polygamy made Utah. Abnormally increasing its population, it became the basis of imperial ambitions. The Saints would overrun the earth.

Now I gladly admit, on the other hand, one splendid result of Mormonism. Along with its strong men, it has gathered many incompetent, many unfit, some degenerate, from all countries, fired them with religious mania, attached that mania to temporal activities, and bred a spirit of tireless industry. Utah is therefore a social elevator. The penniless immigrant, — where else is he half so sure of such helping hands? A bishop allots him his acres, a bishop lends him his implements, a bishop talks wisely of seeds and of harvest. Presently, this serf, or pauper, or Georgia cracker has become self-supporting and prosperous. Nine tenths of the Latter-Day Saints own their homes. Beyond a doubt, the Mormon church is, considered purely as a political economist's scheme, "to-day nearer to being a successful effort to inaugurate the brotherhood of man than anything ever tried."

Here, then, is a social and political force to be reckoned with. Marvelous in its power over the individual, it is rapidly becoming an actual menace to the nation. Already it numbers a million adherents. It owns Utah. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, in Wyoming, in Colorado, in California, and in Nevada. When Arizona and New Mexico are admitted to the Union, it will control them also.

Having traced the picturesque evolution of the Mormon hobgoblin, we are brought face to face with a psychological puzzle of the first order. How in this humdrum worldkin of ours did mortal men ever come to do this madness?

II.

I applied for instruction to the heads of the church, who welcomed me with so charming a courtesy that I have never seen it matched save among the gracious, fatherly Cohenim of the Salem Street ghetto. Gentle souls are these Mormon patriarchs, — soft-voiced, sunny, and smooth; and many a pleasant evening have I passed, sitting patient at their

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feet. Thus, little by little, I came to a comprehension of the forces — both psychic and civic — which go to the making of Mormon success.

The first is the force of objective authority. Trace the whole long path of religious reflection, and you find but four sanctions for doctrinal tenet: the Roman sanction, which is the church; the Old Evangelical sanction, which is the letter of Scripture; the Progressive Orthodox sanction, which is the teaching of Christ; and the Outer Liberal sanction, which is the individual reason. And now comes the Mormon, seeking adherents. "What!" cries the Catholic. "Leave my church for yours, — mine with its divine origin, its venerable history, its gorgeous ritual, its adoration of the blessed Mother of God, for yours with a claim no sterner and a temple worship no lovelier?" Mormon missions fall fruitless in Romish lands. "A shame," cries Progressive Orthodoxy, "to exalt the Old Testament to rank with the New!" Since the beginning of the Progressive Orthodox transition, the Mormon evangelist has appealed solely to the ignorant, unenlightened masses. "Oh, pitiful imbecility!" exclaims the Outer Liberal. "No book authority for us!" You never saw the rationalist taught by Joseph Smith. But with the Old Evangelical how widely different the case! Truly, the Mormon church is the legitimate by-product of the Calvinistic theology. Make Scripture the seat of religious authority; call the Bible, not a record of spiritual evolution, but an indiscriminate armory of proof texts; adopt an antique interpretation of prophecy; and, bless you, you are out upon the broad highroad to Salt Lake City. "Keep your Bible," says the Latter-Day Saint, "believe it from cover to cover; but add the Book of Mormon, which explains its mysteries, reconciles its discrepancies, sustains its doctrines, and exactly fulfills its predictions." No other creed is so literalistic, no other church so immovably based on the letter of Scripture.

How came this so? Not, I think, by the hand of Joseph Smith. It is far more probable that Sidney Rigdon, long an intimate associate of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, framed the fabric of Mormon doctrine. For Campbell and Rigdon had formerly shared the hope of founding a new religion, and Campbell's Biblical erudition has rarely been equaled. The two quarreled. Campbell went one way to establish his "Campbellite" Disciples, Rigdon another to foist upon the world the Book of Mormon and its youthful prophet. Hence the skill which suited Mormon teaching to its purpose. Hence also its vast inclusiveness.

In this lies a further secret. The faith is a huge maw, gulping a dozen denominations. Are you a Baptist? The Mormon believes in immersion. A Methodist? The Mormon obeys his bishop. A Campbellite? The Mormon claims a yet closer return to apostolic ordinance. A Theosophist? The Mormon holds to preëxistence. A Spiritualist? The Mormon hears voices from the dead. A Faith Healer? The Mormon heals by the laying on of hands. A Second Adventist? The Mormon awaits the Messiah. A Universalist? The Mormon says all will be saved. Massing his proof, he declares his peerless religion the one immutable, eternal faith, lost in the early age and restored in the latter days, though glimmering in broken lights through all the creeds of Christendom. "Bring me from Europe or Asia," said Brigham Young, "a truth that is not a part of Mormonism, and I 'll give you a thousand errors for it, if you can find them." Said a Mormon at Harvard, "Sunday by Sunday I go to service in the Appleton Chapel, and there I hear nothing but Mormon doctrine." Limited only by the broad bounds of Christianity, this faith is an amalgamated and coördinated Parliament of Religions.

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Mormonism wins by breadth; also by narrowness. It meets crude thought with a crude anthropomorphism. It preaches a God of bone and of flesh, in his every attribute human. And this Mormon caricature of divinity resorts for Scriptural sanction to the earlier portions of the Old Testament. The God of Joseph Smith and of Brigham Young, Mormons will tell you, is the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. Then, to reconcile so blunt a doctrine with the refinements of historic Christianity, God is made omnipresent through the Holy Spirit, and the mystery of the Trinity is solved by the assumption of three separate Persons united by a common purpose. "Pure polytheism," I said. "Yes," came the answer; "is n't it grand?" Moreover, the Mormonite realizes that the low religious instinct craves tangible evidence of the unseen. Supi Yawlat caresses the feet of her mud-made Buddha; Sister Angelique clasps her crucifix; millions of Protestants worship their Bibles; but here is a gospel declared by a living prophet, mouthpiece of God and "boss of Jehovah's buckler;" here a creed beset on every hand with visible marvels, — miracles, healings, prophecies, revelations, and speaking with tongues.

Am I taking the Mormon too gravely? Perhaps. For to-day the appeal of Mormonism is less doctrinal than material. It dangles loaves and fishes before hungry mouths. It promises fertile lands in fee simple to the peasants of Scandinavia and the miserable crackers of Georgia. It says to the ragged outcasts of Darkest England, "Come with us to happy Utah: you find no want there; there is plentiful work for all, there is wealth for honest labor." And yet, originally, the power of Mormonism was unquestionably the power of doctrine. It entered American life at a period of intense illiberality. The air was full of schism. The sects teemed with recalcitrants. The time was ripe for the establishment of a church so broadly comprehensive as to welcome the malcontents of all Christendom.

Mormonism has from the first depended for its very life and heart throb upon ceaseless campaigns of propagandism. Aside from the lure of its doctrine or the gaudy fascination of its pledges, it triumphs by main strength. Two thousand youthful "elders" roam through "the world," seeking whom they may convert. They sprinkle the earth with tracts; they pass from cottage to cottage, teaching and preaching; they travel at their own expense, "without purse or scrip." When they can, they live like Napoleon's army, "on the country." So, considering their numbers and their zealous labor, the marvel is not that they bring home adherents; the marvel is that they bring so few.

Here, then, are the forces that fetch men to Utah. See now what keeps them there, and keeps them loyal. Missionary service seals the soul for the object of its devotion. Nearly every young Mormon — that is, nearly every young man, and now they are sending young women also — goes out to toil and to suffer for the faith. And there is in all this world no confirmation of a faith like that of abuse and contumely endured in its service. Tithing has also its power. Drop, year by year, a tenth of your income into the coffers of your church, and you learn to love it.

Again, enormous strength lies hid in the extraordinary acoustic properties of Mormonism. A pin let fall in a hat can be heard clean across the great Tabernacle; likewise the whisper of the First President is audible in the remotest gulch or cañon of the kingdom. What with his two counselors, his twelve apostles, his presidents of the stake, his bishops, his seventies, his elders, and his teachers, the whisper passes down from ear to ear, changing from English to Swedish, from Swedish to German, from German to Danish, — a miracle of tongues and interpretation of tongues, —

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till perchance it comes, harsh and sibilant, through the keyhole of your kitchen door to the maid with her hands in the dough. Or back, up that ladder of listening ears, goes the whisper of the teacher, to be heard in the president's office. The German government is paternal, but an ill parent compared with this; Tammany Hall a superb organization, but lax beside Mormonism. The ward heeler, that dread bogyman of city politics, — what now is he? A petty amateur. This Mormon church boasts the grandest ecclesiastical, political, commercial, and industrial machine on earth! Are quarrels brewing? The church will stop them. Is schism afloat? The church will check it. Is wealth to be gained? The church stands behind the counter with Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution. Is Gentile competition becoming alarming? The church bids its people trade with one another. Are the rills of irrigation like to be wasted? The church sets just the hour and minute for the farmer to open the trench. Are votes to be polled? The church gives commands. There have not been forty scratched ballots in forty years. Are there poor to be fed? The church will feed them. Consequently, whoever once enters so complete a freemasonry finds it not only exceedingly difficult to get out, but also exceedingly desirable to stay in.

Besides, in the day when this iron order was welded, the doctrine of blood atonement had its hideous red part to play. Said Brigham Young: "There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world or in that which is to come; and if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to heaven as an offering for their sins, and the smoking incense would atone for their sins; whereas, if such is not the case, they will stick to them, and remain upon them in the spirit world. . . . I know, when you hear my brethren telling about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it a strong doctrine; but it is to save them, not to destroy them." Now one of these unforgivable sins, from which men might be saved by assassination, was the sin of apostasy from the Mormon church. "Rather than that apostasy should flourish here," bellowed the prophet Brigham in a mighty discourse, "I will unsheathe my bowie knife, and conquer or die!" Such was the temper of the Mormon Bismarck.

But the main cohesive force is polygamy. Here is once more the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin's "We must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately." With an appalling uniformity, it is polygamists who rise to ecclesiastical eminence. Such can be trusted. Such will stay put.

This Mormon church binds its adherents with the strongest bonds known under heaven. It is at once a religion, an empire, a fraternity, a trust, and a partnership in crime.

III.

Though the Mormons had built them a nest in the wilderness, they might not remain there at rest. The Mexican war brought the folk of Deseret back into hated American territory. A mad rush to our newly acquired California swept in throngs of strangers. An army post on the bench above Salt Lake City took away its sovereignty. The railroad, offering swift escape to Gentile proscripts, and as swift inrushing of government troops whenever they might be needed, gave freedom of speech. Schism cleft the church; the Godbeites seceded; they assailed polygamy, and they founded a journal which became the Salt Lake Tribune, — intensely, ferociously anti-Mormon. With Gentile immigration came the Christian sects, whose missionaries returned East and inflamed national sentiment.

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After that it was certain that the Mountain Meadows massacre would not be repeated. Wolf and crow might scour the cañons to clean the bones of stray miners murdered alone and in secret, but never again would a heap of one hundred and twenty naked corpses lie festering in the sun for such foul repast. The new era had broken in full day. Cunning took the place of carnage. Henceforward the Americanization of Mormonism would follow the blazed train of governmental interposition and political combinations. The case against Zion was twofold: polygamy must go; so must the union of church and state.

Strange, you say, that a polygamous rout should have crossed America unmolested, and established itself afresh. Yes, but remember. The Mexican affair covered the flight of the quarry. Who chases the fox when the stag happens by? And again, in 1862, when the United States government enacted its first anti-polygamy law and abolished the ordinance incorporating the Mormon church, we were fighting a civil war. Later, we bent our best energies to mending the disrupted republic. Consequently, the decency laws remained unenforced in Utah, and crime ran riot. What wonder? The courts were the while in the hands of the Mormons, and though you may sagely set sinner to catch sinner, beware how you set Saint to catch Saint. Twenty years passed, and then the government at Washington saw a great light. So did the Mormons.

Open the Brief History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; read the Mormon version of the story, and fancy, as you read, that the fox looks over his shoulder at your tall hat, pink coat, and riding whip, and talks back: "The enjoyment of peace was short. Days of sore trial were at hand. In the summer of 1881 a crusade was inaugurated against the Saints to suppress their institution of plural marriage. It was begun by sectarian opponents and politicians. Beginning in Utah, the agitation soon spread throughout the whole land. Alarming falsehoods of Mormon disloyalty, vice, and abominations soon stirred the people of the nation and their national representatives to a fever heat against the Saints. . . . The Edmunds law was signed by President Arthur on the 22d of March, 1882. Polygamy was made punishable by disfranchisement; also a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and imprisonment for not more than three years. Cohabitation with more than one woman was punishable by a fine not to exceed three hundred dollars, and imprisonment not to exceed six months. Polygamists and believers in the doctrine of plural marriage were rendered incompetent to act as jurors. No polygamist could hold office or vote. In 1887 a supplemental act was passed, known as the Edmunds-Tucker law. This gave additional powers to the officers, required certificates of all marriages to be filed in the offices of the probate courts (whose judges were appointed by the President of the United States), disincorporated the church, and ordered the Supreme Court to wind up its affairs and to take possession of its escheated property. Twelve thousand persons were disfranchised. A test oath was subscribed to by those Mormons who decided to retain their rights of franchise, — the election machinery having been placed in the hands of a commission of five, appointed by the President of the United States. Their political rights thus interdicted, the Mormons were set upon by the judiciary. . . . There followed an unjustifiably cruel legal persecution. Upwards of a thousand men were sent to the penitentiary, because they would not promise to discard their families. Hundreds were driven into retirement or exile, families were broken up. There was untold sorrow and heart-suffering in their midst. Juries obtained by open venire were unanimous in obeying the bidding of

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overzealous prosecuting attorneys who were determined on conviction. As a rule, to be suspected was equivalent to arrest, arrest to indictment, indictment to conviction, conviction to the full penalty of the law. Unprincipled, some of them very immoral, adventurers dogged the steps or raided the homes of respectable veterans, founders of the commonwealth. Government aided in the enforcement of the law by increasing special appropriations. Paid spotters and spies prowled among the people. . . . The Saints were passing through a night of dreary darkness. Bereft of the counsels and presence of their leaders, torn with anguish, they were taught the lessons of self-reliance, dependence upon the Lord, faith in God."

A pious fox, was it not? Hunted and harried near to death, it at last ran into its earth in the Temple, and whined piteously to heaven. "President Woodruff sought the Lord" in behalf of his afflicted people, "and in answer to his petitions of anguish received the word of the Lord authorizing the Saints to discontinue their practice of plural marriage."

Then the Gentiles, taking Mormon word in good faith, recognized "changed conditions," and made Utah a sovereign state. And now the fox is out, nerved by his devotions, and leads his pursuers once more a steaming chase. For there are times in the life of every right-minded fox when he is so good that he is sorry afterwards, and the Mormon church has lately come to one of those times. The Saints break their pledge two ways at once. The editor of the Deseret News (the "organ of the Lord") admits new plural marriages since the manifesto of 1890, while no one attempts to cloak or dissemble the survival of numberless plural marriages contracted before that manifesto.

"Let Utah alone," says B. H. Roberts. "Polygamy will die of itself," says the Mormon church. Polygamy, I reply, will die when we kill it, and not sooner. What matter if new polygamous marriages are rare; what matter if they have to be contracted in states other than Utah; what matter if an apostle must enter into a ship and sail out into the Pacific Ocean, that he may espouse a fifth concubine? The trouble is not the isolated instance of law-breaking; the trouble is the determined attitude of the Mormon church, which permits the crime, covers the crime, and honors the criminal. Only when Zion will cut off a Saint for his breaking the law can we take Mormon declarations as anything but the delicious hoaxes they have hitherto proved to be.

With the survival or rehabilitation of plural marriages contracted before the manifesto we have been altogether too lenient. Mormons say: "Sir, suppose that for fifteen years you have had two wives; suppose you tenderly loved them both; and then suppose that Congress should compel you to relinquish one of them. Do you think you would keep the law?" What puling sentimentality! These Mormons took their plural wives when polygamy was a crime; they perjured themselves, one and all, when they promised to give them up; and now they stand defiant. A thousand polygamous children have been born in Utah since it was made a state. The church smugly grins and approves. Naturally, for its leaders rank chief among the offenders. Mr. C. M. Owen, who is traversing the state to expose polygamists, telegraphed his paper a dispatch which concluded with this interesting summary: "Of the fifteen leaders who pledged their faith and honor for the future compliance with the law by the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, eleven have been actually guilty of the transgression of the law; one is undoubtedly morally so; and three, two of whom are exceedingly old and feeble men, have complied with the pledge given to the people of the United States through their president."

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There was also a purely political side of the contest with Mormonism. Salt Lake, a walled city for years, still remained departmentally a close corporation in the hands of the Mormons. For three long decades their opponents, the "Liberal" party, persevered with a patriotic, unselfish patience, awaiting recognition. Their ranks grew, also their power; and in 1889, to the surprise of every Gentile, they carried the county election. That night, the chief of police might well have posted a writ (like that of his Helena comrade, when the capital of Montana had been snatched from Anaconda) to the effect that "any man found sober on the streets after midnight would be run in." The next year Gentiles learned a lesson from Mormondom, organized "tens" in room of "seventies," accounted for every vote in every block in every ward, bought drums by the carload and torches by the mile, and fought "the greatest political battle ever pulled off in this country." When the returns lagged in, all good Mormons buried their heads in the sand. Gentiles thronged the streets. The city flamed with bonfires. Bales, crates, boxes, gates, horse-blocks, signs, wagons, — in short, every movable and combustible object in sight was gayly tossed into the blaze.

Then followed an era of dazzling reform. The Gentile administration built a million-dollar town hall, established a public library, borrowed $860,000 and spent it on schools, laid out Liberty Park, graded and paved the streets, lighted them with electricity, piped them for eighty miles with water mains, and tunneled some $400,000 worth of deep drains. But alas, their heads reeling with success, the Liberal party lost their balance, and the Mormon church had its way once more. Consequence, compromise. The former factions should vapor away, and there should be thenceforward division on Republican and Democratic party lines. And so it goes to-day, — ostensibly. But latterly one hears a note or two of the old plaint. Here is a perfectly conscienceless political machine, absolutely accurate in its every movement, strong as Tammany and twice as treasonable. If it put forth its power from time to time, why, what else are we to expect?

These are the charges against the Mormon, — crime and disloyalty. What retort now finds the Mormon? I went to my Mormon friends, and, to borrow a conceit from the Sweet Auburn folk, I "got the story straight from the bear's mouth."

IV.

Unvarying type traits or stigmata mark Gentile and Mormon. Your Gentile will clench fist, grit teeth, and sputter bad words. Your Mormon, with the usual suavity of an under dog, will spread forth his fat palms, smile a bland, sweet, Asiatic smile, and honey his talk with Scriptural quotations. Half an eye sees which is right. Yet *noblesse oblige;* let us grant this devil his due. Consider, I beg you, the case of the Mormon, who pleads for polygamy, and boasts a bright liege loyalty to country and country's flag.

Heeding the example of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, who sat in his *désobligeante* and classified travelers, I looked and found that polygamous Mormons were of five sorts, — sentimental Mormons, exegetical Mormons, philosophical Mormons, sociological Mormons, and barnyard Mormons.

Said a sentimental Mormon: "Polygamy with us is as sacred as baptism. It is for children, who are the heritage of God. The more children we have, the richer and more blessed we are; for we can take our children with us into heaven, and be blessed with them forever. I 've three wives and twenty-seven children, and I 'll die in the penitentiary before I 'll give them up." So saying, he opened a drawer of his desk and took out a bulging packet of portraits, which

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he spread across my lap and across both arms of my chair, while I took the rest in my hand. One caught my fancy, — a dainty lass of seventeen, wide-browed and fair, with the look of a Perugino angel. "A dear, sweet girl," said Abou ben Brigham. "Polygamous child. And I tell you, sir, if Congress knew what splendid children are born in polygamy, we 'd soon see an end of this cruel persecution." Another oily sentimentalist proudly whipped open his watch, where lurked a composite photograph of his wives. Such call plural marriage "the supreme exaltation of earthly existence, and the sole key to highest heaven." Hence the Mormon definition of happiness: forty feet on a fender.

The exegetical Mormon sleeps with a Holy Bible beneath his pillow. Being a logbook of spiritual progress, the Scripture reflects the successive stages of psychical evolution which produced it. Polygamy prevailing in old Israel, you find no condemnation of it in the Pentateuch; polygamy disappearing from the Semitic social order, you find no mention of it in the gospel; neither is monogamy distinctly commanded there. And this is most unfortunate. For never will you persuade a Brighamite to call Christian marriage a lily sprung out of the mire. He "believes his Bible from cover to cover," and finding no explicit mention of the pale, pure lily, makes himself a filthy mud gospel from the muck and slime at its root. Nothing can exceed the glibness of his Biblical citations. The Book, forsooth, has turned him a pious knave. To break law is to "live his religion." When he tells the wife of his bosom that he is about to fetch home a concubine, he puts on a sweet, smug front, and says, "Dearie, I 'm resolved to live closer to my church and my God." She demurs? Not for long. He will open the sacred volume, and read her a thing or two. This is a commentary on the doctrine of an infallible, inerrant, and verbally inspired divine book, every part of which is as good as every other.

The philosophical Mormon prates long and loud of preëxistence and the bright world above us. Human souls, he will argue, had a life of their own ere they entered the body. That magnificent welter of white clouds amid the snow-capped mountain crags is crowded with untabernacled spirits longing to enter upon corporeal existence. Merciful, then, is plural marriage, which provides in roundest number the fleshly coils they crave. Suppose a man take a wife; suppose the wife die; suppose the man marry again. Then, beyond a doubt, the man must be wedded to both in paradise; for Mormons are joined together for time and eternity. If polygamy is right in heaven, it must *a fortiori* be right on earth. "Quod erat demonstrandum."

The sociological Mormon would floor you with statistics. There are more women than men. Unspeakably sad, says he, were it not for polygamy. Curse on his hypocrisy! See what polygamy means. Here are four sisters married to one man; yonder mother and daughter share the love of a bishop; while just over the way, a priest of the order of Melchizedek has lately espoused the granddaughter of his second wife. And what, think you, will be the moral possibilities of children bred of such unions and reared in such homes?

Now the barnyard Mormon keeps this to his honor: he owns the truth. He crassly confesses the creed of the mews. But of the barnyard Mormon the less said the better.

Are these, then, five wholly distinct and separate classes of Mormons? Bless you, no! For the last includes each or all of the others. Mormons, like Gentiles, are moved by mingled motives, — one compels, another condones. Sin wears the varied robe of hypocrisy. Yet this applies only to men. And, Heaven save us, what of the women? They reason alike, and they reason thus: Polyga-

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mous wives shall be queens in Elysium. Acquiescence in the husband's plural marriage or plural marriages mounts to the very pinnacle of virtues. Besides, once in, there is never a hope of escape. Then it is only to hold a high head, to laud this vice, to beat back the shame of it.

Polygamy, remember, is not abolished; it is only suspended. To the holy apostles I said: "Suppose, sirs, the day of relief should come; suppose the federal government should absolve you from your pledge: what then?" "Then," replied the holy apostles, "we 'll go straight back to polygamy!" And this in America! I felt for my fez. Yet think! These vile Asiatics brag big of their patriotism. They have filched from heaven a "revelation" which pronounces the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence to be inspired documents. On the Fourth of July, they parade a Goddess of Liberty surrounded by polygamous children representing the states of the Union. "The American people," they say, "have killed our prophet, bombarded our cities, burned our Temple, stoned our elders, and hounded us across the continent; but, spite of all that persecution, we love them still. We feel to say, God forgive them; they know not what they do."

Say unto such they lie. Quote in retort the inspired utterance of Apostle Orson Pratt: "The kingdom of God [*id est*, the Mormon church] is an order of government established by divine authority. It is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe. All other governments are illegal and unauthorized. Any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making or by officers of their own appointment are in direct rebellion against the kingdom of God." Look back to 1861. Said Brigham Young: "The people of the North are praying to God to destroy the people of the South. The people of the South are praying to God to destroy the people of the North. I say Amen to both prayers." These Utah patriots refused for two years to recognize the territorial government, and impudently convened their own congress instead. For many a day they took oath of vengeance upon the United States government. They drove out the first territorial officers. They called Lincoln's assassination the justice of God. They refused admission to Johnson's army. The nation's flag has floated at half-mast in Salt Lake City on Independence Day; it has been dragged in the dust by a Mormon mob. By their own confession, the Saints sought statehood because they "could better redress their grievances inside the Union than outside it."

Pierce the trailing fog of Jesuitic falsehood, and you find the Mormon theocracy still awaiting the day of its triumph, still delighting in hallowed sensuality, still lusting for conquest. That is the meaning of the enormous scheme of colonization. State after state falls victim; all will at last be theirs. Then what holds the storm in leash? "It is fear, little hunter, it is fear."

V.

Lord Rosebery has lately remarked that the Mormons are Boers, the Gentiles Uitlanders, and Utah another South Africa. How perfect the parallel! From the very first the Latter-Day Saints have been farmers; from the first their foes have been miners. And the problem is precisely the problem of the present-day Transvaal: a state laden with inconceivable mineral treasure is crippled, halted, and dwarfed by the tyranny of an unprogressive race. The Mormon, like Oom Paul, is a "thorn in the hand of Destiny."

Now when two peoples fall foul of each other, the quicker they make trial of strength, the better for both. As with Boer, so with Mormon: the Saint must shortly be beaten; and, very fortunately, he keeps a white flag handy, with a convenient doctrinal beanpole to fly it when

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needed. Hammered hard enough, he will receive a "revelation;" the revelation will bid him submit. Then how pliable, and at last how feeble, this monster! The Mormon was once commanded to take many wives; then commanded to discard all but one. "God gave us that precious privilege," he says, "and afterward took it from us, because we had not sufficiently availed ourselves of it." The gods of Utah are continually changing their minds; they have always their ears to the ground.

Let us make short shrift of polygamy. Let us promptly cease winking at crime and at treason, for there is no mercy in temporizing sentimentality. "He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow." We must immediately frame a constitutional amendment, prohibiting polygamy in every part of the United States. That will throw all such cases squarely upon the federal courts, where they belong. Two things will happen: the Gentiles will soon outnumber the Mormons; the Mormon empire will disintegrate.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

RECENT BOOKS ON ITALY.

AMONG recent English works on the political development of Italy,[1] the place of honor must undoubtedly be awarded to Mr. Bolton King's History of Italian Unity. Mr. King has retold, with ample detail, the story, so familiar to the generation before our own, of the long and heroic struggle for Italian independence which ended in the seemingly complete triumph of 1870; and he has told it so forcibly, so clearly, and in the main so temperately, with so full a knowledge and so fine a sympathy, as to rekindle much of the enthusiasm with which the conflict was followed, while in progress, by all men of good will. The difficulties of a task like this are enormously increased by the very superabundance of material which lies ready to hand. He who undertakes to write recent history in these days has to develop a new faculty; or rather, he must develop, to a hitherto undreamed-of extent, a faculty always useful to the annalist. He has to deal with such a stupendous mass of printed matter bearing upon his subject that he needs, before everything else, a power of ruthless and unrepentant rejection. "The eagerness of the Italians," observes Mr. King in his preface, "to publish everything, however trivial, that bears on the Revolution, reaches almost to a literary mania;" and whoever has had occasion to dip, ever so lightly, into this ocean of patriotic literature must have been struck by the comparatively slight and ephemeral value of a great deal of it. Even the six monumental volumes of Cavour's Correspondence, edited by the indefatigable Chiala in 1883, and supplemented by two more volumes in 1889 and 1895, though most interesting, always, for the light they shed on the reserved character and subtle mind of the great statesman himself, contain much irrelevant matter, and seem sometimes curiously to "darken counsel" concerning the story of Italian unification. The letters and

[1] *A History of Italian Unity.* 1814–1871. By BOLTON KING, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

The Union of Italy. 1815–1895. By W. J. STILLMAN. Cambridge [England] Historical Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Cavour. By the Countess EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO. Library of Foreign Statesmen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

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ricordi of the lesser men are, naturally, even more diffuse and unsatisfactory. The memoirs of the d' Azeglios, those of Urban Rattazzi by his wife, the polished monographs of Costa de Beauregard, and many more, not to mention Mazzini's personal recollections and the artless and vehement Autobiography of Garibaldi, are all full of picturesque and affecting detail. But the serious inquirer has greatly needed, in the case both of these voluminous contemporary records and of the far more obscure and widely scattered annals of the earlier and later Carbonari, exactly such a lucid abstract as Mr. King has given us; and the bibliography of nearly a thousand volumes, appended to his history, shows the vast extent of the ground — he himself somewhere calls it the "morass" — which he has had to traverse.

Mr. King observes — and, we think, very justly — that it was Italy's brief experience of something like decent government and uniform order, under the administration of the Code Napoléon, which first awoke in the peninsula "a stronger national feeling than had flourished since the days of the Guelphs." What he does not so clearly note is the striking fact that whenever, since the days of the Roman republic, there has been patriotism in Italy which deserved the name, — the patriotism which is a religion, and exacts an unreserved self-surrender, — such patriotism has invariably been national, and not sectional. Guelph and Ghibelline, Black and White, petty state and petty state, have fought their small fights and taken their mean reprisals, and too often, to their lasting shame, have summoned the foreigner to arbitrate in their local disputes. But, none the less, the combatants upon either hand have always had, in their inspired moments, a higher vision. The image of the one integral and inviolate state has ascended clear above the mêlée of its warring members. The great revivalist leaders — Cola di Rienzi and Arnold of Brescia — dreamed and prayed and fought, in their transitory day, for the country, not the province. It was united Italy which was the object of Petrarch's larger passion, — toward which he stretched out his arms from the top of Mount Ventoux, — not Rome where he was crowned, or Parma where he long resided, or Venice in whose territory he died. And how often, even in Dante, painfully mixed up as he was in the sectional strifes of his time, does the "Deh Italia!"[1] or some such impassioned adjuration, mark the rising within him of a tide of overmastering emotion for his entire fatherland! "Now Jerusalem which is above is free."

The secret society of the Carbonari, organized in the first instance to resist the paralyzing effects of the monarchical and orthodox reaction, was the legacy of Napoleon I. to that ancestral country with which, by race, tradition, family, maternal influence especially, and native temper of mind, he was more vitally identified than ever with France. Mr. King's chapters on the Carbonari, and their various attempts at insurrection, are among the most interesting and valuable of his book. He notes the wide difference in character between the mystical tenets and ascetic rule of the society's earlier members, who organized that rising of 1821 in which Carlo Alberto, the heir to the Piedmontese throne, was implicated, and the conspiracies hatched under its later auspices, after it had attracted to its lodges the impracticable dreamers and more or less criminal malcontents of all Europe, — Louis Napoleon Bonaparte among them. All these movements were promptly suppressed, as we know, often under circumstances of great barbarity. The best and bravest of two generations of Italians disappeared behind the gates of the Spielberg,

[1] See notably the passage at the end of the VI. Purgatorio, after his soul has been shaken by witnessing the tearful meeting of the two *Mantovani*, Virgil and Sordello.

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or stood up, with a smile, to receive the bandage and the bullets of the military executioner. But the sacred fire was never suffered to go out. The work of the Carbonari, purged by the blood of martyrdom, was taken up and carried on by the Society of Young Italy, of which Giuseppe Mazzini was the head and soul. Mr. Bolton King is a man somewhat prone to erect idols. His book would be less fascinating than it is, were he of a colder disposition. But his hero in chief is Mazzini; and his résumé of the character and career of the great radical agitator may be quoted as a good example of that balance of qualities which makes him a real master in the art of pen-and-ink portraiture: —

"In old age he became, as many a conspirator tends to be, a mere mischief-maker. Nor was he more successful in moulding his country to his ideal. The republic, the social reconstruction, have proved a dream. The former was probably neither possible nor desirable; and, in time, Mazzini himself, save in moments of obstinate unreason, came to realize that Italy was too conservative, too monarchical, perhaps too stagnant, for his titanic schemes. None the less, he made Italy. His mistakes in action have been far outbalanced by his mighty and fruitful influence. . . . He stamped it [the nationalist movement] with his own moral fervor, and gave it the strength that could survive long waiting and disappointment, and struggle on to victory. He had the genius to see that men require unselfish motives to stir them to noble deeds; that they will never rise above themselves save for a great and good cause; that it needs some sacred idea, which goes to the souls of men, to move them to action that means loss of love or home or life."

It is true that Mr. King tells us elsewhere in his history that "Garibaldi made Italy," and even, *alla fin' fine*, and almost grudgingly for so generous a soul, that "Cavour made Italy." But in the sense that each did a work without which that of the others would have been incomplete it is quite true; and true not only of these most prominent leaders, but, in widely varying degrees, of many more: of Manzoni, who looked for the political regeneration of his country through the personal regeneration of her sons and daughters; of Gioberti, the Jansenist priest of Turin, who invoked it under the leadership of a purified Church; of Guerrazzi, the keen and cynical Leghorn lawyer, "too full of hate of wrong to have room for love of good;" of Gino Capponi, the blind old Tuscan nobleman, who founded the Antologia as an organ of free thought, and welcomed both Mazzini and Leopardi among its earliest contributors; of the elder Viesseux, who started, with a like educative purpose, the library in Florence, which everybody knows; of Ridolfo Ricasoli, who made the desert blossom like the rose round the feudal towers of Brolio in the Sienese Maremma, and read the Bible like an old Scotch Covenanter to the peasants gathered in his hall; and of Daniele Manin, the selfless and stainless Venetian, who seems, as Mr. King justly says, the very ideal of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior; nay, it is true even of those two royal soldiers, Carlo Alberto, who, after all, granted the statute which is the basis of Italian freedom, and who expiated the tergiversations and treacheries of his middle life on the gloomy field of Novara and the solitary deathbed at Oporto, and his son Victor Emmanuel, as phenomenally simple a nature as his father was distressingly complex, — the very type of the few in all times and places who "do" great deeds "and know it not." While always behind the theorists and reformers pressed the endless ranks of eager recruits, who asked no better fortune than to do and die in the common cause; and still behind them waited and endured the unnamed millions of Italy's humble and gentle creatures, — depressed even below the

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range of Austrian or papal bullets, — with their exquisite genius for suffering gayly, and the debonair piety of their perpetual watchword, "Ci vuol pazienza per andare in Paradiso."

From 1831 to 1845 the influence of Mazzini remained paramount among the more resolved revolutionists; and his fond chimera of an Italian republic was the goal of all their dreams, and the object of many an ill-considered and ill-starred rising. He was rightly held responsible, among many heart-breaking and seemingly futile tragedies, for the wild crusade of the young brothers Bandiera, — the Harmodius and Aristogeiton of Italian freedom, — and for the untimely sacrifice of those two brilliant lives. "Young Italy" died with them.

There was a moment in 1846, after Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti became Pope under the name of Pius IX., when it seemed as though the aspirations of that class of patriots who styled themselves the "New Guelphs," and who hoped for a federation of Italian states under the headship of the Holy Father, were about to be gloriously fulfilled. But the pontiff found his rôle of civic reformer untenable before he had fairly assumed it, and in his ninth chapter Mr. King writes of that great fiasco with uncommon picturesqueness and pith. To him, if the Pope be not, according to the simple creed of old-fashioned Protestantism, Antichrist in person, papal misrule was at all events the worst among the many forms of misrule with which Italy was afflicted in the earlier half of the century; and the shadowy presence of the Pope in Rome, though shorn of the last shred of his temporal sovereignty, he still regards as a standing menace to the prosperity of the Italian state. It will readily be understood, therefore, that his portraits of Pio Nono and his reactionary premier, Cardinal Antonelli, are painted with no flattering brush, and he hardly hesitates to attribute to the Jesuits the assassination of the liberal minister, Pellegrino Rossi. But his discussion of the still smouldering Roman question is, upon the whole, a masterly one.

When, however, Mazzini had had his chance for three months as president of a Roman republic; when Pius IX. had come back from Gaeta escorted by French troops, and sincerely repentant for his lapse into liberalism; when the revolutions of 1849 in Venice and the south, and the feebler movement in Tuscany, had been effectually suppressed, and the romantic splendor of the Five Days of Milan had been quenched in the disaster of Novara, there came the calmer hour of the Constitutional Moderates and of Camillo Cavour. The Statuto, whose festival they still celebrate annually in Italy, and which is essentially identical with the present Italian constitution, had been wrung from Carlo Alberto in March of that year of glory and defeat. It gave representative government to Piedmont, along with a large share of intellectual and religious freedom; and more and more, under the teaching of Cavour in the emancipated press, and on the floor of the Senate at Turin, it became clear to wise and temperate patriots all over Italy that in union with Piedmont lay their only reasonable hope of obtaining the same privileges. Decidedly, Cavour is not one of Mr. King's heroes. The cast of his character and the temper of his mind are antipathetic to the English historian, who dislikes Cavour's finesse, undervalues his diplomatic victories, and seriously questions the ultimate value to Italy of the French intervention which he secured in 1859. He barely notices Cavour's great work as a journalist, though the collected articles which he contributed to the Risorgimento show how solid and invaluable that work was, and bear noble witness to both the keenness of his prophetic insight and the magnanimity of his personal views.

The death of Cavour in 1861 is, however, recognized by Mr. King for the

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"staggering blow" it really was to growing Italy, and there is something of the nature of a late and rueful *amende* in his final word concerning the one truly creative statesman of our century: —

"Cavour went to the grave with his work half done. No fair criticism would charge to his account the backwash that came after him. . . . His were the consummate statesmanship, the unbending activity, the resourceful daring, that accomplished the seemingly impossible. . . . If he sometimes sacrificed to his political ends the bigger ends of truthfulness and honest dealing, he helped to create a national environment where shams throve less and a robuster virtue was possible. Despotism, whether in a state or village, is ever the most fruitful parent of dishonesty, and Cavour made truth and straightforwardness easier in Italy to all time. And nothing can obscure the tolerant, genial, humane spirit, which had no room for pride and pettiness, which hardly ever allowed personal rancor to guide it, which through all its devotion to Italy never lost sight of the larger welfare of humanity."

That Italy was not paralyzed by this ghastly misfortune, but gathered herself up to carry on and complete the work of Cavour in the dull decade that followed his early departure, affords impressive proof of her essential soundness of heart and strength of purpose, and furnishes a hopeful augury even now for her heavily clouded future. Her greatest moral progress has hitherto been made (perhaps it is so with all moral progress), not in her "crowded hour of glorious life," but in the sad and uneventful intervals when the outside world has all but forgotten her; and there is a very real sense in which she has actually fulfilled the forlorn boast of Carlo Alberto, "Italia farà da se." No foreign power has ever materially assisted Italy. Individual Englishmen, usually men of genius, have loved the land for its beauty and pitied it for its sorrows, and warmly, if fitfully, espoused its cause. But England, as a nation, has always failed Italy at a crisis.

Nor has France proved herself much more helpful. French blood has indeed flowed freely in and for Italy at the bidding of both Bonapartes, — as where has it not flowed freely at their bidding? But the sixty thousand Italians who fell in the ranks of the first Napoleon's armies may help to offset that score; while the French occupation of Rome, which propped up for twenty years the corrupt government of the Papal States, and effectually barred Italian progress that way, was initiated — let it not be forgotten! — by the second French republic under the sentimental presidency of Lamartine. Again and again, and only too gladly, would Louis Napoleon have withdrawn those troops, but for his weak dread of a fanatical wife, the unsteadiness of a throne which was shaky at the best of times, and the social prestige of his ultramontane subjects. It was the man Louis Napoleon who was swayed by his Italian sympathies, and who bowed to the appeal from the scaffold of Felice Orsini, the man who tried to murder him. Mrs. Browning was but a disheveled and moonstruck though devoted Muse of Italian freedom, and abounds in pages of foolishly exaggerated panegyric. But the instinct was right, after all, which led her to separate the sovereign from his people, and to call the strangest of all her rhapsodies Napoleon III. and Italy.

In a work only less important than Mr. King's, — The Union of Italy, 1815–1895, written by our countryman, Mr. W. J. Stillman, for the Cambridge [England] Historical Series, and edited by Mr. Prothero, Fellow of King's College in that university, — the ground is unhesitatingly taken that France has been, from first to last, the worst of Italy's enemies, and French influence the most baneful which has been exercised there in recent times. But here it seems to me that Mr. Stillman goes too far. He is at all times a graphic and an interesting

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writer; as titular correspondent for many years both of the Times and the Nation, he may be supposed to represent the best order of journalism; and nothing comes from his pen which is not abundantly readable. His narrative of events during the period covered by his history — a period coming down almost twenty-five years later than Mr. King's — is more condensed, of course, than the latter, but it is animated, and in the main trustworthy. Mr. Stillman has lived long in Italy, and has never any need laboriously to study the circumstances and scenery of events there. But he is essentially a partisan, — a man of *partis pris*. His parti pris, in the case of this and other late writings of his upon Italian themes, is Francesco Crispi, and the blessings to Italy of the Triple Alliance. Whatever glimmering hope Mr. Stillman can yet discern for Italy lies in the maintenance of the Dreibund. But he will hardly, without better proof than he has yet offered, persuade his readers that the nascent state was not forced by the exigencies of that compact into the raising of entirely disproportionate armaments, both naval and military, the cost of whose support has terribly aggravated the financial distresses of the last two decades. Mr. Stillman's faith in United Italy is, however, but feeble at the best. He takes up in his preface a frankly pessimistic attitude, and closes his narrative of a contest maintained with rare tenacity through three generations with the disheartening and ominous quotation, "Too easily and too quickly was Italy made."

Happily, the more hopeful and, as I think, much more healthful view of Mr. Bolton King is shared to the full by a third writer, who has attempted less than the others, but has accomplished her comparatively restricted task in a more perfect style than either. The Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco's life of Cavour is so entirely excellent a piece of biography that one can hardly speak of it fairly without seeming fulsome. The author, an Englishwoman by birth, and inheriting the best kind of civic traditions, has also lived in Italy, if not so long as Mr. Stillman, to better purpose than he. She understands her Italians more thoroughly than he will ever do, by virtue of a finer penetration and a warmer and more intimate sympathy. If Mr. King's faculty for happy selection out of a bewildering mass of material seems remarkable, the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's is little less than miraculous. She often says in a few lines all that need ever be said to the general reader concerning matters which have called forth tomes of controversy. Take as an illustration her laconic summing up of the position of the King of Piedmont in 1848: "Charles Albert's heart was with the growing cry for independence, but he wished for independence without liberty. This was the 'secret of the King' which has been sought for in all kinds of recondite suppositions; this was the key to his apparently vacillating and inconsistent character."

Here we have the truth, and the whole essential truth, concerning that unfortunate monarch, the intricacies of whose mind and the waywardness of whose career have proved so endlessly inviting to the morbid psychologist.

The subject of this beautiful character sketch, widely disliked and perversely misunderstood, both in his own day and since he died, has now been limned once for all in a modest monograph, and lives there, as he trod the earth for too brief a period: wise and wary, adroit and yet candid, haughty and yet tender; seemingly ruthless at times, but inexhaustibly humane; reckless of self to the last degree, and sometimes of the means he used, but always magnanimous in the ends he pursued; the greatest, surely, take him for all in all, among modern Italians, with not many greater among modern men. The commonwealth whose bases he gave his life to lay sol-

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idly, and which accepted his dedicatory sacrifice, is in a difficult pass to-day. No one denies it. United Italy, after so many searching and scathing tests, is yet on trial. But while she has sons who can see her faults as clearly and confess them as unflinchingly as Pasquale Villari lately has done in the Antologia, her case is assuredly not hopeless; and I cannot do better than close this inadequate review with a few words of soberly cheering presage from the concluding pages of Mr. Bolton King and the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco: —

"[Italy] needs to keep clear of the temptations of a Great Power, to renounce charlatanry and adventure and militarism, to forswear showy ambitions that only drain her strength. But she has youth, she has calmness and docility and devotion, she has humane ideals, a comparatively generous foreign policy. If her political virtues are less than those of some other nations, she is free from some of their vices. She perhaps has neither the population nor the wealth to play a great part in the European polity. But she stands in it, on the whole, for a sane and liberal policy when sanity and liberalism are at a discount."

"Only those who do not know the past can turn away from the present with scorn or despair. In this century a nation has arisen, which, in spite of all its troubles, is alive with ambition, industry, movement; which has ten thousand miles of railway; which has conquered the malaria at Rome; which has doubled its population and halved its death rate; which sends out great battleships from Venice and Spezzia, Castellamare and Taranto. This nation is Cavour's memorial; *si monumentum requiris circumspice.*"

Harriet Waters Preston.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.[1]

Mr. Stephen Phillips was unfortunate in making his poetical début with Christ in Hades. That poem was not in his true vein. Powerfully imagined though it was, it was incurably fantastic, and in spite of frequent lovely lines, written with

"The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods,"

it left the impression of labored and unsuccessful striving to embody the weird and the supernatural. But the critics took it as giving Mr. Phillips his convenient *cachet*. So when his second volume came out, they at once seized upon the somewhat repulsive The Woman with the Dead Soul as conveying the poet's characteristic note, and for the most part failed to see that it was Marpessa which bore witness to a new birth of beauty in English poetry. Yet at least Mr. William Watson had eyes to perceive the dawning hope in the fact that "the youngest of our poets takes this ancient story and makes it newly beautiful, kindles it with tremulous life, clothes it with the mystery of interwoven delight and pain." Nor did the matter stop there. Beyond the large conception and atmosphere of the poem, there was its deep and sure reading of the human heart, and a recurring felicity of magically beautiful phrase which left you nothing for it but to think of Keats. You beheld again the gift of "fine things said unintentionally," which Keats himself divined in Shakespeare. Entire passages press forward to be cited, but who could read even such scattered lines as,

[1] *Paolo and Francesca.* By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane. 1899.

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"That face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities,"

"All Asia at my feet spread out
In indolent magnificence of bloom,"

or,

"All that tint and melody and breath
Which in their lovely unison are thou,"

without feeling that, to quote Keats once more, here is again a poet presided over by "a good Genius" to make beautiful even his writing done "half at Random"?

In Mr. Phillips's latest book, Paolo and Francesca, he confirms the happy presages of his earlier poems, at the same time that he reveals one talent more, — that for dramatic composition. The work challenges the too hasty dictum of Poe, that a dramatic poem is a contradiction in terms. "Let a poem be a poem only; let a play be a play, and nothing more." Well, it must be confessed the yoking is often unequal, but Mr. Phillips's tragedy is a play and something more. That it is right theatric, eminently actable, might be inferred from the fact that it was commissioned and its acting rights purchased by a leading actor of the contemporary stage, Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Phillips himself, it is well known, has served his own histrionic apprenticeship, and an eye trained to dramatic situation and movement shows itself in his every page. Yet it may well be doubted if his play ever prove a great popular success, as theatrical managers count successes. Its theme of wrongful love is against it. Its main presuppositions are mediæval, even Greek. A sense of doom hurries the action, which from beginning to end marches with the tread of fate. Francesca flutters her wings as ineffectually as pathetically; Paolo stiffens his muscles in vain. "Have I not," he says,

"Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned?"

Both feel that the decree has gone forth against them since before the world stood. Also thoroughly steeped in Greek dramatic tradition is the play in its frank unfolding of the plot from the very first. The blind old nurse, Angela, does the work of the Æschylean chorus in early giving the spectator the thrill of coming and fated horror. No need to trick with unexpected dénouement when the whole tragedy lies in the soul. And Mr. Phillips follows the Greeks, finally, rather than the Elizabethans, in making the bloody catastrophe take place off the stage; trusting to the reflected shock to the participants as more powerful, artistically, than the brute strangling or stabbing in full view.

Yet vivid as is the piece of portraiture which he has made of this pitiful tale of Rimini, one hesitates to think of it exhibited in the glare of the footlights. Effective as one sees the tragedy to be in its swift movement and constant appeal to the subtlest insight of actor and audience, it seems rather destined to be a work of art enjoyed and admired in hushed privacy more than in the swarming and noisy theatre. This is an inference partly from the ancient and austere setting of the play, and partly from the rare and delicate poetry which Mr. Phillips has thrown as a light and beautiful mantle over his stark tragedy. It is not that the poet gets the better of the dramatist. There is no surplusage of sheer adornment. The play's the thing all through, but that does not prevent the poet from making the fit and necessary speech of his characters glow, at times, with ideal beauty. This is his fine ministry of delight. With a noble restraint almost worthy to be named beside Dante's, in his brief handling of the same episode, with all lavish ornament pruned away, Mr. Phillips yet scatters through these pages such apt epithet and fresh figure, and now and then surprises you with such gleams of natural magic in language, that you can but rejoice in this inheritor and sustainer of the great English poetical tradition. Take, for

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example, a few of the descriptions of Francesca's wondering innocence (and thereby infinite temptability), thrust all girlish into a world of fierce passion: —

"Hither all dewy from her convent fetched."

"This child scarce yet awake upon the world!
Dread her first ecstasy."

"She hath but wondered up at the white clouds;
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun;
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

These are all in due subordination as touches in the whole of character, and so of destiny, but what haunting grace of expression clothes them!

Mr. Phillips's inventive faculty is perhaps seen at its best where he is closely following and developing Dante's meagre hints: —

"Noi leggevano un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse."

This is worked out in a scene of high beauty and power, with a wealth of suggested secondary meaning and byplay which would be the despair as well as the spur of great actors, and is carried on to the *disiato riso* and the kiss all trembling which ends the third act. It is doubtful, however, if the most striking single feature of Paolo and Francesca is not the very original and moving tragedy within the tragedy. This passes wholly within the bosom of Lucrezia, cousin, and unconfessed, even unsuspected lover of Giovanni. A childless widow, who has never forgiven Heaven for having denied to her birth pangs, she sets on Giovanni to discover and take vengeance on his young wife's infidelity. But presently, Francesca, in an access of lonely dread, turns to Lucrezia and begs her to be as a mother to her. The heart-stifled older woman gathers Francesca to her breast with cries of pent-up longing; but, alas, the hovering fate is too near to be averted, and she finds a child at last only to lose her forever. This is cold prose. Now read what a poet can do. Giovanni has reproached Lucrezia with her "old bitterness." Then she: —

"Bitterness — am I bitter? Strange, O strange!
How else? My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. O those children, mine!
Mine, doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them — Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of birds how like to babes;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve —
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift!
Omitted by His casual dew!"

There is more in this strain, — more of Lucrezia's wailing that

"It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

But at last comes Francesca's frightened cry: —

"O woman, woman, take me to you and hold me!"

and then Lucrezia: —

"Close,
I hold you close: it was not all in vain,
The holy babble and pillow kissed all o'er!
O my embodied dream with eyes and hair!
Visible aspiration with soft hands;
Tangible vision! . . .
And now I have conceived and have brought forth;
And I exult in front of the great sun:
And I laugh out with riches in my lap!"

Such achievement makes criticism abashed; yet it may feel justified in having searched out the spiritual emptiness and loud coarseness of much that passes for the best poetry of the day, in order to win title to be silent, and to ask for silence, in presence of heaven-born imagination and its consonant utterance.

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THE GHOSTS OF TEMPE.

Not the old Valley, but where Hadrian made
His little Hellas; where, dark overgrown
With aged ilex now, the ruined stone
Looses memorial voice which makes a moan
When the wind rises: here the ghosts have strayed
For centuries, unhappy ghosts, that still
Mutter at twilight down the cavernous hill.

For these are they who felt the inspiring air
Of conquest thicken slowly, felt the breeze
Die from their banners and their plumes; and these
Met their own eyes uplooking from the lees
Of glory, but laughed loud, and twined their hair
With roses, and lay listening all day long
To Greek lips fluting and to clear Greek song.

For they were fair, and how should beauty cloud
Her shining hair with ashes? White their hands
As wan white lilies born in shadowed lands,
And red their lips as if the poppied bands
They kissed upon a sweetheart breast endowed
Their own fine tint for guerdon. How should they
Shroud their sweet limbs in armor for affray?

And through the night, were the pale slave girls tired?
They urged them lute on lute to mad increase
Till the homesick marbles of their stolen Greece
Sighed. And through all the vale was no surcease
Of revelry; for villaed Tibur fired
The night with scarlet torches, too, and sang,
And clear across the trees her laughter rang.

But sometimes, did a slave girl drop her lute
In tears and jar the rhythm? Did the flame
Of the torches cower and darken at the name
Of Hellas dead? Did an owl cry? Or came
A dank, unnatural wind? They shuddered, mute,
Stilled the insisting music, rose, flung all
Their crumpled poppies down, and from the hall

Rushed out upon the hill, to find the night
Heavy with portent, and their ancient fear
Swelled cold within them: ominous they could hear
The tread of swift barbarian feet, where sheer
To the hot zenith leaped the northern light.
And some cried, "Rome!" "Come back to Rome!" And some
Were smit with fears and sudden hatreds dumb.

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Till the spell broke again, and with the morn
They laughed, and bathed their faces in the dew
Of the rose garden. Now when mists are blue,
And the straight cypresses are threaded through
With scarves of it, that company forlorn
Still weeps for Rome, and laughs and weeps in change,
To echoes of old music, faint and strange.

Maude Caldwell Perry.

THE LOST SPELL.

Gray with haze the wooded hill,
And at its foot a ruined mill.
You take the wide, white thoroughfare
That disappears, and you are there, —
There where the wizard works his will,
And all is still.

Many a path in solitude
Winds its way along the wood.
Hark! a far voice faint and clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
Not another soul has heard,
But obedient to the word
You thread the hillside up to the blue,
And then go through.

Oh, devious the track
That goes winding through the wood,
Sometimes very steep and hard,
Strewn with shard,
And the sky is lost,
And looking back
I count the cost,
But the quest is good.
Doubt asks, "Do I not journey wrong?
It is so long."
Then comes the far voice faint and clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here."
There are briers to tear the feet,
But the brier rose is sweet.
There are stones that cut and bruise, —
Thanks for healing of the dews!
And the blue withdraws so dark and far, —
Blessed be the one white star!
And I follow, follow, follow as I choose.

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Came one morn to the ruined mill,
Where the wizard works his will,
One who heard the summons clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
One who stifled the desire
That smote his heart with a coal of fire.
Was it a voice that he had heard?
Was it a word?
An idle word that nothing meant.
Back he went.

Yet another day he came
To kindle ashes into flame;
Found once more the ruined mill,
Where the wizard works his will,
Sending men upon their quest,
One by the east, one by the west,
To thread the hillside up to the blue,
And then go through.
Not an echo for his ear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
Gray the haze upon the hill,
And all was still.

Alice Lena Cole.

THE GRAY INN.

And at the last he came to a gray inn,
About which all was gray,
E'en to the sky that overhung the day;
And though in time long lapsed it might have been
Bedecked with tavern gauds, naught now it bore
Above the shambling door
Saving a creaky sign,
Whereon the storm had blurred each limnèd line.
The portal hung a-cringe,
Belike to fall from off its one bruised hinge;
And on the deep-set casement's leaded panes
The spiders wove their geometric skeins.
Hot weariness was on him, — he must rest;
And though he deemed to find no other guest,
No comradeship, within
The ghostly grayness of that sombre inn,
Lo, as he crossed the lintel he beheld,
In the packed gloom
Of the low-raftered room,
One from whose eyes the mysteries of eld

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Shone in lack-lustre wise!
And oh, the unfathomable strangeness of those eyes!
From boot to drooping plume
Gray-garmented was he, and his still face
Was like the wan sea when the banked clouds chase
Above it through the winter's iron skies.
One lean hand held a box of shaken dice,
And in a trice
This grim and gray one cried, "Come, throw with me!
Long have I waited thee."
And he late-entered answered, "Naught have I
To wager!" And the gray one made reply,
"Thou hast thy soul, and shouldst thou cast and win,
Lo, all the hoarded treasure of this inn!"
They gripped and cast, but, ere he saw which won,
The sleeper stirred and woke, — the dream was done.
Within his breast there throbbed a stabbing sting:
That day, for wealth, and what its trappings bring,
He knew his hand would do an evil thing.

Clinton Scollard.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

On a City Pavement.

I HAVE never lived in a city, and am, in consequence, ignorant of its customs. A four weeks' visit in one has filled me with questioning, and has given me a new view of human nature.

Do city people never breathe fresh air save in the summer months, and is the spectacle of one who will not stay shut in a house on beautiful cold days more than their self-control can bear? I have come from the Adirondacks, where one lives outdoors, and where a house is considered as a necessary evil. I am ordered to continue the fresh-air cure, and I am on crutches and am not allowed to walk. The pavement is the only possible place for me to sit; it is sunny, and I am told that I am on a private street. What can be more natural than to have my steamer chair and rugs taken out? In all innocence I prepare to enjoy myself.

I realize, as I come to the door, that people stare, and I am in the very act of seating myself when the attack begins. Two excited-looking women rush up to me. Their hair and clothes are at odds and ends; they carry important-looking bags on their arms; their every movement denotes great energy, and a willingness to undertake to dispose offhand of the affairs of the universe. One of them begins with a volley of questions: "What is the matter with her?" (I am supposed to be unable to speak for myself, and my friend is addressed.) "What ails her? Oh, what left her like this? Is it rheumatism? If it is rheumatism, I can tell you what to do. You take some vinegar and some salt, common salt, and you put in it some lye, just common lye, and you apply it. I have cured a great many people of rheumatism with this. There is a man who is a conductor on the railroad, — I cured him; and he says if he ever has a twinge again, he will get in a tub of this." Smiles and nods

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and the strangers have gone, and I begin to realize what I am doing. I feel like a pathetic object by the wayside, but I set my teeth, and determine not to be driven in.

Did you ever notice the different ways in which people can stare? There is the stare in which curiosity is predominant, and the stare in which pity prevails. There is the bold, unembarrassed stare, which intends to find out all that can be found out before it withdraws. This is practiced by small boys and negroes. There is the stare that is easily embarrassed, and that hides itself whenever it is observed, — it may even force its owner to cross to the other side of the street, — though it is as determined as the former, and comes and goes repeatedly, till its object is attained. This is the stare of small girls. There is the stare which comes from downcast eyes, and tries to conceal from itself that it is a stare. And there is the stare which begins after its owner seems to have passed. The last two belong to apparently well-bred men and women.

Nursemaids who have children out for an airing discuss me in the soothing tones supposed to be adapted to infant ears, and, in the midst of my reading, I hear murmurs of, "Yes, yes, a lady out taking the sun. Nice sun for the lady. Will do the lady good."

Homeless dogs and friendless children shelter themselves about my chair to rest. I am of great use to organ-grinders, serving as the nucleus of a quickly gathering crowd. An evangelist, one day, gave me her card. An umbrella-mender asked me if I was "afflicted"!

I serve as an intelligence office, and receive constant inquiries as to where people live, whether I know any one who would like to hire a servant, and whether I know of servants who wish to hire.

I have very quickly made a set of acquaintances, — people who pass frequently, and with whom I have daily communications in regard to the weather, our health, and the books I am reading. Some of these people bring me fruit, flowers, and other delicacies. Before many days I am sure to be told how much my independence of character is admired.

One sensible woman has spoken to me. She asked no questions, she expressed no sympathy; she simply said: "If half the world would do this same thing, there would be but little sickness. We do this at the seashore and other resorts; why should we not be able to get any air at our homes? If I knew you, how I should urge you to keep on; and," with a sweet smile, "I do urge you, in spite of being a stranger."

I have had an offer of work. A negro man addressed me: "Yuh mus' 'scuse me, lady, fuh speakin' tuh yuh. I axes yuh pardon, but I been a-lookin' fuh somebody lak yuh. I wan' tuh ax whether yuh would lak tuh teach somebody, — o' cose tuh be paid somethin' evvy week; she 'd come evvy night, and yuh to be paid jes' so much. It 's my wife. She can't read, and I wan' huh to lun. Somebody lak yuh lun'd me all I know, and ef agreeable we kin arrange it, and I hope yuh 'll 'scuse me fuh speakin'."

Small boys seem not to accept the situation at all; perhaps it is only that they are the frankest of mortals. I hear them across the street saying, "Come on, let 's go over and look at her!" One day I felt myself examined by two, and I heard surprised voices. "Is it a lady?" A long pause, and then, with still greater surprise, "Ye-es!"

At another time I had my arms under my cape, and I heard, from a pair of urchins who had been carefully observing me, awestruck tones, "She ain't got no hands!"

One day two little fellows sat down on the steps by me, and, after looking me over silently, ventured to speak: "Lady, what 's the matter with yer? Can't yer walk? Got both yer feet cut off?"

This time I questioned them in return, and upon my asking why they were not

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in school, one glibly replied: "I have to work. Got to help my mother."

"Do you work?" I asked.

"Yes 'm," proudly, as he handed me a paper on which was written: "Please help my mother to pay her rent. God will help you. God bless you."

My remarks concerning this kind of work quickly ended the curiosity about me.

As a result of my experiences, I have decided that human nature is composed mainly of curiosity and sympathy; that curiosity breaks all bounds at the sight of crutches, so that these implements remove all privacy from one; and that sympathy is not necessarily a pleasing characteristic. There seems to be too much ill-regulated sympathy floating loosely about in the atmosphere. There is a vast difference, I take it, between the emotional sympathy of the average mortal, which submerges one in pity, and leaves one merely with the sense of being pathetic, and the healthy sympathy of the friend who looks at one with no weak sentiment, but, instead, with the conviction that the best of one will rise and prove equal to the contest. A dash of cold water is better than the former; there could be no more bracing moral tonic than the latter. An outlook upon life which has the courage to accept suffering as a means of growth seems to be all too rare.

To-day a chubby little tot walked backwards a long distance, so as to examine me; she finally turned away, but just before passing out of sight around the corner she turned again and threw me a kiss. For this I can indeed be thankful, as I am thankful for flowers that bloom and birds that sing.

To a Silent Poet.

HERE is a bit of vagrant verse that might serve for an appropriate valentine for many besides the man for whom it was written. The touch of pathos in it, the hint of "the tears of things," fits singularly well the occasions for regret that belong to our own time. After all, in spite of our immeasurable newspapers, there is a great deal of smothered poetry among us, and where our deeper feelings are concerned we are a rather dumb generation. We can easily call up, then, the kind of man to whom these verses were sent: an eager, aspiring nature, belonging by birth to the singers and mirth-makers of the world, but mewed up in the murky town, and driven to moil with his hands for a living while the song within him dies unsung.

TO A SILENT POET.

Of Gallic spirit and of Gaelic birth,
He loved the piquant songs of La Belle France,
And spoke the heavy tongue the English use,
All in a breathless country overseas.
He knew the sad and base, the good and dull,
And always, from his youth, toil was his fate.
Yet, in a greedy, grimy, callow town,
With Philistines and Pharisees and Prigs,
He stole an hour at times, you rogue, Villon,
To take a walk with you, in open road;
To flane with you, Musset, or you, Lemaître,
Or dream and muse with you, Alphonse Daudet.
He called, "Allons!" to you, poor Maupassant;
Cried, "Bravo, bravo, Théophile Gautier!"
To Balzac, "Master, but I understand!"

His pen earned pence by toil for dreary folk,
But when his stint was done, he took him pause,
And sent a shout to Paris, saying: "Here,
Here, far away, and speaking other speech,
Is one who reads your message comprehends!
I am your son, old Mother of the Arts, —
You, whom much beauty justifies! Ah, here
Is one who knows the ecstasy of life,
Although he has not felt it; one
Who thrills and dreams and laughs and fleers
with you;
Who walks your boulevards and knows your
town, —
The foyers, the Quartier Latin, cafés,
All the old spots! Places where poets walked, —
Those who revolted, those who, jesting, died, —
Those servitors of Liberty who served
Her to the martyr end, and made a mock
Of that they did, pricking with epigram
The side of Pain. Here, here am I,
Who love your life and ways, your artists
And your women and your songs! Oh, here,
far off,
Under a heavy yoke, am I, a merry man,
Who could, if Fortune had but willed it so,
Have lived for art and joy with perfect zest.

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Nay, more. Attend! I think I might have made
One faultless bit for that mosaic rich
With which your eager sons have carpeted
The immemorial palace of your dreams."

The Calling of the Apostle.

THERE was once a little child who learned quite suddenly how to dream. And this is the way it happened.

They had wandered down to the shore of the lake together, the three boon companions of schoolroom and playtime. Marie Antoinette and Jo March and the Apostle Paul were they who sallied forth from the front gate, but three little girls in pinafores were they who arrived at the lake, and stood in a row on the bluff overlooking the blue expanse. They did not know it themselves, but the truth was that the artificiality of being "people" assorted but ill with the sunshine and the breezes of that summer afternoon. One may be anything one elects to be in a parlor, sitting on a formal chair; but what shall one be but one's self, pray, out of doors, in the face of the open sky?

The beach at the foot of the bluff was a glorious place. There were all sorts of things one could do there. Build castles and dig dungeons and execute marvelous artistic studies from the imagination on the smooth sand, and pick up shiny pebbles to serve as mantel ornaments at home. (The poor things! they invariably brought up in the gravel walk, because of their unaccountable collapse into dullness the next day.) Then there were always rare treasures to be discovered in the sand by means of a little searching, — the skeletons of fish, the defunct remains of unknown animals, that had a curious smell, — not exactly pleasant, one thought, but at any rate different, and therefore enticing. And once in a while there were bottles to be descried bobbing about in the water. That was most exciting, for of course you understand the probability was of the strongest that inside such bottles lay important communications written with blood on ragged scraps of paper: "Wrecked off the coast of Waukegan — come to our aid;" or, "Alone on a plank — help me;" or simply, "I die."

The fact that no such thrilling messages ever turned up, and that the bottles discovered heretofore had been persistently and undeniably empty, served only to increase the dramatic probabilities of future bottles. They were always drawn up on the sand in an intensity of excitement too great for speech. And even when, as usual, they proved unheroically empty, the fun was not over. For it was interesting to shut something up inside each bottle one's self, — a pebble, or a leaf, or a few words scrawled on a piece of paper, a message to the next discoverer, — and fling it forth with all the strength of one's good right arm (in the manner taught by Tommy Sampson during recess at school), and then go home and think about it when in bed that night, tossing, tossing, so far away, so lonely. The thought of it was fascinating, and made one's pillow a delight.

On this particular afternoon of which I write there was no bottle episode; but there was everything else to make life interesting, — a fine dead fish, for instance, in a beautifully flat, dry state. It was a debatable question whether he should be carried home to serve as a bookmark, or buried then and there for the sake of his funeral ceremonies; but the funeral ceremonies carried the day, and she who had been the Apostle Paul officiated with great effect.

After this it was that the aforetime Apostle Paul climbed far up on a sand bank, away from her companions, in the pursuit of a long-legged spider. Failing of his capture, she sat down for a moment to catch her breath, and there a strange thing happened to her. She had hardly so much as glanced at the lake before, that afternoon. What with castle-building and picture-drawing and the burying of dead fish, she had not had

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time. And anyway, what was the lake but an inexhaustible moat-supplier and a polisher of pebbles? Why should one care to look at it? It was quite by accident, therefore, that, as she sat resting on the sand, her eyes moved gradually from the place where the spider had disappeared at her feet to the heap of driftwood near by; from that, across the tumbled surface of the dry white sand, to the line where the smooth brown shiny sand began; from that, again, to the slow-lapping edge of the water; and then suddenly up, out, and away, far, far over the blue surface of the lake. There were clouds in the sky, that day, and their shadows trailed long and slow across the water. Purple, green, violet, blue, — how the colors melted into one another! Swift little skimming white sails went dipping about near at hand, and grave, majestic dark sails stood out tall and well-nigh motionless against the pale horizon. Sea gulls circled and flew and flashed their wings in the sunshine. Lazy little waves swung themselves softly in to shore, and as softly slid away again down the sand. It was still, — oh, so very still. The Apostle Paul had never realized before what a very silent place the universe really is. It startled her somewhat. And then, as she sat looking and listening, with her hands clasped round her knees, and her lips apart, and her breath coming very softly, lo, what spell was this that bound her? What pleasure that she had never known before in all her life laid hold upon her? She could not tell; she did not understand; she did not even seek to understand; it was all too new and strange and wonderful, this game she had suddenly discovered of sitting quite still, and looking at the water, and feeling — well, what? Yes, feeling what? That was distinctly the question, as her two companions urged upon her, when they came clambering up the sand bank to find out what was the matter (stomach ache, probably), that she sat so still.

"Feel how? What do you mean? How do you feel?"

"Oh, sort of — I don't know — sort of — well, queer an' — an' hushed up an happy an' — an' prickly inside, sort of — I don't know. Try it yourself and see."

So then they sat down beside her, both of them, and clasped their hands about their knees, exactly as she had done, and stared off at the water for a long time, — as much as three minutes. And pretty soon one nudged the other.

"Feel any prickles?" she asked in a sepulchral whisper.

"No," replied the other, "'cept in my legs, and that 's ants, I guess. Ouch!"

"Well, I don't think this game 's much fun, anyway," said the first, aloud this time. "Don't let 's play it any more. I 'll beat you both to the pier." And she began to scramble down the sand hill.

The Apostle Paul looked round at her companions slowly.

"I 'm sorry you don't like my game," she said; "I do. And I think I 'll stay and play it a little longer."

They regarded her doubtfully from the edge of the sand hill a moment, but she did not look at them again, and presently a centipede lured them away.

Then for the rest of the afternoon the Apostle sat quite alone, and stared across her knees at the water, and stared and stared. And what it was that happened to her it would take more than a philosopher to say. The blue depth of the sky, — why was it good to look at? The clouds, — why would they not let one go? The swinging of the wind, — why did it stir up such curious sensations in one's throat and chest? And the sunshine, — there was positively nothing to that at all; and yet — well, it was strange.

"Oh," said the Apostle, rising to her feet and stretching out both her arms, "I wish I was a mile big!" And two large tears rolled suddenly down her cheeks.

Such was the calling of the Apostle.

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